M. L.

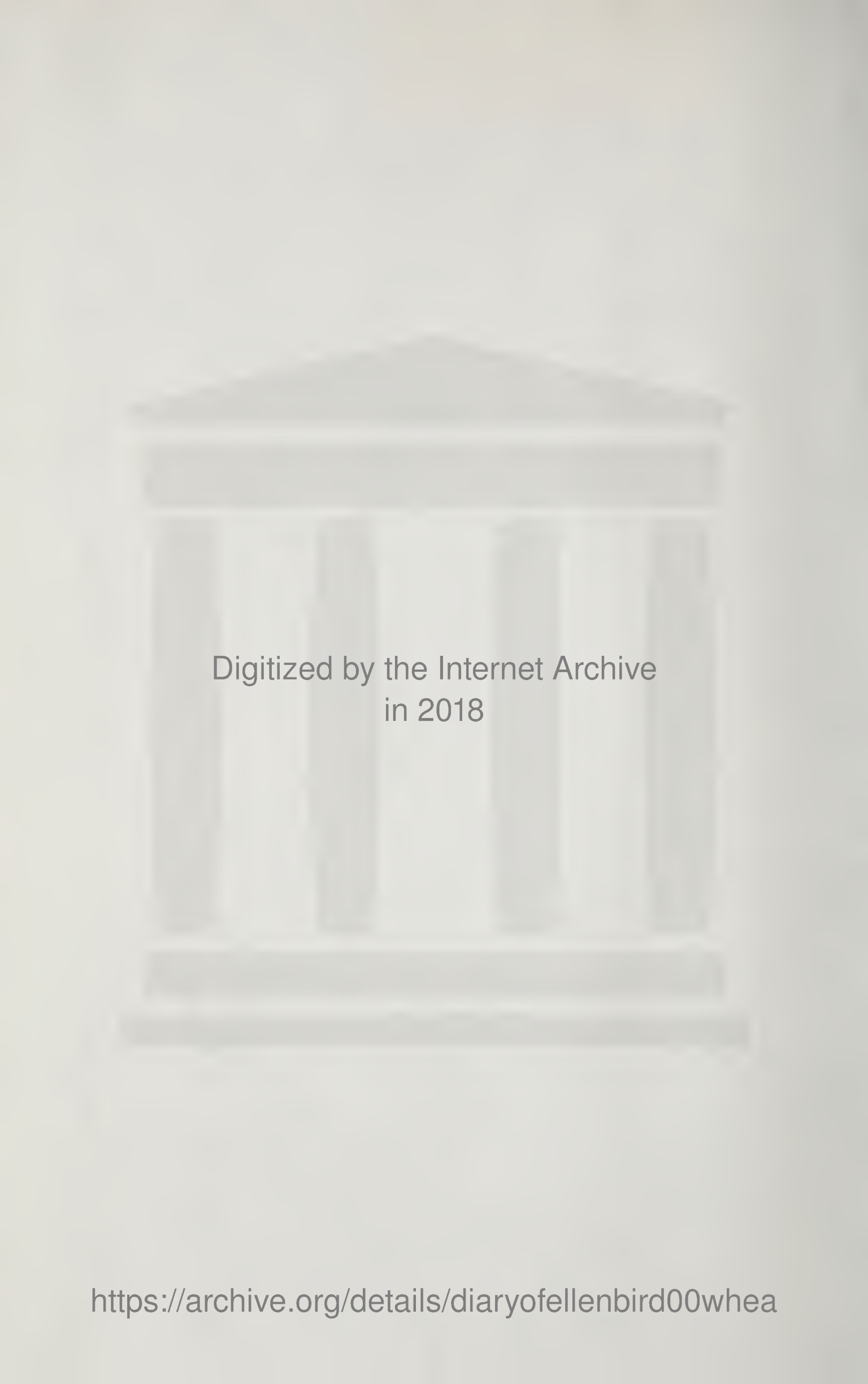
Gc
929.2
B5327w
1596252

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

GC

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY

3 1833 01200 6844


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

https://archive.org/details/diaryofellenbird00whea

DIARY OF
ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON



Ellen B. Wheaton

THE DIARY OF
ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON

WITH NOTES BY

DONALD GORDON



E. D. B. Wheaton

BOSTON
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1923

1596252

To my Wife

LOUISE AYER GORDON

With Love and Admiration

and

Gratitude Unspeakable

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	xi
DIARY	3
APPENDICES	
A. EARLY LETTERS	379
B. BIRDSEYE FAMILY	389
C. BEEBEE FAMILY	406
D. WHEATON FAMILY	418

ILLUSTRATIONS

ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON — *Frontispiece*
From a daguerreotype owned by Mabel Wheaton Hatheway

VICTORY BIRDSEYE — *Facing* 3
From an oil painting owned by Francis William Kittredge

CAPTAIN BEACH TOMLINSON — 46
From an oil painting owned by Louise Ayer Gordon

CHARITY SHELTON TOMLINSON — 84
From an oil painting owned by Louise Ayer Gordon

ELECTA BEEBEE BIRDSEYE — 118
From a daguerreotype owned by Louise Ayer Gordon

THE BIRDSEYE HOMESTEAD, POMPEY — 158
From a photograph

CHARLES AUGUSTUS WHEATON — 188
From a daguerreotype owned by Mabel Wheaton Hatheway

THE WHEATON HOUSE, SYRACUSE, 1839 — 229
From a photograph

"BLACK GEORGE" — 298
From a photograph

CORNELIA WHEATON, *cir.* 1852 — 363
From a daguerreotype owned by Louise Ayer Gordon

PREFACE

THE writer of this diary, Ellen Douglas Birdseye, was born in the village of Pompey, New York, twelve miles south of Syracuse, March 13, 1816. She was named for the heroine in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

Her father, Hon. Victory Birdseye (1782–1853), born in Cornwall, Connecticut, was a graduate of Williams College (1804), a successful country lawyer and magistrate, a member of the State Assembly and Senate, and for two terms a member of Congress.*

*After graduation from college he studied law with his maternal uncle, Gideon Tomlinson, of Lansingburg, N. Y., and settled at Pompey in June, 1807. His first term in Congress (the 14th) was from 1815 to 1817, and his second (the 27th) from 1841 to 1843. He was a member of the New York Assembly in 1823, 1838, and 1840, and of the New York Senate in 1827 and 1828. In 1818 he was appointed District Attorney of Onondaga County. During four years in which he served as Justice of the Peace he rendered about four thousand judgments, only four of which were ever appealed, and all of these appeals were subsequently dismissed. He died Sept. 16–17, 1853. For a charming bit of autobiography, see his letter of June 1, 1846, to William Eager, Appendix A. For printed sketches of his life, see *Re-Union and History of Pompey*, Pompey (1875), and *Encyclopaedia of Contemporary Biography*, New York (1883). Portraits of him from daguerreotypes appear in both the volumes cited, and an oil painting of him by Thayer, of Syracuse, hangs in the Syracuse Court House. Another oil painting, also by Thayer, is owned by Francis William Kittredge. Louise Ayer Gordon owns the hair-trunk which he took to college, two parlor chairs purchased by him in Philadelphia during his first term in Congress,

Her mother, Electa Beebee (1793–1860),* was the daughter of Captain James Beebee of the Revolutionary Army, who mustered his company on the village green at North Stratford,† Connecticut, June 4, 1777, was married on the spot to Mehitabel Fairchild, and immediately marched away to rejoin Washington's forces. The next time the Beebees met was at Valley Forge, where the bride arrived on horseback, with a pillow-case full of woolen socks, and another full of dried apples, slung from her saddle-horn. Captain Beebee received a bullet in the shoulder at Brandywine which he carried to the day of his death.‡

Both Victory Birdseye's grandfather, Rev. Nathan Birdseye (1714–1818), and Electa Beebee's grandfather, Rev. James Beebee (1718–1785), were graduates of Yale College,§ and Victory and Electa Birds-

and oil paintings of his maternal grandparents, Captain Beach and Charity Shelton Tomlinson, of Huntington, Conn., which hung in his house at Pompey for over fifty years.

For further data on the Birdseye family, see Appendix B.

* Married to Victory Birdseye at Onondaga, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1813.

† Now Trumbull.

‡ For further data on the Beebee family, see Appendix C.

§ Nathan in 1736 and James in 1745. On Dec. 8, 1838, Victory Birdseye wrote to his son Lucien: "Be Diligent — & strictly attentive to your Studies & see that you get every Lesson thoroughly & perfectly— remember your Great Grandfathers capital *standing at the same college*— you may be the only one of the name for a long time to come."

eye sent two of their sons, Lucien and Henry Clay, to the same institution.*

Ellen Douglas Birdseye received her early education in Pompey Academy, and later went to private schools, first at Cortland† and then at Albany. In the latter school she received excellent training in music. She sang acceptably, and her piano was the first one brought to Pompey.

*Lucien was graduated in 1841 and Henry Clay in 1844. Lucien became a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, and afterwards lived and died in Brooklyn. Henry Clay, while a student in his brother Lucien's law office in Albany, went home to Pompey to help nurse four or five members of his family who were ill with typhoid fever, contracted the disease, and died shortly after returning to Albany, Feb. 18, 1847. He was named for the distinguished Southern statesman, whom his father had known and admired while in Washington. On June 28, 1849, Charlotte Amelia Birdseye wrote to Victory Birdseye from Richmond, Ky., whither she had gone to teach school: "While I was at Lexington I hired a hack & rode out to see Henry Clay at Ashland. When I arrived at the door, I sent in a card begging that he would excuse my travelling attire, & honor me with a reception. I was immediately shown into a large & elegant parlor, & immediately Mr. Clay entered. He welcomed me as he would an old acquaintance, shook hands with me, asked if I was a daughter of Mr B. of New York, whom he had known in Congress, inquired if my Father were still alive & well. . . . Mrs. Clay a mild pleasant looking old lady dressed in mourning came in a short time before I left. I staid half an hour, & conversed with Mr C. & when I rose to leave he attended me to the door & handed me to the carriage with all the grace and ease of a younger man." Charlotte Amelia Birdseye afterwards married Dr. Harrison V. Miller.

†Ellen Louisa Wheaton, afterwards wife of Dr. Alonzo R. Morgan, wrote in her diary, Dec. 29, 1858: "Mrs Shankland called here today; said she remembered mother when a young girl and was at school at Cortland, and how lovely she was."

In appearance she was of medium height and weight, with brown hair and hazel eyes and, like most of the Birdseyes, she wore spectacles. "I do not think she was what would be called *beautiful*," wrote her sister, Julia Birdseye Kendall, "but she had a wonderful complexion, very fair, with lovely pink cheeks, and that and her expression made her seem beautiful to her friends."

On June 24, 1834, she married Charles Augustus Wheaton (1809–1882), also of Pompey, who was then a clerk in the general store of his brother-in-law, Moses Seymour Marsh, a cousin of Governor Horatio Seymour. One of Charles Augustus Wheaton's brothers, Horace, was twice a member of Congress, and another brother, Homer, was a graduate of Hamilton College.*

In October, 1835, Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton moved to Syracuse, with their first child, Cornelia, born on June 20 of that year.† Here Mr. Wheaton engaged

* For a biographical sketch of Mr. Wheaton, see *Publications of the Onondaga Historical Association, New Series, vol. 1, No. 1*, Syracuse (1910).
For further data on the Wheaton family, see Appendix D.

† Afterwards wife of Frederick Ayer. Julia Birdseye Kendall wrote, Jan. 16, 1921, that the house Cornelia Wheaton was born in was the house "next north of the old Methodist Church." A small building of recent construction now stands between. Mary Birdseye Estey, who lives on the original Capt. James Beebee farm in Pompey, wrote, Nov. 23, 1920: "My father [Albert Franklin Birdseye] used often to tell about picking wild strawberries to take down to sister Ellen and to see the new baby."

first in the dry-goods and then in the hardware business,—for some years as partner of his brother, Horace Wheaton. He became a successful merchant, and in the early fifties built the Wheaton Block, at the corner of South Salina and West Water Streets. This property he subsequently sold to Dr. Wieting for $112,000,—then the largest sale recorded in the county.* In 1854 he became interested in the Blue Ridge Railroad, a project to connect Charleston, South Carolina, with Knoxville, Tennessee, and in this venture he finally lost his fortune.† In 1860 he went to Northfield,

* The building burned down Jan. 5, 1856.

† The construction of a railway from Charleston to the West was early advocated by leading citizens of South Carolina, but the difficulties of getting through the Blue Ridge soon brought dissensions among them. From 1835 until his death in 1839 Robert Y. Hayne led the movement for a route along the French Broad River (*i.e.*, *via* Asheville, N. C.), and subsequent events have vindicated his judgment. His efforts, however, were thwarted by his political enemy, Calhoun, who favored an impracticable route along the Tuckaseege,—the subsequent location of the Blue Ridge Railroad.

On Apl. 23, 1840, Victory Birdseye's half-brother, Ezekiel Birdseye (a peripatetic promoter, who lived in Cornwall, Conn.), wrote him, from Massy Creek, Tenn., an enthusiastic letter about the railway, and mentioned having talked with Mr. Hayne about it. This may have been the germ of Mr. Wheaton's interest in the matter. During the next thirteen years various short sections of road were built along the Calhoun route, piecemeal and with local backing, carrying the line to the northwestern corner of the state.

In 1853 a contract was made by the Blue Ridge Railroad Co. with Anson Bangs & Co. for "constructing . . . the entire line of railroad from Anderson or Belton, in South Carolina, to Knoxville, Tennessee," the same to be completed in 1858. The original partners of Anson Bangs

Minnesota, where he engaged in various milling enterprises on the Cannon River, and founded the *Rice County Journal* which he edited until his death.

Mrs. Wheaton died in Syracuse early on the morn-

& Co. were Anson and Eli T. Bangs, of Fayetteville, N. Y., Ausburn Birdsall, of Binghamton, N. Y., and John C. Mather and his nephew, Butler H. Bixby, both of New York City. The last three were lawyers. In 1854 these three bought out the Bangs brothers and "procured in their stead the personal assistance and credit of Charles A. Wheaton, a gentleman of known business habits." In 1856 the railroad declared the contract forfeited and let out the work to others. A bill in equity (No. 206, Sept. Term, 1856) was then filed by the original contractors in the Circuit Court for the Fifth Circuit, Northern District of Georgia, claiming the sum of $3,576,753 as compensation and damages. On Mch. 16, 1859, Mr. Wheaton wrote to Cornelia Wheaton Ayer: "The cause was argued on our side by Thos. R. R. Cobb—a brother of Howell Cobb—and M[r] Hull a partner of Howell Cobb—both of whom reside in Athens Ga.—and by Senator Toombs. On the side of the Co—the Lawyers are Mess[rs] Pettigru & Memminger of Charleston, So Ca." The bill was dismissed, but an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the case is reported in 23 Howard (U. S.) 1. In the reconstruction period the bonds of the road, guaranteed by the State, were repudiated. This wrecked the company, and the bill was finally dismissed by agreement of counsel, Dec. 4, 1867.

The Blue Ridge Railway is now in operation between Belton and Walhalla, S. C., a distance of 44.2 miles, and is for practical purposes a subsidiary of the Southern Railway. Prior to the Civil War three-fourths of the rough grading between Walhalla and Knoxville was finished, but no further construction has been done since then, and all idea of completing the road along its original lines has been abandoned.

In Mr. Wheaton's correspondence with his family he refers frequently to "the tunnel." This is on the southeastern side of Stump House Mountain, Oconee Co., S. C., about five miles from Walhalla. The tunnel was to be a mile and one-quarter in length. Four-fifths of it was completed before the work was finally given up. Its exact location is clearly shown on the U. S. Topographical Survey Map.

For interesting references to this railway, see *Robert Y. Hayne and His Times*, by Theodore D. Jervey, New York (1909).

ing of December 17, 1858. She was forty-two years old and the mother of twelve children. Her life had been a hard one in many ways, with heavy household cares, and a husband who, though well-intentioned and affectionate, was much away from home, engaged in business, discussing Abolition and Swedenborgianism, or singing solos at social gatherings in his fine tenor voice.* But her diary, to which she fled from all her trials and which meant romance and self-expression to her, shows a fine, cultivated mind, a whole-souled devotion to duty, and a sweet, self-sacrificing spirit which are a heritage to all her descendants.

D. G.

South Lincoln, Mass.
January 17, 1923

*Ebenezer Birdseye wrote to Charlotte Amelia Birdseye, Oct. 11, 1845: "Mr Wheaton . . . went to Boston to attend the Anti Slavery Convention and sung for them there."

DIARY OF
ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON



Victory Bridges



DIARY OF
ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON

ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON TO CHARLOTTE AMELIA BIRDSEYE*

Syracuse. Oct. 20th. 1846.
Tuesday Morning.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I HAVE been long owing you a letter, but have found no time, to collect my thoughts, or make out any thing like a connected epistle, for many weeks past. But I will delay no longer, for the season advances rapidly, and I cannot doubt, that a few words from this quarter, will be welcome to you.—I have been informed of your change in boarding places, and I think it must be a very pleasant one for you.—Have you any roommates, or fellow-boarders?—And is your time as much occupied, as it was last term?

Your letter to Aunt Eunice, giving an account of the decided change in your feelings, and your determination by the grace of God to live a new life, was of course a great surprise, as well as pleasure, to us all.—I do hope and trust, that the solemnity and importance of a radical change in the affections, may be deeply realized by you, and that you may be enabled, in the fear of God, truly

* Four letters from the diarist (antedating the diary but quite in the same vein) are here introduced. All letters and the diary itself are printed exactly as written.

Charlotte Amelia Birdseye, to whom this letter is addressed, was then a pupil in Williston Seminary, founded by her father's cousin, Samuel Williston. On May 3, 1846, Henry Clay Birdseye wrote to Ebenezer

to exemplify such a change, by a heart and life devoted to his service.—I should think, you are well situated, to be under a good influence, in religious matters, as well as those of a literary character, and I hope it may so prove, to your lasting benefit.

Pa and Frank came down from home last evening,

Birdseye that Mr. Williston "offers to pay C's tuition and board for 6 mo^s and she may repay when she may be able by teaching." It is pleasant to record that she did so.

At the date of this letter Mr. Wheaton was thirty-seven years old, his wife thirty, and they had six children under twelve. Another child, Homer Wheaton, had died in infancy. The large brick house they lived in, at what is now 417 South Salina St., was built by Mr. Wheaton in 1839 on land which cost him $2000. The place was sold to Aaron Burt in 1847, remodelled by Joseph J. Glass in 1864, and pulled down to make way for an office building in 1919. During the Wheatons' occupancy it was a station on the "Underground Railroad." On Oct. 20, 1839, Electa Beebee Birdseye wrote to Lucien and Henry Clay Birdseye that a female slave belonging to a Mississippian named Davenport, who was staying at the Syracuse House, had escaped, and that Mr. Wheaton had been warned that his house was to be mobbed. "Mr. Marsh offerred to stay all night . . . but Charles declined his offer. Ellen said that Charles went to work and deliberately prepared his weapons," but the night passed off without anything more alarming than the noise of voices, the ringing of bells, and several fires set in the village. On the following Dec. 15, John Clarence Birdseye wrote to Lucien and Henry Clay Birdseye that the slave had been carried out of Syracuse dressed in man's clothes, taken to Gerrit Smith's in Peterboro, and thence conveyed to Canada.

In 1847 the Wheatons bought the Aaron Burt place on Asylum Hill. This place, afterwards rebuilt by Jacob Crouse, is now numbered 1052 East Genesee St.

In 1852 the Wheatons moved into town, to Fayette Park, and bought a house the site of which was later built upon by Dr. Henry L. Elsner. This place is now known as 406 East Genesee St. It was occupied by the Wheatons until their home was finally broken up, after Ellen Louisa Wheaton's marriage, Oct. 4, 1860. The McCarthy family lived on one side of the Wheatons and the Hillis family on the other.

the former on his way to Crooked Lake, on business.— Frank returns this morning. They say that Horatio is quite unwell, and appears to be threatened with a fever —though the Dr. thinks not very severely. Sarah also, the new girl, is sick, in the same way,—but not alarmingly—Eunice has not been as well as usual for a few days, last Saturday, had a fit, and is as usual after them, very irritable and unwell—My Clara,* has been up there, 4 or 5 weeks,† but I begin to feel anxious to see her, and have sent word by Frank this Morning, to have her come home, Ellen is up there, at Mrs. Cuylers, very well and happy—

Charles expects to start to-night or to-morrow morning for New York, and we are making up something of a bundle for you, to go by him, as far as Albany. From there, we hope the boys,‡ will find some way to send it to Northampton, to the care of Francis N. Searle, at Stoddard, and Lathrops, from whence you must try to get it. In the bundle, we shall send, your blue plaid winter wrapper,—a new calico dress with linings and cord, hooks and eyes—thread & sewing silk,—a new pair of merino stockings,—and perhaps two or three other little sundries—I hope you will get it safely, and let us know, as soon as possible, that you have done so—I shall write

* Afterwards the second wife of Nathaniel P. Langford, of St. Paul.

† "At the old family home on Pompey Hill . . . the grandchildren were almost as much at home as in their father's own house. I remember that there would be twenty or more at my mother's table for weeks at a time." *Letter of Julia Birdseye Kendall, Apl.* 13, 1917.

‡ Lucien and Henry Clay Birdseye.

to Lucien, telling him to send it as soon as possible, directed as above, and to write you, when it goes from Albany, so that you can be on the lookout. You will have to get it made, immediately, as I know you must need it very much—and do try to get a good fit, have it made open behind with a large cape, to be worn when you wish, there are ten yards, enough to make a good full dress if rightly managed—

We feel that you must be in need of many things, to make you comfortable, and if we knew just what, we should try to send you more. You must tell Mr. Searle if you see him, that Mrs. Dr. Wells, has been very sick at Oswego with the fever, but has so far recovered, as to be on her way home. She expects to go from here, to Pompey, to-day—

Aunt Hepsy* desires me to say to you, that Harriet Cushman and two other young ladies from Manlius are at Mount Holyoke at school, and she wishes very much that you could see them. Miss Cushman is very homesick. Emma is still visiting around the lower part of Connecticut,—and I think will hardly leave a cousin unvisited, however distant. But it must be, that she will set her face homewards, e[re long] and you will doubtless hear from her when she does. When y[ou] write again to any body, dont forget to mention the exact time

* Hepzibah Beebee (1782–1860)—a famous "character" in the family. She is generally referred to in the diary as "Aunt H." Julia Birdseye Kendall wrote on Dec. 11, 1918: "Her nieces and nephews . . . all laughed at her, and yet enjoyed her and were perfectly devoted to her." For a graphic account of her life and personality, see Appendix C.

when your school closes, that we may know how to calculate. We are still unsettled and tho' almost done with joiners inside the house, we have considerable painting to do, besides cleaning house—and the weather is very forbidding—We have had one good snowstorm, which covered all the hills—but it is all gone now. But I must close, with many good wishes—for your health, and welfare,—Good bye—

Yours most truly.

ELLEN WHEATON.

ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON TO CHARLOTTE AMELIA BIRDSEYE

Syracuse. Dec. 24th. 1849.

MY DEAR SISTER CHARLOTTE,

IF all my thoughts of you, could embody themselves in ink, and set themselves down on paper, I fancy you would be overwhelmed with letters from me,—But my fingers are sluggish and inefficient laborers, even in a good cause, and truly they have many demands upon their poor energies, which quite bewilder their mistress. I read your last letter, (which to my surprise, is dated Oct. 19th.) with much pleasure, for it brings good tidings from "a far countrie,"* tidings of health and continued

* Charlotte Amelia Birdseye had gone in 1848 to Richmond, Ky., to teach in J. L. Campbell's private school. On Nov. 20 of that year she wrote to Lucien Birdseye that her subjects were Latin, Natural Philosophy, Algebra, French, Chemistry, Logic and Physiology, and that she also had two pupils on the guitar! On the following Nov. 29 she wrote to her parents that her "board was $2.00 per week & washing $1.00 per month."

prosperity, which to your friends are always grateful, always new,—for though you have been long enough, in your present situation for us to feel that you are well established, yet the sensation of anxiety, is not quite a stranger to us. A thousand things might occur to you, or at least we fear so, to put an end to your labors, or at least impede them, and you know our experience as a family, for the last three years, has been such, as to teach us, that great calamities may happen in a short space of time, and many cherished air-castles, fall suddenly, Oh! how suddenly to the ground—* However don't imagine, that we sit down and mourn, and borrow trouble about you, all the time, (I speak for my self, not for Mother, nor Aunt H.)—No, I am sure you have many things to encourage you, many remarkably favourable circumstances, surround you, which we all duly appreciate,—and now, do take great care of your health,—for if you wear out your lungs, and throat, by excessive use, it will be a serious matter to you, and not one easily remedied—

28*th*. We are in the midst of the Holidays, and the community really seem to be making the most of them, and the sleighing also, which is at present, very fine. Indeed I think we have more snow on the ground than we had, at any time last winter, and it bids fair, to increase. But as yet, I have not been to Pompey—but hope to do so ere long. Julia is at present here on a short visit to

* The deaths of Ebenezer Birdseye, of smallpox, in New York City, in 1846, and of Henry Clay Birdseye, of typhoid fever, in 1847.

Cornelia, and seems in excellent health. She enjoyed her visit east, exceedingly, having spent some days in Albany on her return. We have heard four time[s], from John,* since he left home. The first letter written mostly on the ocean, and sent from Panama, the next from Acapulco, where the steamer stopped on her way up, and which came by Vera Cruz, the third from San Diego, and the fourth was brought by Mr. E. Walter, who saw John at Sacramento City. He had got so far, on his way to the mines, and writes that his health is much improved, since he left Panama. He had associated him self with 3 others, and they had bought a stock of provisions, for the winter, & expected to put up an adobe house to live in. I hope we shall get another letter, by the next steamer, and learn whether he has seen the elephant yet. We have heard from all our acquaintances, who went out, and learn good reports of them. Hascall Stearns, was rolling flour by the barrel on the dock in San Francisco, at $1. per hour. He says their company, have made up their minds to do any honest thing they can find to do, to make money. Dwinelle, Cornelia's husband, is practising law, in San F. I believe Father, has sent you copies of some, or all of Johns letters, so perhaps this will be no news to you— I cannot but feel, that John, will succeed if health and strength are spared to him, for he has good principles,

* John Clarence Birdseye went to California, steerage, in 1849, and lived for many years in Nevada City. About 1870 he came to Lowell, Mass., and became Treasurer of the Tremont & Suffolk Mills. He was the beloved "Uncle John" of the Frederick Ayer family, with whom he made his home.

combined with energy, and enterprise, three most important requisites, for success any where.

The Syracusans, have started an Association, this season, called the Franklin Institution,—for the Benefit of young men, to have a Library and Reading Room, and Model Room. Also a course of scientific Lectures is to be delivered every winter before the Association. We have already heard Horace Greeley, & John A. Dix, but the greatest treat of all, was to hear Elihu Burritt, the Renowned "Learned Blacksmith," last Friday Evening. His subject was the Philosophy and Dignity of Labor, and well did he set it forth. I think it was altogether the best popular Lecture, I ever listened to, and the immense audience seemed to think so too. I thought of you while I listened to it, and wished you could be there. We also heard Horace Mann, some few weeks since on Popular Education, and were highly delighted. There is a great & growing interest felt here in the cause of education, which is very pleasant, and I think these popular lectures, are no mean instrumentality, in that cause.—I must also tell you about our Musical Institute, which has sprung up this Autumn, on the plan of the Boston Academy of Sacred Music. It meets every Tuesday Evening to practise, and has already learned some of the choicest old Choruses, of the best masters. There are about one hundred members, including a fine orchestra—They intend giving a concert at Market Hall next Tuesday night, when some very good music will be brought out. If I can get

a bill of the performances, I will enclose it in this letter. Flora Wheaton* is, as you know, spending the winter with us, and attending Miss Bradbury's school and taking Music Lessons. Cornelia & Ellen also go to Miss B. and learn very well. Emma† is at Jarvis, and goes to Mr. Wright. She likes the school, very much, and seems quite happy. Edward‡ goes to a Mr. Weld, who has a classical school, and I think improves very satisfactorily. Clarissa Marsh,§ or rather Mrs. Dawson, is keeping house in town, and lives very pleasantly — I often meet those who inquire after you, with much interest, particularly the Misses Newell, who have been for some time at Mr. Newells. Elizabeth has now gone to Albany, to stay with Mrs. Davenport, who is living there. Mr. and Mrs. North, have gone to Minesota, to take up their abode, at the Falls of St Anthony.‖ We were very sorry to lose them, but were reconciled by the fact, that Mr. N could not enjoy any thing like health in Syracuse.— He thinks very highly of the climate and resources of Minesota, and says it is rapidly filling up, with an eastern population, a great proportion of whom

*Daughter of Mr. Wheaton's brother, Jarvis Wheaton.

†Afterwards first wife of Nathaniel P. Langford, of St. Paul.

‡Shipped from New York City for Shanghai on the clipper ship "*Romance of the Seas*," July 4, 1856. After a voyage to San Francisco of 113 days, sick with scurvy and purged of romance, he deserted and joined his uncle, John Clarence Birdseye, in Nevada City.

§Daughter of Mr. Wheaton's sister, Flora Wheaton Marsh.

‖They founded Northfield, Minn., where Mr. Wheaton passed his later years. Mrs. North was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Loomis who appear frequently in the diary.

are from Maine and Massachusetts. I suppose you have heard all about Harriet Beebee's marriage, &c. I was honored with an invitation to the wedding, but was obliged to decline—I mean to call on her, sometime, when I go to Pompey, as her home is on the road from Jamesville to the church. Recently, there has been a wedding or two in Pompey, that you may be interested in hearing about. Mr. Marovia Marsh, to Mrs. Ives, Mrs. Charles Beach's mother,—and Roxana Wells to a son of Capt. Dunham. Jane O'Donegha* has come home with her husband, and the least little bit of a baby, that ever was seen. She is in miserable health, and her friends think she can't live long. From what I hear of her, I conclude she finds her greatest happiness, in being intensely miserable, and making every one else just so, within the reach of her influence. I don't see much of Victory's family, but now, and then, hear of them at Pompey, Onondaga Hill, or here in town. I think if you were here now, we could have a pleasant ride up to the hill for the sleighing is very fine, and 'tho' we have sold Cape, yet we have a very good pair of horses. —How I should like it, should n't you. And then the changes you would see, at home, for though they are not complete yet, I think they would seem many & great, to you. I will tell you more about them after I have been there, for I suppose there have been some improvements, since I was there last—Emma talks a little about going to Albany to make a visit, this winter, and

*Jane Marsh, who made an unfortunate runaway match.

I hope she will not be prevented. I should like to go with her.

My letters must all bear the marks of carelessness & haste, as I generally write them, with at least one or two around or hanging on to me — Lucia has been ransacking my writing desk, while I have been trying to make out a letter to you, and you wont wonder at now and then, a redundancy or scarcity of words — Lute is a sweet little soul and grows very fast — she is trying to chatter forth a message to you, about baby Henry,* being a good boy, and says tell Aunty Charley to come & see me. As for Henry, he is a great rogue, and can creep as fast, and do as much mischief in a given time as any other baby of his size, he has one tooth, and gives some signs of walking alone.

Jany. 2nd. Our concert came off last night, and was very fine, and well attended, but the bill is so large, that I dare not send it to you, for fear it will make the letter too large — So wishing you a happy New Year, and many returns of the same, with love from all to you,

I remain your affectionate Sister

ELLEN WHEATON.

* Went to California in 1866, and married, lived and died there. He was a great humorist.

ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON TO CHARLOTTE AMELIA BIRDSEYE

Syracuse, April 21st, 1850 —

My dear Charlotte

AFTER many fruitless endeavours to find time to write you a letter, at a sitting, I have concluded to drop that foolish idea, and just sit down when I have five or ten minutes to spare, and write what I can, and then lay it aside, for another interval of leisure. I don't know as it is needful, that I should go into a detail of my many occupations, and cares, as your recollections of last summer must still be tolerably distinct. I can only say that since the second week, in March, I have been preparing garments, for children['s] summer wear, having shirts altered & made, for Charles, and having dresses made, and fixed till I am at times, almost bewildered. I began this work, earlier than usual, this season hoping much to get the main part of my sewing done, before the extreme heat of summer, but oh! it seems at times, as tho' it could never be done. These things, with the ordinary cares of my family are enough to engross time and strength and energy, and I think if my absent friends could look in upon me once in a while, they would be able to make every allowance for my seeming negligence. I find myself, too, so often called upon, to help the children, either in study or composition, that I think I may almost consider myself, a co-laborer with you, in the cause of Education. At this time, Clara & Florence, are out of school, on a vacation of two weeks, & the others,

Cornelia, Elizabeth* and Emma will be released from school in a day or two. Ellen has been at home, the last quarter, assisting me.—From your account of the way in which your time is spent, I think you have not many leisure hours, or even moments. I am quite interested in your account of your pupils progress, and think you have much reason to feel encouraged. I hope your health will not suffer from too close confinement. Julia came down with Father, last Thursday to make us a little visit, but his business kept him till late Saturday, and then it rained and he staid over Sunday. Julia says Emma's health, is miserable, tho' much better than a few weeks ago.—She has had for some time, a strange harassing cough, which has worn upon her very much. Eunice had also been ailing, but was better. I have heard that they are sick at Victory's, but hardly know if the information is authentic. I have not seen any of them, in some time. Our Teachers Institute is now in session here, and I learn, that there is a very full attendance from "all the region round about."—There have been Lectures, by Horace Mann, Mass. professor Mandeville of Clinton, Rev^{d} Mr. Raymond &c. I heard Mr. Mann twice, and was charmed indeed. Oh! how often I have wished you were here, to enjoy the benefits of this Institution. I know you would like it. I believe it expected that next week, Henry B. Stanton, and Geo. Thompson will address the Institute, and I think we may promise ourselves a treat. You have doubtless heard much of Thompson

*Apparently a relative from Pompey,—not a daughter of the family.

and perhaps but little that is true, but we have seen & heard him this past winter, and I think he is without exception, the most fascinating man, & the most eloquent public speaker, I have ever heard. Such wealth of imagery, such power of language, — now causing you almost to start from your seat, and then holding you as if breathless and dumb, under his vivid delineations. Then too his appeals are so full of that pure spirit of Christian Love, that one feels soothed & calmed,—and his strength renewed for the great Life conflict. By the way, I see that your old residence, Richmond, has had *the honor* of mobbing a minister from the North, and I thought from the account, that Websters Hotel, had considerable to do with it. I am truly glad, that you are in a different climate. Charles has just received a note from Lucien in which he speaks of news of a great fire in Nevada City and an estimated loss of 1,250,000. — In the list of sufferers is the name of O. C. Birdseye, which Lucien, thinks is undoubtedly a misprint for *J. C.* loss, 5,000 — I fear very much, that poor John, has lost his all, by this sad misfortune. And then, we must look forward to more years of anxiety & watching for the wanderer's return. — I can't bear to think of it, and I expect Mother will be heart-broken, about it. Still there may be some palliation of the news, when we get the accounts at large in the papers, which we hope to do tomorrow. Till then, let us hope for the best. Cornelia bids me tell you, that she sends a great deal of love, and that she certainly will write you a long letter as soon as school is out, which will be this week.

I had no idea, of so completely filling my sheet when I sat down, but here it is, all written since 8 o'clock the children have dropped off to bed, all but Cornelia, who is writing a composition at the same table with me. She also had to write in French her opinion of Telemaque which she has just finished. Elizabeth has improved much this winter, and begins to be quite fond of study. Have you seen any of Homers folks, yet? Old Mrs. Smith, has been very feeble of late, and it of course confines Louisa* at home very much. When are you com-

* Rev. Homer Wheaton, brother of Charles Augustus Wheaton, was graduated from Hamilton College, studied law with Victory Birdseye, became tutor in the family of Judge Isaac Smith, a large landowner of Lithgow, Amenia, Dutchess Co., N. Y., and married his daughter Louisa. He subsequently became an Episcopal clergyman at Amenia, and later still turned Catholic. He had two sons, Isaac, an invalid, who died unmarried in 1872, and Charles who was for many years a judge at Poughkeepsie. The latter had a son, Isaac S. Wheaton, who now occupies the old home.

The Homer Wheatons were much loved by the Charles Augustus Wheatons, and as Mabel Wheaton Barney wrote on May 1, 1919: "succeeding generations have been reverent in preserving the things of the past."

The diarist speaks several times with sentiment of Lithgow, and in her ivory card-case is a list of plants procured there, Aug. 30, 1850: Rose acacia, burning bush, white honeysuckle, etc. On June 9, 1851, she wrote to Charlotte Amelia Birdseye: "I trust you will be able to get to Lithgow, in the course of the summer, and I know you would enjoy it. You will find Louisa one of the plainest persons in the world, with a fund of kindness & good sense."

Cornelia Wheaton also was fond of Lithgow, where she was always a welcome guest. She spent her Christmas holidays there in 1852, and on Jan. 23, 1853, wrote to Julia Catherine Birdseye: "Ike is a charming fellow." Henry Birdseye Wheaton spent the winter of 1860–61 at Lithgow.

ing home? please tell me in your next, which I shall expect soon. Goodnight

Your affectionate sister

ELLEN.

ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON TO CHARLOTTE AMELIA BIRDSEYE*

Syracuse, Nov 17th. 1850.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

AFTER several vain attempts to secure a leisure hour, I have decided to wait no longer, but take the afternoon of a stormy Sunday to write to you. I was delighted to know from your letter, that you had so safe & pleasant a journey to your destination. I did not expect Mr. Comstock would put himself out of the way to be polite to you, and of course was not disappointed in your account of him. I think the country around you must somewhat resemble, that in the vicinity of Lithgow, from your description of your walk, — and if so, it must be delightful, for walking — I hope you will make some inquiries about your distance from Lithgow, as I should not be surprised if Homer should come into your neighbourhood to preach, — and of course I should want you to see him, — You know he is as much of an evangelist as an Episcopalian can be.

*Then living in the family of Rev. Abram Polhemus, of Hopewell, Dutchess Co., N. Y., and teaching school. The engagement turned out badly. Her mother wrote her on Aug. 17, 1851: "I know no reason, why you should be made a servant or a drudge, at the will of any body, even for the enormous sum of $150 — per annum."

In regard to your dress, I trust you have received it ere this. I inquired about it a few days after you left, before I got your letter, and was told, that it had arrived, and was immediately sent on to you, directed to the care of Revd Abram Polhemus, Fishkill,—Jarratt, said it was a fine color, and was well done, and that the bill was 1.50—I should have written immediately on the receipt of your letter, about it, but I learned that your P. O was Fishkill, and the bundle being sent by express, would undoubtedly be left at the same place, and I have felt quite certain that you must have it by this time. If you have not, you must write immediately on reading this, if it is only a few lines just to let me know it, and I will try to have some thing done about it. Very unexpectedly, Father came up from Church with the family this noon,—I knew he had been here during the week, but supposed he had gone home. He seems in very good health. He says the family are well. Emma came down with him, to Mrs Hurds at Fayetteville, to visit Aunt Burritt who is there. Aunt Hepsey is at Susan's in Manlius. Ransom has been home lately, and left some money I hear, previous to departing for California—I suppose he may as well be there as any where. Local news is rather scarce here at present, at least any thing that would interest you much. Our sewing society, has commenced working and I have attended two meetings.—Dont think, however, that I have nothing to do at home, for I left two seamstresses here, when I went to Society.—I have had Miss Cra-

mer here as much as three weeks, and Miss Porter at least one, and I have hardly begun to get through. During the last week, I have changed my girl in the kitchen, and feel well pleased with the change Elizabeth & Cornelia are both in school,* and all the others, except Lute and Henry — They are able to do all the mischief in as good style as usual, — Henry gets new words and ideas every day. Sometimes talks eloquently about cha, cha. I have not seen the Barkers since you left, to speak with them and am not likely to do so.

I called on Mrs. Bartlett, the other day, and to my surprise, found Mr. &. Mrs. Searle boarding there, they were all well, & sent much love to you — Mrs. Horace Wheaton was very much shocked, on Friday by a letter, announcing the death of her sister, Mrs. Davis, after an illness of only three days. You remember her visit here, in September. We were gratified last week with a letter from John, which I suppose you have seen, or at least a copy of it — as Lucien mentioned that he had made a copy for you and himself — I am sure you will rejoice as much as we all do, at his change of business, — and hope now to hear of greater success than heretofore. Cornelia wishes me to say, that [she] will write to you soon but fears that she cannot write in French. However I shall try to persuade her that she can. Edward thanks you for your hint and says he will write as soon as possible. He corresponds with his Uncle Homer, with George Marsh, and the cousins from Lithgow, now in

* The Bradbury School, conducted by Mrs. Montgomery.

Maryland at College.* So you see, he has some work laid out to do.—The children all send their love,—I hope you will enjoy yourself and succeed in your school. Do your pupils love to study? I hope to hear more about your school, in your next letter, and how you divide your time. If you have had as charming weather, as we have, of late you must have felt it delightful to ramble over those swelling hills, and by the clear streams of old Dutchess. I do think I never saw such beautiful brooks and mountain streams as I saw when there. There seemed to be such an abundance of the purest water, and it would come tumbling down from the hills in such a picturesque fashion, as were to me perfectly charming.—However our fine weather is gone I fear, as the ground for two days has been quite white with snow, and it really feels like winter. I have written this amid all the confusion usual when all the little ones are about—if you cant make sense of it, dont blame me, but burn it up, and I'll try again,

Yours most affectionately

ELLEN ——

* Isaac and Charles Wheaton, at the College of St. James, Hagerstown.

1850

SUNDAY] *Dec. 1st*, 1850—Having filled up my old journal book, I tho't it best, to get another of more convenient size and shape, for the purpose of making an occasional record of my thoughts, and of passing events. Not that I suppose what is here written, will ever be of much value, either to myself, or any one else,—but I find the habit of writing is one I do not like to dispense with,—I feel lost without it,—and I hope it may be a benefit to me, in the way of acquiring a certain ease and fluency of style, and more clearness & accuracy of thought.—Last Friday Evening [November 29] I attended the first of the winter course of Lectures, before the Franklin Institute, by Wm. Tracy, Esq. of Utica. It was upon "The Mechanical Inventions of the eighteenth century and their influence on Civilization."] It embodieded [*sic*] a mass of interesting facts, and evinced much research & discrimination,—though there was not much of what is usually called eloquence. He seemed to have made writing and delivery, a labour, rather than a mere recreation, and went at it [in] good earnest, as if he were not to be diverted from his purpose. After the close of the Lecture, notice was given of the list of speakers who had been engaged for the winter, and I anticipate a rich treat, in attending the course. How much the youth of this day are privileged, if they could realize it,—with opportunities of improving both mind & heart—

Saturday [November 30] called at the Asylum, to see Mrs. Farman. She has failed much since I saw her, & looks wan and wasted, but she enjoys the society of her friends very much, and conversed with considerable ease. I think she realizes her situation perfectly, and knows that her life is short.—She sits up, almost all the time, and told me, she did not expect ever to be confined long to her bed.—

Sunday A.M. [December 1] heard a curious sermon from Mr Snow, which was not very clear to my mind, and what I did understand, I did not assent to. It was a sort of old fashioned Election doctrine, dressed up a little, but not calculated for this meridian. I thought he made out God, to be the author, of Sin, and that sin was of some use, though those that commit it, are horribly wicked, and must just as certainly be punished, if they repent not, as God lives. What is the use of distorting the character of God thus.—It seems that such doctrines are the result of narrow & unworthy views of God,—and that they ought to be combatted or opposed.*

Sunday Eve. [December 1] had an interesting con-

* The Wheatons were at this time members of the old Congregational Church. Mr. Wheaton was leader of its choir, and Cornelia Wheaton, at sixteen, became its organist. Later on, as Mr. Wheaton grew interested in the writings of Swedenborg, he sometimes used to shock the orthodox by airing his views at prayer-meeting. On one occasion a worried member of the congregation prayed fervently for Mr. Wheaton's removal from earth, but a woman whom he had befriended cried out: "Not so, Lord, not so!"

On Aug. 22, 1851, the diarist wrote to Charlotte Amelia Birdseye: "As for Charles and I [*sic*] we have been so long, Independents, in our

versation, with the children on the subject of thinking & writing, and found that new ideas, were suggested to my own mind while advising them.—"How delightful that state of mind will be, when I shall write because I must, because my thoughts will be so abundant, and so varied that they will flow out on paper,["]—may that time soon come, and to that end, I would constantly train my mind—get clear & definite views of things & of principles,—and a plain & forcible method of expressing myself.

I hope I did not wrongly, in speaking so freely as I did the other night at Dr. C.*—at any rate I said what I thought and when I meet a kindred mind, I sometimes in the enthusiasm of the moment, forget myself.— —

[*Sunday*] *Dec. 8th.* Have not had much time to, write the past week, though a little to think, and I have felt every night as if I must write, a little, even if it were but a few words. But something would interfere, till I was too tired to make the effort, and so I gave it up. All the week, was much occupied in household cares, and felt, harassed & wearied.— Thursday [December 5] broke away and went to society at Dr. Loomis and staid all the evening —It was quite pleasant, and all seemed to enjoy themselves much. Had some conversation with the ladies,

Mode of belief that it makes but little difference to us by what name people are called, if they only live a christian life."

In the diarist's funeral sermon the suggestion is made that she ultimately became a Swedenborgian. There are reasons to doubt this.

* Dr. Lyman Clary (?).

about making a Donation to Fred. Douglass, for the North Star,* to help it out of debt.—The general opinion seems to be, that we ought to do something for Ward, & the Impartial Citizen, if we are able to help either.—Friday P.M. [December 6] came down, to the school, to hear the children's composition[s], was much pleased—There really was considerable talent revealed—in some of those effusions.

In the evening, came down to hear the Lecture before the Franklin Institute, by Rev Mr. Doherty of Rochester, an Irishman [,] on the condition of the working classes in Great Britain. It was interesting in a high degree,—developing some of the hidden mysteries, of iniquity, that have been at work there for centuries, and that are crushing millions in hopeless degradation. He described the difference between the Saxon & the Celt, though he would not own that there was any natural superiority of the former over the latter race. The wrongs and miseries of ages of oppression, must be ameliorated or overcome, and how to do that, is the great question. There are so few who are capable of understanding these things who care anything about it,—there is so much rank intolerance & bigotry, in the way,—and so many giant evils to be met,—that reform and relief, seem to the thoughtful, anxious, observer, almost hopeless. But may we not hope, & pray for the better day coming, of which the poet sings

* Frederick Douglass, a mulatto journalist and orator, escaped from slavery in 1838, and from 1847 to 1860 conducted an anti-slavery weekly paper at Rochester, N.Y.

—and may we not, each, in his own humble way do some little thing to help the good cause along? Yes, we can pray, God speed the right, and I fervently believe and trust in his own good time he will—

[*Thursday*] *Dec.* 12*th.* was the day appointed for Thanksgiving, and we had a load of friends from Pompey, to spend it with us Mother, Emma, Frank, Julia & Eunice. I hoped to see Father & Aunt H. with them, but they were not well enough to come. We went to the First Baptist Church to hear Mr. Raymond, and I was agreeably surprised in the sermon. It was really impassioned and eloquent, abounding with noble & appropriate sentiments. I trust that both minister & people there, are making progress. Came home to the Thanksgiving Dinner, and after that our friends went home, taking Cornelia with them, to stay until Monday.—

Friday & Saturday [*December* 13 & 14], days, such as I usually have, when all the children are out of school,—and in addition to that, Brother Victory, wife & child arrived Friday A.M. and were here most of the time till today.

[*Monday*] 14 [*December* 16], I love to see my friends as well as anyone, but I think there are few that enjoy quiet —silence, as well as I do—It comes to my poor weary head, after one of these seasons of confusion, like a sweet and refreshing sleep, after a tossing and restlessness. I really do not know, whether, this longing after quiet is a natural trait of mine, or induced by an overtasked state of the nervous system, at any rate, I feel it like an intense

desire. "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, that I might fly away, and be at rest"—

14th [Monday, December 16]. I should like to write out my feelings much more fully in these pages, but I do not seem likely ever to get the opportunity. For the children are around me, with their noise, and bustle, till about nine, and then I am too weary to know what I feel. The snow is falling heavily, and will at this rate, soon cover up the mud and broken ground, which we saw to-day. The bitter wind, "idly raves round our dwelling," sounding sadly enough to one whose ears are open, and his heart in tune, with the monotonous melody. How many thoughts come rushing from the busy past, conjured up by by [*sic*] those wailing sounds. I seem to look through the long vista of years,* to my childish days, when cherished and caressed, by all around me, I fancied myself, an important personage — and in the winter evenings, once in a while, got the privilege of sitting up, an extra hour, to see the others crack nuts & eat apples. Oh those happy days, when the wild tumult of the storm without, only enhanced the sense of comfort within, and when at last, myself & sister,† sleepy and tired, were put to bed, how pleasant, it was to see the face of Father or mother, come peeping over us, to see if we were comfortable.— I used to think at such times, that I surely, must be the happiest child on earth, and I don't know, but I was, in good earnest.

* The diarist was thirty-four.

† Emma Rawson Birdseye.

Saturday Eve. Dec. 21*st.* Thursday Evening [December 19], went to the society a little while, at Mr. C. Bates. They were most of them, leaving, as Mary J. was taken very sick, and the excitement was unfavourable for her. Cornelia and Edward were with me, but had rather a dull time. Had some conversation with Mr. & Mrs A. Bates, on various matters. It was brought up, by my asking the ladies to sign a petition for granting the Elective Franchise, to Women. Mrs. Maltbie, said she was decidedly in favour of woman's rights, but could not conscientiously sign that petition. Others thought as I did, that it was little matter, whether, that particular right were granted them, if in others, of more vital interest, to themselves, they were given equal privileges with the masculine gender. Mr. Bates, seemed to think, that our views of duty in such cases, should be decided by the example of the early Christian church, if they granted women an active part, in political arrangements, it would be safe in us to follow her example, & vice versa. Now it seems to me, that the precepts of Christ, ought to be our guide, in these things, rather than the example of the church, for the church was, as it were, an experiment,—at least it was a novelty, in the midst of the heathen, and I cannot think, that it had yet perfected all the arrangements of Society and the church, sufficiently to be a perfect model for later generations.—Society had not begun to be influenced by Christian principles to any great extent, but it seemed to be taken for granted, by the Apostles, and early Christians, that these principles, were to spread everywhere, to be developed in

new forms and relations of life, and to influence all the arrangements of society. True, it must take time, to accomplish these great objects, but even to the eye of faith, there could hardly have been any correct appreciation of the long succession of ages that must roll away, and leave these gigantic evils untouched, and now here in the midst of the 19th century, we have just as much, if not more need of strong faith, than they had, who stood, as it were just upon the threshold of time. After so long a lapse of time, in which the Christian religion, has been promulgated, to see the world still teeming with misery and wrong, and the bright and golden age of universal peace & happiness just as far off, as ever—is enough to make one feel, that there is a great failure somewhere, or our ideas and opinions of things have been vastly in error.

[*Sunday*] *Dec. 29th*, 1850. It is the last week of the old year, as it rapidly speeds to its close. Storms and clouds attend its closing hours, and mournful winds, howl its dirge. The pure white snow, lies in cold heaps, all over the earths surface, as far as the eye can reach,—and the happy ones who cluster around warm fires, and in the midst of pleasant home circles, to-night, feel that the cheerless aspect of nature without, but enhances the pleasure and comfort within. Ah! little, do such think of the lonely and sad, among us, to whom the anniversary of our Saviour's birth, brings no such joys.

1851

WEDNESDAY] *January*, 1, *st*, 1851. Well, the old year has taken its flight, and is now among the records of the past. And for myself, I am thankful, to enter it upon my journal as a year of uninterrupted prosperity, and signal blessings. While others, all about us, have endured sickness & privation, we as a family, have enjoyed excellent health, and the advantages of a comfortable & happy home,— and now we enter upon the last half of the 19th century, which will doubtless witness greater changes in human society, than even the first half has done. It is indeed an era of momentous importance in the world's history, and I believe we ought to consider it a great favour, that we are permitted to live *now*.

The holiday week has passed off, with the usual amount of bustle & noise, parties, and Fairs, Donations & rides have filled up the time, and, I am heartily glad the time is over. There has been no holiday for me, but a week or two of excitement, & fatigue. Now, I hope, the children, will settle down into a quiet way and as soon as the Anti-Slavery convention is over, I hope to do the same. I dread these excitements, they are distressing, and wearing to me, and I wish we could get along without them.

The clergymen have been preaching new Years sermons today, and to many doubtless, it has been a season of solemn interest.——But I have not been privileged

to hear any of them, and so cannot report upon them. I think it is a fine opportunity, to display learning & eloquence, when called to pause & look back, from the commencement of the New Year, upon the course of the one just past, before it disappears from our view, by the intervening events, that constantly rise to intercept our view. One circumstance that is suggestive of reflection, is the standing custom of our city—That the city sexton goes with the yearly report of deaths. within the limits of the corporation, to every clergyman in town, at the end of every year, and he is at liberty, to make what use of it he pleases.

January thaw is upon us, and dreary enough, it seems, after the lively bustling ways of last week, when the pure white snow, which lay in such a mass upon the ground, was constantly crossed, by multitudes of vehicles of all descriptions Every one, who could command any kind of a conveyance, was on the alert,—improving the sleighing, which they knew to be so precarious. But it is gone, indeed, and with but little prospect of a fresh supply.

The Anti-Slavery Convention, took place, last week, and was densely crowded during the whole session. In many respects, it was a good meeting, but I fear its results, were not very satisfactory. The meeting was called, to consider, & take measures, to resist the odious Fugitive Bill, but that idea seemed to be lost sight of, in the various extraneous matters, which were called up, on the occasion.— It was sad to see so good an opportu-

nity of impressing [the] community aright, on this subject, almost thrown away, from the obstinancy, of some prominent Anti Slavery leaders. It was a good opportunity, to study human nature, and a close observer, could not come away, without some valuable thoughts, and new ideas. To see one man, calm, in his overweening selfcomplacency, bearing down all opposition, to his favorite measures, while others, just as honest, but with one tithe of his obstinancy, gave way before his iron will, — to see the supercilious, and vain, engrossing valuable time, which should have been given to the modest, sensible man, who draws into a retired corner. — One man, having heard about all he is capable of digesting, settles back, into a comfortable doze, while that eager, young face, stretches forward as if asking for more. — The speech, most to the purpose, which I heard, was C. B. Sedgwick on the Fugitive Bill, and I thought it excellent. He seems to have thought deeply on the subject, and to be at home there, and has undoubtedly gained much credit, by the stand he has taken upon it.

The meeting called to welcome Chaplin home again, was perhaps the most deeply interesting, as well as satisfactory of any of the proceedings connected with the Convention. It was held on Monday Evening at the Congregational Church, which was crowded to excess, and hundreds went away, that could not get in. His simple earnest manner of telling his story, was very touching, and must have set at rest the doubts of many in the

audience as to the part he had taken, in the matter of running off slaves to the North. I cannot but hope that his incarceration, and the circumstances attending it, will be productive of great benefit, to the poor slave, as well as to the cause of freedom at large.

I have little opportunity to record thought or feelings, for want of opportunity to think.—I am always surrounded with a flock of noisy children, and my head resounds with their noise like an empty barrel — — I find an immense difference in the ease with which I write, in consequence of being out of practice, for sometimes, I do not handle a pen for weeks.

[*Sunday*] *Jany* 19*th*. I have forced myself, much against my inclination, to open my journal, to-night, for I am growing greatly averse to writing. Why do I feel this terrible languor, which hangs upon me like a night mare, only varied by fits of irritability, that I feel entirely unable to control, and still am greatly ashamed of myself, for giving way to them. Is this all owing to ill health, which acts upon a nervous system, naturally very sensitive to every untoward influence? This heavy weight upon my brain, cannot be imaginary—This dull & lifeless state of the intellectual faculties, must have some cause. I have never suffered so much, from such causes,* and I am not likely, to find comfort, very soon. If I look forvard [*sic*] to the future, I can see nothing but misery there, and I dread to look. I shudder at the thought of

* Her daughter, Mary Hascall Wheaton, afterwards wife of Francis William Kittredge, of Boston, was born the following June.

the suffering, I know [I] must certainly endure, if I live, and I am ready to sink, in utter despair. I should be glad to find some human being, to whom, I might unburden my grief, but there is none, who understands my case but would censure my feelings, or the cause of them. When I see friends and acquaintances, about me, to all human appearance, so free from care, or anxiety, so situated, that they may be just as happy as they please, I cannot but contrast my circumstances, with theirs, and ask, why is it so? I love society, and its pleasures, tho' not to excess I am sure, but I am deprived of them, or if I mix in them at all, it is at very great cost of labor, & effort. Never since, I have been a married woman, have I known, what it was, to be free from a heavy burden of care, and every year, it has grown heavier; till I am ready to sink. Why it is so, I hardly know, whether my own peculiarities of disposition, or those around me, but so it is, and when I look back upon the last few years of my life, they seem like a weary, dreary, space, gloomy, and desolate. Oh for patience. If I could acquire, something of that blessed virtue, I think I would, must be content, & not long for other and more dazzling treasures.

[*Saturday*] *Jany 25th* The week just ended, has been spent, more in going out and visiting than is usual for me,—and I probably feel the ill effects of it, in these dull headaches, and sleepless nights, but I have indulged myself more willingly, because I knew, the season for visiting would soon be past,—and the other extreme, would most likely, succeed. Saturday, I spent the day

1596252

with Mrs. Miner at Geddes, and found it very pleasant there. Mrs. Dr. Loomis & Mrs. Abbott, joined our circle, in the P.M. and made the time pass swiftly, in quiet converse. It is a great attraction to their house, to see the fine prospect, which lies, spread out like an amphitheatre, before you. All of the city is seen, almost at a glance, and in addition are the suburban villages of this salt valley, which look so near the main crowd of buildings, that one can hardly perceive any separation. Off to the North lies the lake, its clear waters on the northern shore, skirted by blue hills, which, at this season seem to mingle with the floating clouds above them. Turn your eye again to the south, and east and far away lie hills of greater apparent height, than those we have been looking at, with spots of snow scattered over the brown surface, glistening in the bright rays of the sun — "Distance does indeed, lend enchantment to the view," as we look abroad over this fair scene, and rejoice in the wonderful works of God. And how much more stirring and exciting, as well as more beautiful the scene, when summer has robed it, in her profusion of foliage, and her soft warm hues, have succeeded to the chilling brightness of Winter. Then human life, will have resumed its activity, and these great arteries of the State, will send once more, thro' their mighty channels the life current of humanity and all these hills, will resound to their the [*sic*] wondrous pulsations. As we cast our eyes over the scene, here we shall see railroad trains coming from opposite directions, and passing each other with the swiftness of the wind, and

there the canal boat, drags its slow length along. Every where the busy hand of man is at work, every where the results of his busy, teeming, brain, are manifest—

Among circumstances of less interest, this past week, I have to record one, which was quite novel, as well as pleasing in its results. I mean the Donation visit at the Asylum. It was well attended, and went off pleasantly, after having received gifts in money, to the amount of about $400. and many other things of value.

In the evening, heard Park Benjamin, Esq. read his celebrated satirical poem, The Age of Gold.—It was a charming mixture of wit, satire, and truth, and was enthusiastically applauded by a delighted audience. I really think, that no one, who had sense, to understand the poem, at all, could have heard it, without being better for it, and feeling himself, moved to good resolutions, and better deeds.

And now, night draws her shadowy mantle o'er us, and dropping this idle gossiping pen, I must go to bed, for if I live to see the morrow, I shall find my employments as numerous and pressing, my cares as great, and my own deficiencies as many as ever,—and I want a night of undisturbed sleep, which has not been my lot lately——

Sunday Eve. Jany 26th. Often as I sit musing by the quiet fire, do my eyes seek the map which hangs upon the wall before me,—and as they rove over each familiar coast, they like many another adventurer of the times, suddenly dart away, down the long reach of coast, along the eastern side of South America, and around the bois-

terous neighborhood of the Horn, up the other side into smoother seas and milder climes towards the world-famed El-Dorado, of the west. But perchance, (if too impatient for this long voyage) they fix themselves upon the shore of the "Isthmus," and making a sudden leap, at once they are at Panama. But here we cannot stop! for if there were nothing else to prevent, we are seeking a friend, yes a dear brother,* who has gone before us to this golden shore, and we may not tarry by the way. Here we go, up on the bosom of the broad Pacific, and ere long without any of the usual mischances of travellers, we pass the Golden Gate, and land upon one of the new & beautiful docks of this wonderful city, long ago christened by the dull and lazy Spaniard, San Francisco, but now the ever active and calculating Yankee nation, is pouring into it, it has met with a wondrous change, it has had breathed into it, the breath of a new life, and see how it stretches its young giant limbs over all these swelling hills, and thro' these winding vales.—Just beginning to feel its new-born strength, and trying rather awkwardly perhaps, at first, to act upon the example of its newly adopted parent—Surely this old, conservative title, although more euphonious certainly, is not now half so appropriate to the young rising city, as would be the characteristic one of San. Jonathan, and doubtless the change will soon, be made, for the yankee is not diffident of his own merits,—and what he considers worth knowing it is not his fault, if the world knows it not also.

*John Clarence Birdseye.

But where is the brother, of whom we are in search? Ah! we hear of him, up among the mountains, & we are off to find him. Down by steamboat to Sacramento then by mule over the plains and among the hills till we come to the range of Sierra Nevada. Here may we hope to find him of whom we are in search, tho perhaps with a little trouble, for this little town called Nevada City, tho of recent growth, already numbers thousands of inhabitants. But we find him, and right joyful is the meeting, and unexpected too, as joyful. Oh how many questions there are to answer, how many adventures to relate, how many tales of home & friends to listen too [*sic*]. Ah when for us, "shall such a blissful meeting be?"—I shudder to think, Never, Oh! Never.

MONDAY, *February* 17], "Died, on Monday A.M. Feb. 17, 1851, Mrs. Julia A. wife of Courtland Bates, aged 40 years."

Thus reads the notice in to days paper, startling many, who knew not till this announcement, even of her sickness. How short a time it seems since I saw her, in apparent health, mingling with her friends,—anticipating length of days, with as much confidence as any of us. But stern death, regards not our wishes or convenience and often summons those, who have the fairest prospect of life.

Last week on Tuesday [February 11], sister Emma left me (after a visit of two weeks or more) to attend Fanny Bakers wedding. Aunt Hepsey still stays in town,

but yesterday, we took her to John Beebee's near Mysina Springs to spend a few days. But to fill the vacancy, there is a woman here repairing shirts, & so I do not miss any. My house is full to overflowing and tho' I love the society of my friends as well as others, yet I do so long for quiet. How often is that sigh breathed over these pages!

[*Tuesday*] 18.*th Feb.*—51. Went down town, & made two or three calls—sat a while with Mrs. Wicks. How strangely contrasted are our situations, & yet sometimes, I almost envy, her, the quiet & ease she seems to enjoy. The leisure, and opportunity for mental improvement, which I so ardently long for, *but cannot have*, that is hers. —but I will try not to murmur,—perhaps, I do not realize the many blessings of my lot. Afterwards, went to Mr. C. Bates, a sorrowful house indeed, and it is always so sad, to look upon motherless children. There seems to be many sincere mourners for her.

Came home, feeling very tired but after tea, I must help Edward with his composition, & Emma with her letter, and Florence must read to me, till, ere long my head was in a complete whirl. Now they are gone to bed, and for the space of half an hour, it has been still here. Have I not enjoyed it?

Wednesday [*February*] 19*th*, attended Mrs. B. funeral. The house was crowded, and the exercises, very solemn. Sermon by Mr. Snow, but I do not like excessive laudation, in funeral discourses. If my my [*sic*] friends & acquaintances, do not discover my good qualities, and love-

able traits during life, I think it will be too late to give them much information on the subject, at my death, but if they have already perceived such qualities, in my character, they will not surely need any such information. This was a bright beautiful day, with a magnificent sunset—and a glorious golden atmosphere, which made the eastern sky, superbly brilliant, as the evening came on. —Spent the evening sociably at Mrs. Cooks, & found it quite pleasant.

Thursday, [*February*] 20*th* Oh! what a contrast to yesterday. The rain pours in torrents. Not a crevice in this thick leaden covering of cloud, but dark gray gloom, and despondency, settle on every thing. The Mayors party came off at the Empire, to-night, and in spite of the storm we went, Emma too unwell to go. It was elegantly arranged, very large, & very pleasant. As little, that was objectionable as at any party, I have attended in years. His Honor, looked and must have felt very lonely, with his little orphan daughter, by the hand,— and assisted in doing the honors, by some friends.— It is not a year, since his wife died.

Friday [*February*] 21*st*. Rain, rain. Father came along about tea, on his way home. Aunt H. concluded to go with him, and so we fixed her off—I fear they got quite wet.

Sat. [*February*] 22*nd*. Very much such a day as yesterday,—tho. I think it dont rain, quite so steadily.— Very busy all the forenoon. In the P.M. went over to the Asylum, a little while, then to Mother Austins, found her better, tho still feeble, called a few minutes at

Mr. Barkers, then to Mrs. Myers, found Sister E. there, and were persuaded to stay the Afternoon & Evening. Had quite an animated discussion, upon the management of the Asylum, found it will not do, to find fault, or to look with any but a favourable eye, upon matters & things there. Came home in the rain. Charles did not come, home till 10'o'clock — then to bed —

Sunday [*February*] 23*rd*. Sent Mother A. a good warm breakfast, which I dont doubt, she will relish. Sent a good load of young people, to meeting, and sat down quietly, to read & write. I would be glad to prolong this precious hour, but No! that cannot be. It does not rain today! Went up to the grove, at 2 o'clock, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Mosely. — Funeral exercises by Revd Mr. Maltbie. Poor woman, she has been a great sufferer, and I think Death, must have been a welcome messenger to her, indeed. She has borne her long and painful sickness, with the greatest patience, & Christian fortitude, and those tried & faithful ones, who have stood by her to the last, must have learned many a valuable lesson, from her example, as well as from her lips. I was glad to see so many at the funeral. It was but a just tribute of respect, to one so lovely.

Monday [*February*] 24*th*. Another of these dreary, dark, dismal, days. It rains, and rains, and rains, and is never weary, but we, thankless mortals do get weary, and wish, & wish, Oh! how vainly that it would stop. The streets are great channels of mud, liquid, brown mud, and the few who move about, go slowly, & heavily

along. The sky above, but four short days ago, so beautifully gloriously bright, now reflects again, the sombre aspect of the sad earth, and one can hardly say, which wears the most cheerless appearance. have been sewing or reading most of the day, also did a little writing. Charles did not come home to dinner, but to a late tea. Then out again this dark evening. The children were full of their wants, all day & in the evening—Oh! how much wisdom, & patience I need! If I only had that steadiness of nerve, that could be called on, by 3 or 4 at once, and each one, with a different want, that could be teased, without getting out of patience, that could have all its favorite plans obtruded upon, without a murmur. Oh if I only could, what a victory, it would be

These startling tidings too from Boston, cast a gloomy shadow over my mind. The arrest & rescue of a fugitive in that goodly city. The presidents proclamation calling on all good citizens to help execute this infernal law, & a second message sending a large body of the military, to aid in enforcing the law—all these things trouble me. How long will it be ere we shall be partakers in such scenes? When equal excitements, & risks will be met with here. Have I courage and firmness equal to the crisis? I tremble and fear, at the prospect. I fear for my husband, whose ardent fearless temper I so well know,—and that he will be in the midst of the danger, when it comes. Oh I find it is a hard lesson, to learn to labor and to wait, to wait Gods own good time, —and to have Faith in God & in truth.

Tuesday [*February* 25], a very fine day, and sister E. spent the most of it, with Mrs. Wicks, as she says— enjoying it much. I was at home all day, & night finds me weary enough.

Wednesday [*February* 26], busy, sewing all the morning, & in the the [*sic*] P.M. prepared to go out, for a few calls with sister E. — but were detained till late by company, so we only went down to H. Ws* & took tea and then home found Harriet† there, &, had quite a pleasant little visit. How proud they are, of their youngest hope! but to me, he seems dull, and uninteresting. But parental partiality, is a blinding thing to the judgment. Now, I suppose, they look upon our little H.‡ with very much the same opinion, that we have of theirs. —Perhaps we love ours, too well— for his future happiness, & ours, also. But I am continually thinking on this wise. "He is purer & more lovely, than he can ever be again, in this mortal state, and the hearts of his parents, may with good reason, dote upon him, and he with all his guileless soul, returns that love. But this cannot always be, some cloud will spring up in our horizon. Then why not, enjoy this mutual love of our children

* Horace Wheaton (?).

† Harriet Wheaton, a sister of Charles Augustus Wheaton, married George B. Walter and was the last survivor of her generation. Her grandson, Ainslie W. Walter, of Brooklyn, gave Louise Ayer Gordon some china cups, etc., from a dinner-set which had belonged to Hannah Givens Wheaton (mother of Charles Augustus and Harriet Wheaton), who died in 1825. Louise Ayer Gordon also owns the "Givens towel," made by her.

‡ Henry Birdseye Wheaton.

& ourselves while we may, and make as much of it, as we reasonably may."]

Thursday [*February* 27], my hours of rising, are very irregular, and depend mainly upon my bodily feelings, was not very early this A.M. However discharged a good deal of business for me. Looked over, & put away the weeks ironing, — mended & sewed on buttons, for two or three hours, and then went into the kitchen, and made cake for some time longer. — found myself quite willing to rest, after all this, but had not much chance while finishing Clara's drawers, Charles came home unexpectedly early, and had quite a pleasant chat together. He read me a letter, he had been writing to his brother H.* & rather called out by the exigencies of the times, in connection, with a pro-slavery sermon, preached in Hartford lately by our Revd. coz. N. S. Wheaton, D.D.† C.s indignation was roused by the sentiments of the sermon, & I thought he expressed himself becomingly & forcibly, in this letter. I hope it will make some impression, but I fear not. It is a stony soil, on which to sow Anti-Slavery truth.

Friday [*February*] 28*th* Last day of February. This short month, has nearly closed, and to look back upon it, seems as if it had never been.

Rose early for me, this morning, bathed‡ & dressed,

* Homer Wheaton.

† Rev. Nathaniel Sheldon Wheaton (1793–1863), an Episcopal clergyman, associated with the early days of Trinity College, Hartford, and afterwards President of that institution. He wrote an interesting *Journal, etc.*, while abroad in 1823 and 1824, published at Hartford in 1830.

‡ The diarist's habit of daily bathing — unusual in those days — was

before my husband and Lucia were awake. Lucie likes to leave her crib, and crawl in by the side of her father towards morning, and take a nap on his arm. She is devotedly fond of him, and I think he reciprocates her affection, as warmly. Have been reading in the Life of Madame Roland by J. S. C. Abbott, and am charmed not only with her character, but with the book. It is written in a clear & interesting style, and is full of fine thoughts, and noble passages. — She was a very remarkable woman, and seemed made expressly for the stormy times in which she lived. In looking back over her history to her childhood, One notices her great energy of purpose, Her systematic arrangement of her time, Her enthusiastic admiration of the great & noble of other times — But I hardly know how to account for the peaceful happy, & even triumphant state of mind in which she met a cruel & ignominious death, — never seeming to harbor feelings of hatred or revenge, towards those, who had most deeply injured her. — Although she knew nothing of Religion,

presumably learned from her father, with whom it was a hobby. On Mch. 11, 1849, he wrote to Charlotte Amelia Birdseye: "We have had a very cold winter & my office you know is old & quite dilapidated . . . yet thanks to *cold* water — I have been more free from colds this winter than for some winters before." Again on June 11 of that year he wrote her: "I hope you will be careful of your health observe your *ablutions* as if an essential part of your religion —" And still again on Nov. 18 of that year he wrote her: "I hope you will be careful to wash your head & throat & Lungs every morning with cold water & a sponge & rub off with a coarse towel — & continue the friction with that till you get up a thorough Glow." On Feb. 27, 1851, she wrote him: "I have made diligent and regular use of cold water every day this winter, and have experienced from it a good deal of comfort . . . I jump the rope some — "

except as it was misrepresented by the Roman C. Church of that period, which was degraded & corrupt, to a great degree. Mrs. L. came to sew on shirts this noon, and I helpt her. This evening had a stranger at Tea, Mr. W. R. Smith who seems to be an excellent man, quite a philanthropist. I was much interested in his conversation.

SATURDAY A.M. *March 1st.* Rose rather early and kept very busy, for several hours. All the children at home, and to be kept employed. For a while I succeeded tolerably, but when occupation failed, then it was tiresome enough. Heard at tea-time of Mrs. Farmans death, and went over there, for a little while, found them in deep affliction, at the loss of one of the best of mothers & wives.—Her death was calm & peaceful and she left behind her a testimony to her faith in Christ which is a great comfort to her mourning family. After the evening was pretty much spent, Charles came home, bringing W. R. Smith with him.—Also came a letter from Mrs. Miller, of Peterboro, on the subject of a certain letter of hers, enclosing some petitions for circulation—I am very much ashamed of my seeming negligence, but I must write and give her to understand what it means. Emma left for home with Father.

Today is the Sabbath [March 2]. Most of the family are gone to meeting and I am here alone with the children, trying to read & write a little. The weather is raw & disagreeable, the roads quite muddy, and it is quite



Captain Beach Tomlinson

unpleasant getting about. Little Henry has gone up to take his nap, under Edwards care, and E. is reading [a]loud to him. I hope it will prove an opiate to him. Have not been out all day. — Mr. S. returned & staid the P.M. expecting Chaplin all the time, but he did not come. What a time of restless activity in the mind of man is the present! How many new channels for the expenditures of the ever overflowing energy of the race. To what are we all tending? — to a renovation of the race and a state of complete but still progressive felicity, or to the horrors of the final consummation of all things, about which so many delight to think & talk. I cannot answer these questions but this much I know, that the world never saw a time like the present, and I think every one may study the signs of the times with profit to himself.

Monday [*March* 3]. Mrs. L. came up at noon to sew — Mrs Smith & Mrs Burt called in the afternoon to give us an invitation to dine there on Wednesday [March 5] and meet Geo. Thompson.

Tuesday [*March* 4] very busy all day, went to the Asylum in the afternoon. Quite a full meeting, & rather an interesting one. After it, walked down to the village, and rode back.

Wednesday [*March* 5] commenced the great Anti Slavery meeting, and it was opened by a reception to George Thompson, Esq. which was said to be *very* fine. We went to Mr. Smiths, and met a very pleasant party at dinner, Tho' the Lion of the day, did not dine, but took a light lunch in his own room.

We walked over to the Hall, in his company, but it was so crowded, that it was with the greatest difficulty, that we got seats at all. The main attraction, of both the P.M. & evening, was to, hear, The Englishman and a treat it was, indeed. I think he is without exception, the most fascinating public speaker, I ever listened to, and it would seem that the great public, thot so too, by the immense crowds that thronged to hear him, & the earnest attention paid to the speakers thro' the whole course of the meeting. Surely, no one who has heard him, could afterwards ill-treat or abuse him, unless indeed, it be one of the *candid* and *witty* editors of the political papers of the time, those whose business, it is to abuse, all who do not serve their purposes, & they do not usually hear him, but slander him, entirely upon the reports of others. We are gratified to hear, very good reports of his meetings at Auburn Rochester, & other places west. He next goes into Canada, to examine into the state of the fugitives there.

Friday 7th, March, felt much exhausted after the excitement of the meeting, but was able to keep well occupied all day.

In the evening, went down again to, hear E. P. Whipple, before the Franklin Institute, was interested, but somewhat disappointed. He is an odd looking man,— not very prepossessing.

Saturday [*March*] *8th.* much as usual. Snow fell quite plentifully in the P.M. & evening.

Sunday [*March* 9] went to meeting half a day, did not

remain to Sunday School, find I must give it up it is so fatiguing. I shall try and have the children form a class at home, and think they will like it. We have had one, and it was quite pleasant.

Tuesday [*March*] 11*th*. Father came down to-day, and called bro't me, a great many commissions to execute, & I tried to set about them at once.

Next day [Wednesday, March 12], tho't it necessary to go down town, and do some shopping. Had no way to ride, & so walked down, all about & back, was dreadfully tired, headache, &c, got no time to rest, of any consequence, for Henry was so glad to see me, he could leave me for but a little while. In the P.M. Mrs. M. came over, & sat two or three hours. Children very uneasy, not well I think. Lucie gets very fretful, and passionate. I am sensible I dont manage her very discreetly, but I feel quite at a loss, many times what course to take. There are so many to find fault with & vex her so many to be harsh, & unkind to her, that she is kept much of the time in an unhappy temper. It will never do, for things to go on so. Mind & body, dreadfully wearied tonight.

Thursday [*March* 13], was happy to find myself so much refreshed. — "Tired natures sweet restorer," does indeed work wonders for us, does it not. All the morning engaged with the weeks ironing. About 3. went to the Society, at Mr. Abbotts, where I found a large number, about 40, took tea. My husband was there, and with me to hear Park. Benjamin, lecture on music. It was witty, amusing, and rather satirical. The next night

[Friday, March 14] we heard a poem on Fashion at the same place by the same speaker. It was funny but not profound. There was a very large audience present.

Saturday [*March* 15]. Rose pretty early, having considerable to accomplish — Bathed, dressed, &c and breakfasted. Edward came home in rather better spirits, than last night, tho' still determined, to give up his situation in the Bank. I fear it is too confining, and trying to a boy of his activity. Children all got out the glass doors on the piazza, and made for the garden, and had a glorious time. I got hold of them long enough to put hoods & mittens on them. The ground was somewhat wet, and I was afraid of colds. The air has been mild, all day, and it was hard to keep them in. The older girls all went visiting this P.M. and I was left with my hands full. Lucie got her book, after tea for me to learn her the names of the pictures, and I did so, for a while but was much tried, and could not teach her, long, at which she was very much grieved.

Wrote some this evening, but with nerves unstrung it was a hard task. Shall not wait for my husband any longer, but go to bed.

Sunday [*March* 16] heard Mr. Snow in the afternoon, but did not go out, either morning or evening — Mr. Burleigh lectured on Temperance in the evening to a thin house, as the weather was very stormy. Had an intimation of company on Tuesday [March 18]. —

Monday [*March* 17] Miss C. came & commenced work. — It is an irksome task for me this dress-making, for so many children, but it must be done. —

Tuesday [*March* 18] sent the carriage early in the afternoon, for the Burleighs, and the Snows.—Our circle was augmented by the addition of at least half a dozen extras, so that at last, we made out quite a respectable sized circle. The number of children, amounted to fifteen. Of course there was no quiet or sociality for me,—and felt relieved when it was, over.

Wednesday [*March* 19], was obliged to go down town to get materials for the dressmaker, walked down, and rode back. Have been quite busy all day,—and felt too tired to hear Dr Cox lecture as I hoped to have done. Charles gave quite a favourable account of the affair, tho' there was a thin house.

Thursday [*March* 20]. Household cares as usual occupy much of my time—was quite busy at the needle a good part of the day—The little ones were very uneasy all day, and made it quite difficult for me to accomplish much. I sometimes feel that every such confinement of my energies to sewing or anything of the kind is really unjust to them, and I think I wont be guilty of it any more. I really feel at a loss many times, to know, what is duty, there seem to be so many conflicting claims, upon me. This evening disengaged myself, and went to spend the time at Dr. Loomis, with a few friends—It was quite pleasant.

Friday [*March* 21] After a busy morning about the house, I got the children's lunch for noon put up, only however for four, the little domestic matters straitened and ready again for sewing—It was a dull day. Dear little Henry, was anxious to be out all the time, but I was

compelled to restrain him, for I am afraid of these harsh winds — The Influenza prevails to a great extent, and is in many cases very serious. H. is an active child full of life & fun, and a sad thing it would be for us all, to see his vigorous little frame, prostrated by disease. —

Saturday A.M. [*March* 22] was stirring pretty early — and a beautiful morning it was. — The robins, sweet harbingers of Spring, now begin to make themselves heard — a truly cheering sound. And it imparts a thrill of delight to every child on the premises. They have been out a great deal to day. Miss C. who has been here all the week, was obliged to leave on account of sickness, an hour or so after she left, came Father & Mother. — They will spend the Sabbath with us, bring rather a sad account of Emmas health, her cough is very obstinate. Have had many interruptions to day, in my plans, enough to try my patience severely, yet, I have accomplished all I calculated. — How much better it would have been for me, if I could have been more patient, more gentle and quiet under, these petty vexations. Father came up from town this evening but Charles did not get home till late. —

Sunday [*March* 23] another charming day. Went to meeting all day, — and in the evening — In the A.M. heard Mr. Raymond at our church, in the P.M. Mr. Finney at the first church, and in the evening Mr Burleigh at the Unitarian church. Was much pleased with Mr. Raymond's discourse. It was in my judgment an eloquent & convincing discourse. I would like to hear such preaching oftener, — Mr. Burleigh gave an excellent temper-

ance address as he always does, I believe, to a very good house.—

Monday, March 24, found myself excessively tired this morning, but my cold bath, somewhat refreshed me, still I have been very languid all day, —and quite unable to occupy myself to much account. Lute & Henry spent much time in the open air, and were very happy — Father & Mother left for home, about ½ past three, and afterwards I rode downtown taking Henry with me. — Dear little fellow how much he enjoyed it — — and came back as hungry as possible. He was thoroughly tired, and glad to have his supper & go to bed. — Sat at the table surrounded with the children for some time tonight, all very happy & sociable — Edward came home with a new stock of fowls — and is very proud of them, and full of plans to make them profitable. — But I *must* stop, as it is getting late.

Tuesday [*March*] 25*th* Harriet came up to spend the day with us, and her husband to dinner. I was much occupied all the morning — George* having gone into the garden to work, makes it very laborious for me. How-

* George Johnson, "Black George," a faithful indoor servant in the Wheaton family for fourteen years. When the family broke up the household in 1860, George went into the Longstreet family, where he stayed till his death some years later. He was buried in their family lot in Syracuse. When Mr. & Mrs. Wheaton were away, Black George used to ring the breakfast-bell in the morning and shout: "All hands on deck! Cap'n's fell overboard!"

At this time the only other servant the Wheatons had was a kitchen maid; later on they had a nurse and a boy to drive and care for the horses as well. There were also seamstresses in the house very frequently.

ever, this fine weather must be improved. To-day was very bright,—but a raw March wind, made it very disagreeable to be out. The little ones had a walk in the forenoon, but came back with their faces, almost blistered. Dear little bodies, I am sure I shall rejoice for their sakes, at the return of mild weather. Had a good visit from H. and bade her goodbye, about eight this evening. Then all the children went to—bed,—and quiet settled down upon me, like a dove brooding over its nest. I took up Longfellow, and his sublime & touching strain found an echo in my heart.—His voices of the night, and many of his ballads, express precisely, what I feel, but have not power to clothe in language. I can truly say, of his songs, in his own words,—

"*Such songs have power to quiet*
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

"*Then the night shall be filled with music*
And the cares that infest the Day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

What a wonderful thing, this gift of poetry is! It is I, truly believe an inspiration,—something mysterious and awful. But time flies, faster, faster, and I must retire, and give to sleep, & rest these precious hours, that I would gladly, give to thought, & meditation, if my strength could be warranted to last. It was very late, before Charles

& Cornelia came home from the Institute, and I was fast asleep.

Wednesday [*March* 26]. After the children were off to school I found it very quiet, and pleasant here most of the day. Lucia & Henry, are out of doors so much this pleasant weather, that they are quite tired when they do come in—and keep much stiller, than has been their habit. Henry seems like another child, since the fine bright days of last week & this—We were invited to tea at Mr. Wallaces this evening & I persuaded Charles to go, but fear he will not enjoy it as he seldom goes in such a way, without me. My head has been very painful all day. Brother V. was here at dinner & tea.—He was out at an agricultural meeting. This evening Lute begged me to learn her some of her letters, in a little new primer, she has, and explain the pictures. She was much pleased when I consented and listened with profound attention. She has a great taste for knowledge, for so young a child, scarcely 4 years old—and I am often startled at the intelligence and gravity of her questions. Then Emma & Florence were to be attended to, & C's. composition, revised, and E. to be questioned in her history—She has commenced reading Frost's History of the United States, today, and I hope to strengthen her memory, and awaken her interest in it, by frequent questions, as she goes along.—It is a clear well written history, and illustrated with numerous engravings—At last they all disperse, and I snatch a few moments, to inscribe these few lines, in my diary. I have few events of importance to

record, for my life is a monotonous one, and very barren of incident, but I dont write for the general eye or even for those nearest & dearest to me, but for my own improvement, & that these pages may serve in some sort, as landmarks, to refer to, in my future course. That I may be reminded of past failings and errors, and see better how to avoid them and now & then find some cheering incident, or remark that may prove "a ray of hope divine," to brighten my future pathway.

Thursday [*March* 27], spent the morning in active employment about the house, and found myself much tried at noon. The air very hot & dry, and causes one, to feel very languid. Society to meet at W. M. Clarks, this P.M. but I could not leave the children till after five. Ellen & Emma however, went early. When I arrived, I found them running & romping, all over the square, with a flock of other little girls. There was not much doing there, and not many in attendance. Immediately after tea, I left with the children for the concert of the Musical Institute. It was well attended, and the music very good. However, our Syracuse audiences dont seem to appreciate, the more lofty styles of choruses, but prefer songs, & ballads—

Friday [*March* 28], made an effort to get on my much talked of quilt,—but with no assistance, it was very laborious, and I was almost sorry, I undertook it—The children not quite so happy as yesterday, and troubled me much,—did not quite finish it, excessively tired; too much so to sleep well.

Saturday [*March* 29]. Oh what a constant round of sweeping & dusting, sweeping & dusting, the year round! I get weary of it, & wish I might never see another broom, sometimes. And many little cares, almost distract me. I tried to finish the quilt, but was prevented, first—Henry was much unwell, and I must give my whole attention to him. Then Mrs. H. W.* came up, about eleven, and staid until the middle of the afternoon. Then my plans, being all changed I concluded to go down with her to the city, & look about a little. Took Henry, and decided about his hat, which I am glad to have off my mind. Then went with her to Nortons & looked in at his goods. It being his shewday. His store, was filled with elegantly dressed ladies, and beautiful goods—and I was happy to meet some old friends— Did not stay long, and after going into two or three other places, found the horse & waggon, & came home. I have just this same depression on my feelings, that I expected & feared when I left home. Why did I go?

It is past ten o'clock Saturday evening [March 29]. Edward & Cornelia are at Mr. Wilkinsons on James Street, and it is high time they were at home.—Ah they are just here. The wind is rising rapidly, and I think and hope that we shall have rain soon. We have been destitute of rain-water for several days, and tonight our well-water pump failed, so that we are in a sad condition, enough.—All these little events, conspire to trouble & harass me, and I am ready to sink down, in despond-

* Mrs. Horace Wheaton.

ency — But of what use is it, for me to sit here, & utter my complaints to these dumb sheets, that cannot feel for me, or sympathise in my griefs. I know not, that it is of any use, unless, that in pouring out my troubles, my heart seems lighter. I wish I could overcome these gloomy fits, — for I am sensible that they are not well for me, at this time.

Sunday, 30 *March*, I arose this morning feeling miserably, having had a restless wakeful night. After my cold bath, felt more refreshed, and prepared for church, but when I got there, I was so exhausted and faint, I was almost terrified, not knowing but some serious illness, was about to come upon me. However, this extreme languor, passed off, somewhat, after a while, — but I did not go out this afternoon. Have not read much today, as my eyes are in a very weak state.

I see constantly in the papers, notices of the great preparations, making for the worlds fair, to be held in London in May.* Many of our own citizens are thinking of attending it, and doubtless crowds will swarm there from all parts of the world. What strange contrasts will present themselves, not only of sight, but of sound. The polished Frenchman, the calculating Yankee, the turbaned Turk, the phlegmatic German, will jostle each other on the pave, the lowborn & needy, will look with envious eyes, upon the titled and the wealthy, and the extremes of society will meet, in their most vivid contrasts. The crystal palace, filled with wondrous speci-

* The Crystal Palace.

mens of the arts & sciences, from all lands, will dazzle the eyes of the beholders, like the Fairy creations of Aladdins magic Lamp. It would seem too that the authorities of the city, have made every possible arrangement, that the most perfect order may reign, that all rights may be protected, and the great public, sufficiently cared for. Doubtless there will be many things, unpleasant, & to be regretted when it is over, — many persons will feel unhappy & dissatisfied, with their share of the profits & pleasures of the Exhibition. —

But with all these contingencies, I cannot but think, that it will prove a world wide benefit. — The bringing together in one common centre of so many & such world-wide diversities of nation & language, will impart general intelligence, and soften asperities of habits & manners, more than the natural progress of civilization would do in many years. The "Natural bond of brotherhood," will be strengthened by such contact, as will then become even necessary, and men will go away, surprised at finding so much that is admirable, and wonderful, in men of other climes, and the fruits of the patience & ingenuity of those whom they had hitherto regarded as barbarians, will stimulate their own inventive faculties, and excite a praiseworthy emulation. May Heaven grant smiling skies, and favoring gales to those who venture upon the great deep, to visit, the World's Fair. — That no disastrous accident and fearful shipwreck, may be associated in our recollections of this most novel and most famous of spectacles, The Great Exhibition of May, 1851 — —

Monday [*March* 31], felt very unwell all day, but tried to finish my quilt, begun last week. A poor woman brought me some work, she had to do, and it was easy to see the marks of want & sorrow on her face — I was very glad to have something to make her comfortable, as well as work to give her. She has a family of six children, and neither herself nor husband could get any work, for a long time past.

TUESDAY, *April* 1*st.* Went down town, to do up a variety of errands — Got some cash from my husband and paid up a number of little bills. Miss Wolcott's Mrs. Cook's, Mrs. Lathrop, Miss Van Norman, &c. — Was very glad to have these things off my mind. In the afternoon attended the board meeting, at the Asylum, which was quite full and animated. Mrs. Leavenworth presided for the first time in several months.

After getting thro' there, I came home & took the horse & waggon for Mr. Abbotts. Found Mrs. Loomis & Mrs. Miner, there, & enjoyed a quiet pleasant visit with them, very much. Had some conversation on the affairs of the C.* church, and our losing so many — in various ways. I believe there is a general feeling of regret at losing Mrs Loomis from our circle, for we just begin to appreciate her worth. But we learn by degrees, that nothing is permanent here but change, and these separations of friends, hard as they are, are inevitable. She is a treasure, let her be where she may — to any society.

*Congregational.

Wednesday [*April* 2], another of those languid, exhausting days, and as nothing special occurred to call out my energies, I have yielded to it—

Thursday [*April* 3], expecting Mr. & Mrs. Miner up here to spend the afternoon, I send for Mrs. A. Bates & Dr. & Mrs. Loomis, tho' none of them came as early, as I had hoped. We had a very pleasant visit from them. I enjoyed it more than usual, for E. staid home from school to help me.

Friday [*April* 4], Ellen was quite earnest in her industry and accomplished a good deal. I spent most of the day in mending and putting away clothes—It seems to me that I should like to get through with my work, once, and see how it would seem—E. went down to the lecture by Park Benjamin and was very much pleased.—

Saturday [*April* 5]. After attending to my numerous avocations, this morning—about ten o'clock, I sat down quietly to my needle, found enough, to do in this line—About 4 o'clock, took Henry and walked down to Mr. Snow's—He enjoyed the walk much, and also his play with little Howard—Mrs S. is going into quite a reform in dress—but I am not sure that I like it,—at any rate for the minister's wife to set the fashion—It probably is easier and lighter—to walk in—

Sunday [*April* 6]. Did not go out till P.M. service, and then heard Dr. Bogue, on the restoration of the Jews, a very interesting subject, and pretty well handled, but the Audience was very small.

After tea, heard the children say their Bible lesson,

and then they sung awhile— —and went to rest early. I read awhile, all alone, & just got ready to commence writing, as Charles came home from meeting,—so now with talking writing & reading, it has got to be ½ past 10,—and I think I must lay aside my pen & myself—for tonight.

Monday [*April* 7]. Much engaged in sewing, did not get any time to rest, till 3 o'clock—then laid down for an hour. This little time for rest, does me much good, but I ought to take it earlier. Afterwards, I paid my washerwoman, and then took my work, over to Mrs. Myers, for a little while. However she *constrained* me to stay to tea, & finally to spend the evening—Mr. M. is absent, and she seems quite lonely—Mrs. B. came in & sat an hour in the evening—Ellen came over & got my permission, to go down with Lilla Burleigh, to stay all night. Consented reluctantly, came home before nine—

Tuesday [*April*] 8*th*. Clara's birthday, 8 years old. It is a great day with her. Charles decided to go out to Vienna to attend a musical convention & take Ellen with him, so we had to send for her, before 7 o'clock. Of course she was delighted. I hope they will enjoy it, tho' the weather is unfavourable. About 11, I went down town & took the children, to do a few errands—Mrs. M.* accompanied me, did not accomplish as much as I

*"Mrs. Mack" (Mrs. MacManus), a seamstress (?). It was she who told the census-taker, in response to inquiries about Mr. Wheaton's business, that she wasn't sure, but *thought* he was President of the "Underground Railroad."

wished on account of the hurry — there seemed to [be] a storm coming on.

Children very uneasy. Bought Clara a new book, for birthday — It made her very happy — Also bough[t] Florence one —

It seems lonely tonight without Charles — for he seldom stays away all night — Now the house is still, I have hastily scribbled down a few thoughts — and incidents, and now for bed — May a kind Providence watch over us —

Thursday [*April* 10]. Received an unexpected call from Susan Williams & Mrs. J. Beebee. Staid to dinner Charles & Ellen arrived, just at dinner time also Miss C. came to sew, and we managed to have a table full.

All the week since Miss C. came, have been very busy — sewing, and expect to be so next week. It seems, like a tremendous task to get my children fixed up for warm weather.

Sunday A.M. [*April* 13] helped to fix off a load for Church and remain here with Clara, Florence, & Henry — C. is fond of reading — and likes the little pieces I have selected for her, very much.

My eyes are very weak, and trouble me much about reading. During last week, I subscribed for Harper's New Monthly — for I think we ought to have some thing of the kind for a variety, in the way of reading, there are many excellent selections in it, and much that is solid & sensible.

The spring opens but slowly, and the cold easterly

blasts, seem to retard every thing. We have had no very warm or April like showers, and the earth is dry & cold. However clouds are gathering in the sky, and I trust they will bring warm & refreshing rains—

The sudden death of an old and well known citizen of this place last week, Mr. P. N. R.* has been the the [*sic*] theme of a great many remarks, and reflections—some of them of not a very flattering nature to the deceased—Considerable parade & show, took place at the funeral, and much adulation was lavished upon his character. But oh how hollow & heartless must much of this be. Why will the world praise and admire the character of a man, after death, whose life has been one unbroken tissue of profligacy—whose utmost influence, has been exerted, to lead the young & unwary in the way of ruin, in multitudes of cases, O, too successfully—who has not scrupled to trample upon all obligations of order and decency, in his pursuit of indulgence—True, he had some good qualities, this we readily admit, and who has not? He was kind and generous, to the poor at times, though he undoubtedly gave from the impulse of the moment, rather than from any settled principle, on the subject and other

* Philo N. Rust, proprietor of the Syracuse House, and a well-known winebibber. At the age of about sixty he had a shock and one day, after he had sufficiently recovered to be out in the sun on the sidewalk in front of the hotel, Deacon Dana, a Presbyterian celebrated for his long-faced piety, came along. "Mr. Rust," he said, "you've had a very narrow call—a very close call, Mr. Rust." Rust looked up in Dana's face and said: "Deacon Dana, what if I had *died?* I've had more fun in my sixty years than you'll have if you live to be one hundred and sixty." *Statement of Frederick Ayer.*

good traits he may have had, but they were obscured & almost lost, in the profusion, of vices, which had been nourished & strengthened, in his character, for years gone by. But he is gone, and we leave him, in the hands of an all wise, and merciful God,—who doeth all things well.

The change taking place in some quarters, in the mode of female attire excites much severe remark and censure from some good people. I was a little amused the other day at a conversation at which I was present, on the subject. One Lady got absolutely angry in talking about it, but there was a good reason for that, in the fact, that she has a sister, who is in danger of imbibing the new notions. Another, "thought it perfectly ridiculous, shameful" &c.—Now, I dont see why it is any more ridiculous or shameful to adopt a turkish costume, than a parisian, if it is more convenient, or more rational. These very persons, are just as much interested in following every new fashion as fast as it appears, as if their very lives depended on it—

Monday Evening April 14th. Went tonight with C to hear Horace Mann, lecture before the Teachers Institute, & it was indeed a rich treat. His subject Teachers Motives. He specified those motives, that should animate Teachers in the discharge of their duties, beginning with the lowest & ascending in the scale,—First, that they should have respect unto the recompense of reward, that is that they should desire to be well paid,—because they cannot live & discharge their duties faithfully, with-

out means.— He spoke of the ennobling and elevating nature of the Teachers occupation, and, how happy a rightminded person would be in following it. The extensive influence he has for good or evil, over his pupils, which lasts as long as Time shall last. The misery his efforts may save them, the good they shall accomplish thro' his instruction,— were beautifully enlarged upon. —They were urged to study & observe the characters of their pupils with especial reference to the right modes of training, and guidance,—and the importance of discrimination in government so forcibly shown, as to make one feel more deeply than ever, the responsibility that rests upon parents & Teachers—— He spoke of visiting a prison in a neighbouring State, when he was much interested in conversing with the convicts, upon the nature of the crime which bro't them there, and their previous training, or want of it. But more than all, did he feel an inexpressibly mournful interest, in reading over the book in which were kept the prison records. Here was a name, of somebody's son, & brother, sentenced for 5 years, or ten as the case might be, and there in another column, Robbery, Burglary, Arson, &c. according to the crime for which they were sentenced— & then, as he looked upon the yet unsullied pages, he thought of those whose names should yet be there, with a feeling almost of terror. He urged upon Teachers, by every high & holy motive, to endeavor to form their pupils characters for high & holy purposes— to feel that the teacher is under God, to renovate the world— That they are not to ex-

tinguish the faculties, which God has given, but to direct — That every boy is not destined to be a president, or a governor, but still may fill an honorable station in his native town, even in the humbler position of trustee, — and in his own domestic circle, may be as important and beloved a character as many a one, more widely known.

His remarks, throughout, were just as applicable to parents, particularly to mothers, as to Teachers, and I took them all to myself meaning most earnestly & truly to profit by them. I could not but look back on my own shortcomings in duty with a feeling of shame, that was anything but pleasant, but I trust I am determined to start with a new resolution with respect to my children. It is really & truly a noble work, to train & educate the young, and I have a large field to cultivate. But Oh! how unreasonable and captious, have I been, in my treatment of my children, what a want of moral courage — how often governed by weak & unworthy motives, and then so shamefully impatient with their little failings — I feel ashamed of myself, when I think over these things, and sorry that I have so given way to bad passions. — I do most deeply feel the want of a better disciplined mind & temper & now, at my age, & with a family around me, I have got that work to do, which should have been done by my parents in my childhood. But am I training my children any better? Ah no! I fear not — but there must be a change, may it be for the better! God grant, that if my life is spared till to-morrow, I may be enabled to keep a watch upon my tongue & temper, — and con-

stantly to feel my responsibility, to him, in the management of my children — — May it be, that my waywardness and wrong-doing, have as yet, inflicted no incurable evils on my little flock! Amen —

All the week much occupied, as usual, with little or no time for thought or reading. If I had time to be unhappy, I believe I should be so, for want of more time to myself.

Friday Eve. [*April* 18], found time to go & hear H. Mann on the condition, & resources of Great Britain, a magnificent subject truly, and finely treated. I would like to write out, at least a short sketch of it, but time is limited and my memory so imperfect, I must desist.

Suffice it to say, That his opening description of the power and wealth of England, was finely depicted — — & then the contrasts exhibited in her manufactories & collieries — her crowded cities and her destitute farming districts, were dark dark as night — Surely there is scarcely any earthly condition, so utterly hopeless & helpless, as that of the English operative, completely, as he is, the slave of a proud aristocracy, & doomed to toil & wretchedness, that others, mere drones upon the earth may live in splendour.

Saturday [*April* 19], a dark and rainy day, children busy & uneasy as a hive of bees. Glad when night came, and with it quiet & rest.

Sunday April 20th. To-day Lucie, is four years old. How rapidly time passes. — It is a few days over four years, since we moved to this house* to live — and how

* The Burt place, on Asylum Hill.

much has transpired since then. Little did I think then, that by this time, we should be contemplating the transfer of this place into other hands, but so it is. Strangers came yesterday, and viewed the premises, with a critical eye, with a view to purchase. The thought strikes a chill to my heart,—but may it be for the best, whatever happens. Heard Mr. S. to-day morning was not greatly interested—

How I should love to have one hour every day to write, my thoughts out, in a tangible shape. It seems, as if I might think with more clearness on paper.—I have so many interruptions to a connected train of thought, or merely mental effort— It seems to be impossible, to pursue any system in the matter. I am very glad to see, that C. & E!s fondness for writing is daily, increasing. They both keep a diary, which is certainly of great benefit, if carefully done. C.s taste for composition, is improving greatly—as well as her style & language.

Julia, came from home last week, and is with us, over the Sabbath —She grows rapidly—

I am delighted with Mary Irving's sketches in the Era, particularly, those entitled "Life on Prairie de Fleur.["]— They are so fresh & natural, so simple, & yet so truthful, that I cannot but feel that they must have an excellent moral influence. —

Wednesday 25th [*April 23*]. This evening, W. H. Burleigh, recited his poem, called the Golden Age, to a large audience at the City Hall. It was a very fine poem, and I only feared, that many of those present, were not

capable of appreciating it — It was written several years ago, — for delivery before a Literary Society, in one of the Eastern Colleges, — and had been repeated once before in this State. Both, in regard to poetry, and sense, it, in my judgment, surpasses, greatly the poem by P. Benjamin, called the Age of Gold, which has been so much lauded here. —

Thursday A.M. [*April* 24] Rode down town, with a load of children, and did several errands, came to the conclusion, that it is rather wearisome, to do errands, make calls, & take care of children, at the same time — In the P.M. The other girls, who did not go in the AM, went out to ride & and [*sic*] invited Mrs. M,* their teacher, to accompany them. She did so, and seemed delighted with the opportunity. — All my scattering moments, are taken up, with my needle —

Friday [*April* 25]. Made arrangements, to go out to Dr Loomis', at Orvill, in company with the Burleighs, And after considerable coaxing & planning, got the whole expedition started, it was rather late, before we set off, but we were not long on the road. Mrs. L. was absent when we arrived, but soon returned, and in the mean time, we had a hearty welcome from the Dr. himself, which of course, set us completely at our ease. They are as truly hospitable a family as I know, and I always enjoy a visit highly, at their house. — They are preparing for a visit to their daughter, Mrs. North, who lives in Minnesota and will probably go in about two weeks.

* Montgomery.

We arrived safe at home at, about 9 o'clock, and found everything pleasant & comfortable.

Saturday [*April* 26]. Elizabeth & I spent most of the day, in sewing, and accomplished quite a satisfactory days work. What a busy set of heads, and hands to direct & control. Sometimes, I think I shall faint and, fall down by the way.

Sunday April 27th. This was a charming morning, tho' there were some low lying clouds, on the verge of the horizon, which seems to indicate, that the weather was not entirely settled yet. I went to Meeting in the A.M. with a load of children — The air seemed ere long, to grow very sultry, & oppressive, so that I felt exceedingly distressed by it. As we rode home I felt somewhat relieved by the free circulation of air around me, but was glad to lie down for a while, as this distressing langour, completely overpowered me. Soon I heard the flapping of blinds, & slamming of doors, — and indications that the wind was rapidly rising. Ere long came a heavy peal of thunder, & another, accompanied by sharp flashes of lightening, that startled me, quickly from my drowsiness. In a few minutes more, the rain was pouring down in torrents, and the air seemed greatly cooled. Tho' it continued to rain, very hard, for several hours we went to meeting, as it was Mr. Snows last sermon here. Very few were there, & I was compelled to help about the singing in the gallery. There was nothing particularly like a farewell in the sermon, nor very affecting. Soon after we got home, the clouds lifted, the sun shone out

brightly, giving most delightful views to the landscape. The grass assumes a greener tinge, the trees seem, all revived, and all nature rejoices. The bright & happy spring is hurrying on with rapid strides, and everybody is getting ready for its welcome. Oh! I cannot choose but sigh, for these heavy cares settle down upon my spirits, with such a weight, how can I look for, or expect relief — At this season, particularly, I am oftenest led to look back to my childhoods days, and a pang of regret, will sometimes thrill thro' me, when I remember, that they are gone, really & truly forever. Those springtime rambles in the woods, by some meandering rivulets banks, where with one cherished companion, I gathered spring violets, and built moss Islands in the water. Those days of calm & tranquil delight I shall never see again, except in the dim perspective, of Memory's glass. — How differently the world looked to me then, from now — I seemed to be just taking my first glimpse of its busy turmoil, from some far calm retreat, where indeed I could just hear its murmurs, softened by the distance — but its agitated waves broke and spent themselves long before they reached my feet. —

MAY. Since I wrote last, I have been much occupied, with a dressmaker, for the children and when night came, was too tired to write. On [Wednesday] the 7th of May, commenced the convention of the American Anti, slavery society, which was held in the Market Hall, and attended by a large collection of people, many

of them, from a distance. Mr Garrison presided, and the three days passed off, without disturbance, present Geo. Thompson, E. Quincy—and Fred. Douglass, as well as others of note,—and many very good speeches were made.—We had no company of consequence, till Saturday [May 10] when Mr. Goodell, wife & daughter, came and spent the Sabbath with us, he preaching in our pulpit—Elvira,* was here Saturday, and the children had several visitors—In the evening, the singers had a rehearsal here. Last Sabbath [May 11], was a terribly oppressive day, and continued very hot till Wednesday—when the change came in earnest.

Had Miss C. two days mantua making, and have been cleaning house all the week.—Now, we are nearly done. —Saturday [May 17], Charles was going into the country, about 12 miles, and proposed taking some children along, & I consented, 5 of ours, went & two of Horace's—It left us quite still and at liberty to work,—and we all improved it. When night came, we were very tired, and then came visitors, & singers—and I was glad when it was 9 o'clock—

Sunday May 18th. Did not go out this AM. and don't feel much like going this afternoon. Mr. M. preaches—and I ought to go——

The weather begins to look quite springlike, or rather summerlike, the birds fill the air with their songs—and the flowers are quite abundant—The apple blossoms,

* Elvira Wheaton, a sister of Charles Augustus Wheaton, and second wife of John Fleming.

particularly are very fragrant,—and delightful. Cornelia is quite unwell, and not able to go out.

Saturday night [*May* 24], has come, and I sit down to review the proceedings of the week, with rather a confused idea of the whole matter, however perhaps, I can recall it. Monday [May 19] quite unexpectedly, took a start for Pompey, took Ellen Emma & Henry. It was very pleasant, they were very glad to see us, the only drawback being, that we must return the same day. It was late when we got home—but I was not as much fatigued as I expected.* Tuesday [May 20] spent much of the day in shopping, preparatory to another siege at dress making—Oh how tiresome, hired E's wife to come & iron today, expecting confidently, that she would finish it all off, but judge of my surprise, when night came, and not near all the plain clothes, were ironed, & she demanded 4—† I of course could not hire her another day, at such a rate,—and think I shall not get caught in such a way again—Since then, we have been worrying along ourselves, at the housecleaning and finally finished off, pretty well,—some trouble with the soap—George made a great mistake, & I fear it will never come,—I felt too unwell to take any care of it—and had to leave it to him, otherwise I think the trouble might have been prevented.

Friday [May 23], President Fillmore & suite passed thro town, & an attempt was made at a demonstration, but I imagine it was not very triumphant—There is

* The day's drive was twenty-four miles. † "Shillings."

not much enthusiasm felt here in his behalf—except by his own particular partisans—and they are not very numerous—

Saturday [May 24]. Last night, I had a very uncomfortable night—was obliged to be up some, but feel better this morning. Went down this A.M. to see about childrens hats, some difficulty in getting suited—came home at noon, but obliged to go down again this afternoon—and it seemed as if we should never accomplish anything—however I hope we shall get some of the hats tonight—or the children will be greatly disappointed—I fear I have been a little extravagant, in getting them new hats,—but their old, did really look too bad—& I could not get along with them peac[e]ably without,—I sometimes fear that my having so many to do for, and the confusion attendant upon it, may draw me into extravagances, ere I am aware. I must keep on the lookout, for our expenses are very heavy—Here I sit writing & waiting for Charles, who is late as usual—He looks very much jaded & careworn, this week, and I cannot help feeling anxious about him.—

Since I last wrote in my diary, Sister Charlotte has been here, and made a stay of 3 or 4 days on her way east again.—It was not much to see of her, but I enjoyed the visit, very much, short as it was—She goes back to stay till Sept. only, and then she hopes thro' Lute's influence to get a situation in some Seminary. I hope she will be fortunate enough to do so—for she has quite an enthusiasm for teaching. Since she left, I have

been as usual much taken up with household matters, and company, and found no time to write. Mr. A.* and lady have been here a good deal, lately, singing with Cornelia & Ellen, preparatory to a floral festival to, come off the last of this month. They practise quite faithfully, and really do sing very well, considering the instruction they have had,—particularly E.†—she has a magnificent voice.

THURSDAY *4th June* [*June* 5]. Elizabeth, Cornelia, Edward and James,‡ fixed off in the carriage for Pompey, with E. for driver to attend Delia Wheaton's wedding,§ which takes place tomorrow at 9 o'clock. They will have a late ride, tho it is a beautiful moonlight evening.

June 5th [*Friday, June* 6]. Children returned this evening just in time for tea, and feeling very tired, the Wedding passed off, pleasantly,—and they enjoyed it much,—after it was over, they called to see Louise Jerome, who was very low, and very soon after they left, she breathed her last, poor girl, she had been a great sufferer,—for many days—The girls seem very much af-

*Allen.

† Ellen Louisa Wheaton. She was at one time soprano soloist in St. John's Catholic Church. Her compensation was $3.00 a Sunday. On Mch. 29, 1857, the diarist wrote to Cornelia Wheaton: "I don't feel very well reconciled to it but if they don't draw her into their net I shall be satisfied."

‡ Son of Mr. Wheaton's brother, Horace Wheaton (?).

§ Daughter of Mr. Wheaton's brother, Jarvis Wheaton. She married George B. Senter, of Cleveland, Ohio.

fected by it———So closely does grief tread on the heels of Joy—

We are having pleasant days, but very cold nights,—so that the frosts will I fear, do serious injury to many vegetables, and also to the fruit. But there are many brilliant flowers in bloom and the garden looks bright and cheerful—

Am reading with much pleasure an article of considerable length, in Harpers Magazine, purporting to be a sort of diary kept by a daughter of Sir Thomas More, the learned and pious Englishman. I do not remember the date of his life, nor do I find it here. It is, I suppose fictitious, but if so it is charmingly natural, artless, and simple, and withal contains very much of wisdom and profound research. I am delighted with this style of writing, and should rejoice to find that it were becoming more a characteristic of my own manner. The fair writer, sets down the most common, and trivial events, and ordinary conversations and under the touch of that magic pen, they are converted into the rarest gems of thought. One thought I must transcribe. "It is not even necessarie or good, for us to live entirelie, with congenial spirits. The vigorous tempers the inert, the passionate is evened by the cool-tempered, the prosaic balances the visionary." Is not this the truth? I am inclined to feel that it is, and experience confirms it.

On Saturday [June 7] Mr. & Mrs. Gridley, came here on their way home to Wisconsin, after an absence of 5 or 6 weeks. Time has changed them somewhat, but not

greatly. I was very glad to see them and enjoyed the visit as much, as possible, under existing circumstances. They left us on monday noon [June 9], on their way west.—Charles was obliged to go to Morrisville on Tuesday [June 10], to court. The same day Harriet W. & Mary D. came & spent the day. M. was quite sick with the sick headache, and did not enjoy herself very much. She spent the night.—There was some company in the evening, and they were all in the garden, and on the piazza, till a late hour. The night was charming with a superb moon, but quite cold, and today [Wednesday, June 11] we are nearly all of us, sick with colds. This A.M. Charles has started again, with Cornelia & two other ladies, for Glen Haven, to return tomorrow—They have had a favourable day—I have been very busy, repairing & doing up muslins, and have accomplished quite an amount of labour.

How many singular characters we meet with, in our ordinary intercourse with society. Some with marked peculiarities, and strong traits, & others with such perfect placidity of character, that one would not imagine, they thought or felt at all. There is Mrs. B. for instance, I have tried to study her character, for my own improvement, and I find it very difficult to understand, and yet she is one of the most openhearted, & apparently artless of mortals. She has a certain sort of energy, about her, but not of that description, which is suited to the mother of a large family, in our own country. It rather lies in the direction of literature for which she has quite a fond-

ness, tho' it cannot be called a taste. I think she would do better to let literary pursuits alone entirely,—for all her productions are evidently forced,—and do not evince that rich measure of talent, that rare gift of genius, which alone can justify a woman in her circumstances, for devoting her time in that way. Her skill as a housekeeper, is not more remarkable than as an authoress, but let matters go as they will, in the domestic sphere, it troubles not her, her mind is on higher things, and not even the cry of a sick child, waiting for his tardy breakfast, of a cold winter morning, has power to quicken her movements, or disturb her equanimity—

Charles & Cornelia returned Friday Eve [June 13] after two days absence, and seems to have enjoyed themselves very much.—I am quite in love with Glen Haven, from their account of it, and if I could leave home, I would certainly go & spend a week there.—I should so love those shady quiet rambles, all alone, in the green woods—but there is little probability of my doing so.—

Saturday [*June* 14], all the A.M. engaged in cutting out work, for a seamstress, &c.—It was a beautiful day, and I made up my mind for a ride to Onondaga Hill—in the afternoon—Started about two, took Henry, Ellen & Emma—

The country looks beautifully now—and as we rode leisurely along, had fine opportunity to enjoy it——Vegetation seems unusually luxuriant, this season, and a great many flowers in bloom. The roses are very beauti-

ful, and of a great variety of colors. Many houses on Onondaga St. are very much ornamented with choice kinds and I am sure they are the loveliest ornaments, that can be found for grounds, or piazzas —— Found Mrs Ellis very miserable indeed, looking much more unwell than when I last saw her, and I do fear greatly, that she is never destined to be any better. I could not help casting about in my mind, the various modes of cure that are resorted to, in these days of expedients, and suggested this & that, and the other, to her, but without effect. She has neither faith nor hope in anything,—and I do not know, what encouragement there is for her.

Mrs. E. gave me one of Mrs. Bloomer's papers, the Lily, a small but spicy affair, devoted principally I should think to womans rights.—Much of the present number, turned upon the innovation in dress, which is making such a stir, just now—also an article upon sewing I thought, had some sensible things—I am sure I ought to be thankful for any change in the constant practise of sewing, which has almost become the bane of my life. And yet how can I avoid it. My numerous family, require a great many stitches to make them comfortable to, say nothing of anything further, and it is a great expense, to hire every article made. I know it is a wearying, and wearing employment, when closely followed—followed in my case, by great depression both bodily & mental. I believe at any rate I can make a slight reform, in this respect. Every day take some exercise in the open air either by walking riding, doing something in the gar-

den,—resolve not to confine myself closely to sewing for more than an hour at a time.

SATURDAY] *July 12th.* It is about 4 weeks since I last took my pen in hand, to write in these pages,—and since that time some events of importance, to me at least, have occurred——some things worth recording for my own benefit at least—

On [Saturday] the 21st of June, 3 weeks ago today our family was increased by the addition of another daughter [Mary Hascall],* making the seventh. My sickness was not very severe in comparison with most of the former ones, and since that time I have gained health & strength, almost without interruption. The little stranger seems very healthy and quiet—and her arrival was greeted by many warm friends.

About ten days after the birth of my baby, we were disturbed in the night about one o'clock, by an alarm of fire, and soon found that our store was on fire.† Charles and Edward got ready & went down immediately, and found the building very far gone and those surrounding it, also in flames. Our folks succeeded in saving their books & papers, and much valuable property, and much more was destroyed, or greatly injured. Since that time, Charles has been in a great deal of confusion, and uncertainty about his business, but is hoping after a little

* Named for her mother's old friend, who is several times alluded to in the diary.

† July 8, 1851.

time to worry thro' it, and get out, without any very heavy loss.—I was not as well, after the fire, in consequence of the agitation, and excitement, I suppose & was obliged to send for the Dr. for the first time since my confinement. However I soon got better, and at the end of three weeks, came down stairs, and at the end of four, dismissed my nurse, and commenced business on my own account. Now Elizabeth, has gone to Pompey, and I have a new girl,—and an awkward one too. However I am going to P. this week and take baby & girl along, for a visit.—I expect it will tire me completely out.

SUNDAY] *Aug. 17th.* Well! I have made the contemplated jaunt to Pompey.—I went up Thursday [August] the 7th, & returned Friday [August] the 15th, had a very good visit. Father & Lute went up Saturday [August 9 or 16] on their return from Hammondsport. L. intends staying a week to recruit.—I was rejoiced to see him.—Today is Sunday, but I have not been out at all. The weather was unfavourable, with a dull leaden sky, & a chilling wind, so I tho't best to let, my girl go in the morning, thinking it might be better in the afternoon. About 1, Victory & family came from church, spent the P.M. and went again at 6, to hear Theo. Parker,—& Charles went with them. I seized the first leisure moment after they were gone to write to Charlotte, and with occasional interruptions, finally made out a long letter. Poor girl! I fear she is not very happy. What a

disgusting spirit, is that of a purse-proud aristocracy, exhibiting itself, in acts of overbearance and a complete want of the common decencies of life.

This was the longest visit I have made at home, for many years, and tho' I found it, in many respects pleasant, yet there were many sad recollections thronging around me, during my stay. But a few years since I was one of a joyous band of brothers & sisters, that were growing up together around our parents knee. We knew little of care & sorrow, only by the name, and from our quiet corner we looked abroad upon the world, with impatient longings, to be more busily engaged, in its turmoil, and occupations. Soon we began to scatter, in various directions, some married & left the paternal roof, some went to finish their course of study at college, or at school. Then Death, that fell destroyer came among us, and in less than one short year, took two of our dear ones from us,* under peculiarly trying circumstances— and left an aching void, in all our hearts. That was the first breach in our family circle, and it fell with a painful force upon our parents, now growing old, and needing more than ever the support and aid of these children of their youth. But they sleep their last sleep, they have done with earthly cares, and the moonlight glistens upon the white stones, that love has placed over their mortal remains. Then Distance separates us from another and another, and yet another, and when I find myself once

* Ebenezer Birdseye from smallpox in 1846, and Henry Clay Birdseye from typhoid fever in 1847.

more at home, I can scarcely recognize the place the family circle is so much smaller than I was wont to see. The seat in church, once filled with dear faces, now nearly vacant, and every thing around seemed to remind me, of the transitory nature, of all earthly ties. I look around the church, and a large majority are utter strangers to me, where once every face was familiar. All these things saddened my heart,—and I said to myself, Alas this Earth is not our home, There is nothing permanent here—Therefore let affections be placed upon things eternal, and secure.—Then we may look forward to an eternal union with the loved & lost of this world, when the cares & changes of life are over.

MONDAY] *Sept.* 1*st.* I find but little time to write in my journal now, for all my moments are occupied, with the many demands made by this numerous flock upon my time. My little one is very healthy, and pretty quiet, but with all that, she requires very much done for her, and I am constantly confined with her. Henry is very fretful, about these days, and I sometimes fear, that there is some complaint, hanging about him, which we do not understand, he cries so much. However, it may be nothing after all, but fatigue,—arising from his incessant activity. Lucia was reproved by her Father, for playing & making a noise on Sunday P.M. —and she replied, with a very serious look, "Why, we are not playing on Sunday, we 're only make believin playing"—a very ingenious way I thought of getting out



Charity Shelton Tomlinson



of the difficulty. She is a natural Sophist, I believe, at any rate she is very keen in an argument.

[Monday] Sept. 1st. I am grieved to be obliged to record the death of Aunt Bostwick, at Pompey on Tuesday, the 26th of Aug. aged 74 years, and 8 months, to a day. Thus has passed from among us, one of a former generation, and one of a race of matrons, such as I fear we shall not see many of, when the present generation begins to grow old. She was a woman of sterling good sense, great energy and untiring perseverance, combined with real benevolence, qualities, which made her invaluable as a friend, & counsellor.—She loved to do good, to help the afflicted, and the needy, and there are many whose hearts will be desolate, at the sorrowful news, of her death. She was a consistent Christian in all her life and conversation,—and was greatly attached to the Holy Scriptures, with which she was familiar to an uncommon degree. I think it was in one of her last conversations, before her sickness, that she said, she had read the Old Testament thro' 14 times, and the New Testament at least 30 times, and still she was not tired of it.—How I used to love to talk with her, and listen to the expression of her just views of men & things. Particularly would she encourage me on the subject of the care of children. She would tell me, "You think you have many cares, and so you have. They seem very burdensome to you, but in a few years, this numerous little circle, will be grown up, and scattered far & wide over the earth, and you will be left alone, perhaps feeble, & gray, & old,

—and you will look back to these busy, toiling years, and wonder that you ever could have felt, that these were wearisome days,—for they will now seem to have been the happiest of your life. And the interval, though it may number long years, will seem to you like a dream, when one awaketh—Ah!["] said she,["]if mothers only could know it, they are never so happy as when they are surrounded by their little ones, and have them under their own eye, where they can exert an influence, such as mothers alone can do.["]

[*Wednesday*] *Sept. 3rd.* Night! beautiful Night, glorious with thy pale Moon, and twinkling stars! how gladly I welcome thee. After this weary day, of toil, and unrest, thy soothing influence comes over my spirit, calming all agitation, and filling my soul, with thine own sweet peace. Here let me sit, in this soft light, and watch the shadows as they tremble and flicker over the grass. A gentle breeze, just sways the tops of the trees, while it brings to my ear, faint murmurs, from the town below, softened and mingled by the distance, into a monotonous hum, "musical, yet melancholy"—What a mystical charm, is in this hour! How soothing, yet how mournful! All Nature sinks gradually to repose, while yon bright moon, rises higher and higher, in the sky, keeping her pensive, solemn watch on all below. Ah! sweet orb, thou art to me, a friend and solace, and as I gaze into thy face, I seem to find a companionship most precious to my heart, and in thy solemn silence, a response to my deepest emotions.

As thou lookest down upon me in my sadness, dost thou look with that same benignant light, upon my dear ones far away! — and do they in return, look up to thee, with tender, yearnings for home and friends — Ah! yes it must be so, and in this soft and peaceful hour, beneath, thy bright rays, our spirits meet, and hold sweet communion. — May the ever present, ever loving Father in Heaven, watch over them & bless them! How I love the scenes of nature, spread out, in such glowing beauty, and such rich profusion before me. Bryant, in the opening lines, of his Thanatopsis, expresses this thought so beautifully. Just hear him: —

> "*To him who in the love of nature, holds*
> *Communion with her visible forms, she speaks*
> *A various language; for his gayer hours,*
> *She has a voice of gladness, and a smile*
> *And eloquence of beauty, and she glides*
> *Into his darker musings, with a mild*
> *And healing sympathy, that steals away,*
> *Their sharpness, ere he is aware.*["]

[Wednesday] Sept. 3rd. Musical Convention commences to-day, but I, was not able to go. — We have one guest, to stay thro' the meeting, — Mr. Hawley from Vienna, — a singer. Also, this P.M. The McDougall's & Mrs. Loomis, have spent the afternoon, and taken tea, with us. Had a pleasant visit from them. Martha expects to leave this week for the west — to stay a year or so —. It seems very pleasant, to see Mrs. L. among us again. She is a good woman.

[*Monday September*] 22*nd*. Since I last wrote, matters have been going on, pretty much as usual, quite a constant accession of comers & goers, sufficient to keep us in a whirl of excitement — have been most of the time at home.

After various vexations & delays, Charles & Cornelia finally started for the East, on Monday [September] the 15th — and Mrs. Walter accompanied them. I hope Cornelia will stay long enough, to compensate for the anxiety she felt about going, as the celebrated Irish Swan, Catharine Hayes, is now in New York, I really hope she may hear her, as well as some other celebrated singers. Clara was sick all last week, with a severe attack of dysentery, which caused me to be closely confined to the house. However she was so much better that on Saturday [September 20], I ventured out, and made some calls, &c, city was very dusty. Friday Eve. [September 19] met a few friends at a sociable at Mr. May's,* who were invited to spend a little time, with the teachers of the Bradbury School, just opening. Sister Charlotte is engaged in it, and I sincerely hope she will like it — This week the children who go to school, are all in their places again, and seem to quite enjoy it. For my part I am much relieved, and feel happy, at the thought of quiet. However, Autumn is stealing slowly along, the leaves begin to fall, the flowers are faded, The winds sigh mournfully among the trees, the days shorten perceptibly, and the

* Rev. Samuel J. May, a distinguished Unitarian clergyman and Abolitionist. He was the brother of Mrs. Bronson Alcott, of Concord, Mass.

evenings are once more of a sociable length, all admonishing me, of new deman[ds] upon my energies,— and activities.

SUNDAY] *Oct.* 19*th.* Several Weeks have passed away, since time & inclination, favoured me with an opportunity for writing anything in these pages, but a leisure hour is in prospect this evening, and I hasten to improve it. For the last fortnight, our little city, has been the scene of great excitement and agitation, resulting from an attempt to carry into effect the Odious Fugitive Slave Law. It took place on [Wednesday] the first day of Oct. and at the time when the County Agricultural Fair, was in session, also the Liberty party convention, and a great multitude of people were present. The man was arrested in the morning, brought to the police office, and the commissioner being present the examination commenced. There was a good deal of excitement among the people outside, particularly after getting a view of the slave in his manacles. About two P.M. there was an attempt at a rescue, or rather of escape on the part of the slave. He succeeded in getting into the street, and ran some distance, but was finally overtaken, recaptured, and thrown upon a cart in a very rough manner, so that he was much bruised and wounded. He was again placed in the police Office, and the examination continued, till about 7 o'clock, when it was tho't best to adjourn till eight the next morning. A great part of the time, stones were thrown in at the windows, much to the inconvenience of

the court, and the crowd grew more and more angry. — About eight o'clock as I was told, the final rescue* was made, by a multitude of persons attacking the office, and by means of planks, bars of iron and other missiles, they succeeded, in getting possession of the man, and carried him off. — The marshalls who were present to assist in the affair, were very inefficient, and their courage all oozed out at their finger ends, at the beginning of the contest. The man was borne along by the crowd, and finally was put into a waggon, and carried along to a place of safety. As soon as it was known that he was out of the way, the crowd dispersed, and the streets were quiet and peaceful. Charles got home a little after ten, very much fatigued, and yet quite happy.

Of course, this affair, has been the exciting topic of conversation, in every circle, for days past, and many rumours are afloat. Many fugitives are taking the chance, and fleeing to Canada. It is thought that other arrests will soon be made. Our house has been thronged with visitors for several days, — and I have had to be constantly moving. For a week or ten days after the affair nothing transpired as to the course of the Government officials, but then it leaked out, by little and little, that they were trying hard to get

* This was the well-known "Jerry Rescue." The file with which Jerry's fetters were removed came from the Wheaton house. Mr. Wheaton did not personally take part in the rescue, as while it occurred he was in Hon. Charles B. Sedgwick's office, looking up law for the next day's court proceedings. After Jerry got to Canada he sent Mr. Wheaton a loaded cane of his own manufacture.

a number of persons indicted. Treason has been talked of, also misdemeanor, what it will end in nobody knows. Charles confidently expected to be arrested, but has not been as yet. What they can prove against him will be of no account, unless they get purjured witnesses — and it will not be difficult to do that. The proceedings of the U. S. District attorney, are as secret as possible — — and every thing wears the appearance of injustice and knavery.

[*October*] 15*th* [*Wednesday*?]. At last they have commenced arresting persons suspected, and have taken four, Ira H. Cobb, Jas D. Davis, Moses Summers, and two or three col[d] men. They have taken them to Auburn, before Judge Conkling, and the examination has commenced. From what we hear, there has been a great deal of false testimony produced. — Strange that the very lowest rowdies that can be found, are the men brought to break down the reputation, of some of the best of our citizens. Mr. W. L. Crandall has been in tonight, to ask me to go up to Auburn tomorrow, and hear the evidence, but I cannot go. I wish I could.

From my limited opportunities of judging, it seems that the whole community are agitated concerning this matter, — and a large number, if not the majority are on the side of right. It was thought, that the affair was very badly managed, and by some that the intention was to insult the feelings of the people, at any rate it did so, — most wantonly. There is a strong determination, to stand by those arrested, on the part of Anti-Slavery men, and to help them to bear their heavy liabilities, consequent

upon this affair. It is cheering to see how these trials draw nearer together, the hearts that have felt for years on this subject, and how much they comfort one another. Another circumstance too gives comfort and strength, and it is this, Numbers of persons, who never felt any interest in the cause of the slave, before, now seem to have all their feelings roused, and their sympathies awakened, in his behalf,—and this feeling is not manifested alone in words, but in deeds of a more substantial character—

Sunday Evening [*October* 26]. Mr. Miner's discourse this AM. was quite animated & interesting, from these words, "The time has come, when judgment must begin at the house of God." 1st Peter, 4th, 21. I was much pleased with his application of his subject. Indeed I think, Our pastor, was never so eloquent or interesting as of late, for the trials of the time, seem to act upon him, with a sort of inspiration. Mr. C. was at meeting looking very unwell.—I shall rejoice if this affair comes to a quiet termination and we can once more settle down into a peaceful way of life. I don't see much of my husband, and when he is present in body, he is most of the time, absent in spirit,—which is very trying to me. I hope I shall have patience to endure, and so may we all, the trials put upon us, and conduct ourselves with cheerfulness and fortitude. ——I sometimes think, it is fortunate for me, that I have so many domestic matters to attend to, so that my mind is constantly occupied, and there is no opportunity to dwell upon these vexatious matters.

SUNDAY] *Nov. 2nd.* Autumn progresses rapidly, and once more the trees are almost bare, the ground is thickly strewn with withered leaves, and the bleak winds, make us tremble and shiver. Yesterday we had a bright charming day, which was as welcome as it was unexpected. There was a soft haze over the hills & vallies, thru which the brilliant hues of the foliage appeared subdued and yet most lovely. The air was soft, and bland, and the aspect of all without, was peculiarly attractive. The children spent most of the day in the open air, as I also wished to do,—but could not spare the time. But as night drew near, the wind blew more sharply from the east, and brought with it a chill that penetrated us all, and made us draw more closely around the fire. And this morning I looked out upon a scene as dreary, as that of yesterday was pleasant. Heavy clouds above, mud, & water beneath, the plash of rain upon the roof, and the sighing of the Autumn wind, combined the essential elements, of dreariness in full force. None but a deacon meeting to-day, and I with the children remain at home.

Charles returned last evening from an excursion to Skaneatles Auburn, &c. Spent Friday night [October 31] at the house of Mrs Fuller, widow of James Canning Fuller, and was charmed with the visit. Thinks there are a great many whole hearted people in that vicinity. Had a noble meeting in the evening at which he sung three times.

The people here are still very excitable here, and the community is really in a ferment, on the subject of Slav-

ery, in one aspect or another. Every day we hear rumours of more arrests, but as yet they are not confirmed. However it is pretty certain, that the grand Jury have found true bills of Indictment against Lear, the Slave holder's agent and marshal Allen, for kidnapping. The complaint was made against them by my Husband.

If this is so, it will present matters in a new light, indeed. I do'nt know, what they will do about it in Washington, but I am sure they will be exceedingly mad against us. The most trying aspect of the matter is, that so many families are broken up, and scattered. Mr. Ward's family, who live at the foot of the garden, are preparing to go to Canada as soon as possible, but feel very badly about it. I am both sorry and ashamed that it is so.—

Another number of Margaretta More's diary appears in the Harpers' for November, and the most interesting as yet. It is really beautiful! She gives an account of the trial, condemnation, and execution of her Father, for the crime of telling the king, he did not approve of his marriage with Anne Boleyn and also, not acknowledging the king as the supreme Head of the Church. It was an outrageous piece of tyranny, and yet she finds comfort in the thought that he kept a good conscience, and never for a moment gave way to the persuasion of his enemies, to make sacrifice of the truth. How touching her story of her last parting with him, as he was returning to prison, from the scene of condemnation, when she burst thro' the crowd that hemmed him in, and clasping her arms tightly around his neck, called out "Father" ["]Father,"

but it was of no avail, it could not last long, and they soon removed her, but she made another attempt, and succeeded in reaching him, to hear a few more precious words from his lips and it was over. Then she says ["]All is over now— they v'e done their worst, and yet I live." "There were women could stand aneath ye cross." A friend tells them, "He went up as blythe as a bride-groom to be clothed with immortality"—

Sunday, November 9th. The days and weeks, pass so rapidly, that I cannot bring myself to a realizing sense, of it, only occasionally, I find myself writing Oct. for Nov. more than once, and then perhaps only accidentally, find out my error. The past week, has been a busy one, —in many respects.— Finished house-cleaning, after about three days hard labour, and feel quite happy about it. It is always a formidable task to me.—

[*Monday*] *Nov.* 10*th.* All this week to be engaged in dressmaking for the children. Miss Cramer here 4 days, of the time. Mrs Welsh all the week—

Monday [*November*] 17*th.* Most of the time occupied in sewing. It seems as if there was no end of that branch of work in this house.

[*November*] 23*rd.* Sabbath, went to church all day— & heard Mr. Miner. This PM. He read the Governors proclamation for Thanksgiving, but made no appointment for our church. Yesterday I got a note, from Sister Emma, inviting us all up home to spend Thanksgiving, but I do not think it, at all likely that I can go.—

Perhaps, Charlotte, and Edward & Cornelia, may go.

I should like to have them.—At this season of the year, the roads are in such a dreadful state, that I consider it, quite a formidable affair to go up to the Hill, with a load of children.——Florence has been sick a week with the measles, but seems now to be rapidly recovering, and I shall look for its appearance among the other ones soon.

I feel very uneasy about Charlotte's situation, particularly as we were somewhat instrumental in getting her here. I don't know what we ought to do, or can do, but I trust some way out of the difficulty will present itself before long. I cannot doubt, that if she were the head of the establishment, it would go on finely, tho—it would be a great care, for so young a person. I think Cornelia is evidently learning a great deal, but I very much fear her health will fail.—

The newspapers, this week, are full of account of the welcome to Kossuth, by the English patriots, and also, certain reports of his speec[h]es, on several public occasions. His arrival, which had been long expected with interest, created great enthusiasm, and his addresses, met with repeated cheers. I should infer, from the accounts, that he has great talents as a popular orator, which are kindled into a glow, by the fire of patriotism, which burns so brightly in his breast.

[*Sunday*] *Nov.* 30*th.* This night completes a year, since I commenced writing in this book, as I was somewhat surprised to find on looking at the date of the commencement, and how quickly it has passed. Last Friday night [November 28] went to hear the opening lecture of the

winter's course before the Franklin Institute, by Rev. H. W. Bellows of N. Y a Unitarian clergyman of some note. His subject was "the self complacency of the Age," a fruitful theme, indeed, one would think, and tolerably well handled. There was a great deal of wit and some wisdom, manifested in getting up the Lecture, but on the whole I did not assent to his theory, for I did not think it broad or deep or enough for the wants of the age. Last Thursday morning [November 27] went to the Park Church to hear Mr. Sunderland preach a Thanksgiving sermon on the Signs of the times. I had expected from his great reputation for eloquence, & sound learning, as well as piety, to hear something, that would at least pay me for the trouble of going, but I was much disappointed.—

He seemed to my mind, to take a very superficial view of things in general,—and particularly of the state of Society, the world over, the evils which distract & afflict it, and the remedies proposed, if they were such entirely inadequate. How few men there are, at this present time, who have the moral courage, to examine the great questions of the day calmly, and dispassionately, and having done so to act upon their honest convictions, without regard to what effect it may have upon their popularity.—Charlotte, Cornelia, & Edward went up to Pompey, early on Thursday Morning [November 27] to spend Thanksgiving. I shall expect them home to-morrow A.M. before school. We had a quiet thanksgiving dinner at home, of just our own family.—Friday

TUESDAY] *Dec. 2nd.* Yesterday [Monday, December 1] and to-day Lucie & Henry quite sick with the measles, and I have found it a great task to take care of them. For two or three nights our sleep has been much disturbed, and I have of course, felt miserably. To-day Mrs. Maltbie, came in the morning and staid with me, till the time, for the managers meeting at the Asylum. I could not leave the children to go. Had considerable conversation with her, on matters pertaining to church & state. She thinks with me, in respect to a minister, but sees no prospect of a way out of the difficulty.—Society meets this week at W. E. Abbotts. To-morrow evening [Wednesday, December 3], H. W. Beecher lectures at the presbyterian church, before the Franklin Institute.

Wednesday Eve. Dec. 3rd. Have just returned from hearing H. W. Beecher at the New presbyterian church, and a noble lecture it was. I did most earnestly wish for a double strength of memory, to retain, his grand and noble thoughts, and his beautifully expressive language. He opened his subject, Self-precedence, by relating, the incident, that when Christ was journeying up to Jerusalem, with his disciples, a dispute arose among them as to who should be greatest.—He said that question was still as far from being settled as at that time, and that was the only apostolic example that at this time is faithfully & generally followed. He then alluded to the different senses in which all men were to be considered equal. They are all alike, in the consideration of the law

of God, possessed of equal rights, and of equal value. But in the estimation of society there is a distinction, there is a higher a middle & a lower class. But in our estimation of men, we ought not to be guided by mere outward show or circumstance, but by the Intellectual and moral character Man takes rank in society, according as their faculties predominate. The Animal part of Man is lowest in the scale, next the Intellectual, then the Moral. The animal in our nature, connects us with earth & earthly things, the Intellectual relates to, and connects us with the operations of mind, in relation to science & the arts.— The moral relates to the spiritual in our nature, and elevates us above all meaner things, to a knowledge of & communion with our Creator, accordingly as these higher faculties predominate, in man, does he take precedence in rank, not in station. His station, is where he finds himself, his rank, is where his character places him. This general outline of the lecture was filled up, with forcible illustrations of the great truth, Each department, was honorable in itself and in its appropriate place to [be] respected.

[*Friday*] *Dec.* 12*th*. Lecture before the Franklin Institute by Rev. J. S. [?] Steadley, author of several popular works. His subject was, The Strength & progress of the Republican principle, and he succeeded very well in tracing the workings of this great principle, or in other words the doctrine of Human Rights, in the changes of past ages down to the present time. His manner is somewhat vehement, and his enunciation is very rapid.

I think also, that the lecture was incomplete, and that the Lecturer was afraid of the legitimate conclusions, to which his arguments would lead him, and therefore stopped short, before he got through.

I spent Tuesday [December 9] with Clarissa, at Mrs. Hargins [?], had a pleasant time. Charles & Cornelia came to tea Minnie was pretty good, but it dont agree with her to visit. Wednesday [December 10], went to the Hill,* and dined with a party of friends at J. M. Ellis. It was delightful to meet, old friends, and talk over bygone days, and I am sure we all enjoyed it. Left about 7 o'clock, bro't Mrs. Tefft, & Knower down to their home, with us when we returned. Thursday P.M. [December 11]. Went to Society at Mr. Maltbie's It was very cold, & there was but a thin attendance I came home about six, before leaving, had quite a conversation with Mrs Bates and others, about the affairs at the Orphan Asylum. Was surprised to hear that the housekeeper had left.

Friday [*December* 12] Went down town on errands, in the afternoon, did not get home till nearly dark, and then in the evening again to the Lecture. It was fully attended, after it was over were obliged to wait some time for The carriage. Mr May called Charlotte one side, and had quite a conversation with her about the school. I think that he is desirous that she should remain, connected with it if possible.

Saturday [*December*] 13*th*. This was one of my busy

* Onondaga Hill.

days, and with the children all at home, and the cold weather crowding them close to the fire, I had my hands full, However, we accomplished some very good jobs, among other things, got the sitting room, curtains up, next thing, must, cork the windows, for the room is very cold—

Sunday. [*December*] 14*th*, were rather late in bed this morning, on account of minnie's being quite restless last night. Dont think I have had a good nights rest in a week. Went to meeting this morning, but did not much expect to have a minister. Charles did most of the duties, i.e read the Hymns, & led the singing, and read a sermon from Prof. Finney, some surprise was expressed by the congregation, that Mr. Miner was not present, he having gone to Fulton. Some seemed inclined to find fault with the Trustees, but I think without reason.

P.M. we are all at home, some reading, some writing, some making a noise. I have written a few pages in my journal, in a hurried and careless manner. It is now snowing very rapidly and looks like sleighing, more than at any time before this winter.

1852

SATURDAY] *January* [3], since I last wrote in these pages, I have been much engaged, and have had, no time to devote to my journal. I went up to Pompey on Christmas Day [Thursday, December 25], to commemorate Father's 70th Birthday, with Ellen, Emma, & Minnie, Sister Charlotte, having gone the day before. Met Brother Victory & family, and had a very pleasant visit with them — Our ride up, was uncommonly pleasant, for a winter day. I delayed my return longer than I expected, as the girls were intending to invite company on Thursday Evening [January 1]. They had a very pleasant gathering at that time, of the young & some middle-aged people. It was quite a large party, for Pompey.

Next day [Friday, January 2], the carriage arrived quite early for us, to return, and we packed & were off about two o'clock. E. Fleming returned with us. Found on my arrival that Hon. J. P. Hale, was to lecture before the Franklin Institute, and sure enough, when Charles came home, he came with him to tea.

He is exceedingly companionable witty, and sociable, and quite free from stiffness or formality—We went down to the lecture and found the Hall well filled. The subject was national Morality, and a sound, argument he gave on that subject, he said not a foolish or unwise thing but kept up the interest of the audience to the close. He returned & spent the night, but left immediately after breakfast [Saturday, January 3].

Was very busy all the forenoon, putting things to rights, and getting settled after a weeks absence, at noon, Horatio, arrived, and told me that he left Charlotte at Mrs. Fisks. I felt anxious to make some calls with her, and sent her word to that effect, about half-past two walked down, Joined her, made three calls in town, & then walked up to Mr. Mays. Had a delightful call there and at the close of it, Miss C. May offered to drive us home, an offer very gladly accepted on my part, for I was very tired, got home safely. Soon Charles came in, & told me he was sick.

Jan. 4th. Sunday He was quite unwell all the evening, and all night, but somewhat better today. Has been to church three times to-day, the last time, very much against my wishes. I hope he will not be the worse for it.

There is a methodist meeting at our Church a protracted effort. I heard their minister this morning, but was not greatly charmed. At times he raised his voice, to such a pitch, that it was very difficult to understand him. Of course the excitement was contagious, and there were groans, cries, and weeping in sympathy, in different parts of the house. The children are out at the meeting this evening, and I think it high time they were at home. I brought home from Pompey, Waylands elements of Moral science, with the design of reading it, attentively, but I suspect I shall be obliged to study it after bedtime, in order to get a quiet moment for it. I want to study German this winter, but dont see, how to accomplish it. The little time, I get for writing in my Journal, will not permit me to do Justice to it, for I am obliged

to skim over matters very hastily, indeed. I sat up late, last evening talking over business matters, with Charles till near midnight. Some matters of deep import, were explained to me, & I was led to look forward to some changes in our arrangements, hitherto, unexpected to me.*

I hardly dare think ahead, but will try to "hope on" "hope ever."

[*Thursday*] *January 8th.* Was much alarmed about 4 o'clock this morning, by Charles being taken suddenly & severely ill, and very much as he was about three weeks since. I soon had George up, and we were kept pretty busy, for about three hours. About 6, o'clock the Dr. came, & he was soon relieved, but laid in bed till, noon. Helen† called & spent a part of the P.M. Heard the usual amount of news.

This evening, heard a lecture at the Market Hall from Horace Greeley Esq. on the subject of the Chrystal palace. Having been one of the jurors, at the great exhibition, he had every opportunity to see & hear all that was worth hearing, and his account of it, of course, was extremely interesting. His manner is awkward, but his thoughts, are forcible & just, and are expressed in equally forcible, & often glowing & beautiful language. The Hall was crowded, long before the hour, and many went away, unable to obtain seats.

Friday [*January* 9]. This morning, after my ordinary occupations, were finished, I went out in the sleigh with Edward, first over to Geddes, calling on Mrs. Russell,

* The sale of the Burt place. † Mrs. Horace Wheaton.

at Mr. Savages by the way. How little Time & grief have changed her! I am always in love with her, when I see her. Made a long call at Mr. Maltbies, and then returned. I stopped at Harriets,—had hardly seen her before, since her return from Buffalo. Then after waiting some time at the store for Charles, went to Clarissa's.—Mr. Becker came in, and gave us some fine music on the guitar. W. Jarratt was unwell, and under C.s care for a few days. He spoke warmly of her kind attentions.

Presently Charles arrived & called for me, and we went on, to Mr. Burts.—Miss E. Burt, and afterwards Mrs O. T. Burt, went about the house, with us. I like many things about the house very much, and have no doubt, it will be easier living there, than here, as far as mere work is concerned.—The wing will make a delightful family room, and the bathing arrangements are admirable. The house is lighted with gas, & warmed with a furnace, so that in that way, much labour is saved. But then, on the other side we shall lose our garden, our shade trees, our orchard and in summer, we shall miss them exceedingly. However, if our health is preserved, we shall not have so much reason to regret the change.

Came home tired, & dispirited.

Saturday [*January* 10]. To-day I had to make up, by hard work for my dissipation of yesterday, but with all my exertions could not satisfy myself. Mr. Martin, came to give the children a lesson, this P.M. and I of course had to be on hand. They had a good lesson, and are evidently, improving. Went to bed, much fatigued.

Sunday, Jan' — 11*th.* To-day remained in the house all day, and had quite a feast of reading, — spent considerable time on Waylands, Moral Science. So far I am delighted with his reasoning. Ah! If I had only studied these things earnestly, many years ago! The Methodist Meeting, still continues, at the Cong. church, and noise & confusion is the order of the day.

My thoughts are so full of the proposed change, in our living, that I cannot but write some thing about it, if for no other reason, just to unburden my mind — It will be well for us, to leave here, as early in the spring, as possible, so that the charms of the season, may not become too painfully powerful. And on the whole, perhaps there is a fitness in the B.* family returning to their old, and valued home. I think I am better reconciled to it, than to have any other family come here. Then our younger children will be much nearer good schools, than now, which I have for some time, ardently desired. No such arrangement can take place, without corresponding advantages, & disadvantages, and perhaps they are more equally divided, than is generally imagined. —

In my present state of mind, perhaps I had better close these reflections, with a quotation.

"*Hope springs eternal in the human breast,*
Man never is, but always to be, blest." —

[*Thursday*] *Jan* 15*th.* Went to hear Mr. Pierrepont before the Franklin Institute. Subject The influence of

* Burt.

Natural & physical Science, upon the Moral feelings. Next evening [Friday, January 16] heard him deliver a fine poem at Malcom Hall, theme Improvement. Emma arrived here from Pompey in the stage to day, very cold & stormy.

[*Saturday, January*] 17*th.* Sarah Beebee came up with Charlotte, to spend the Sabbath. We all went to church on Sunday [January 18] and heard Mr. Sunderland in the forenoon & Mr. Goodell Missionary from Turkey, in the afternoon.— Methodist meeting, continues at the Con. Church, and seems likely to continue all winter.

[*Monday, January*] 19*th.* To-day spent at home, sewing as much as I can. Would like to read half the time, if I could feel easy in doing so.

Tuesday, Wednesday [*January* 20 & 21] ditto.

Thursday [*January* 22] went down & sat with Mrs Burleigh, a little while, looks feeble & dejected. Afterwards, sat an hour or so with Helen & then came home In the evening heard Mr Chapin before the Institute Subject The Ideal & the actual. It was decidedly the most elegant lecture of the course, and gave me great pleasure in listening, to it. Not so good an audience, as there ought to have been.

We were invited to Dr. Clary's this evening, but Charles was too unwell, and we did not go.

Friday [*January* 23]. Minnie was much unwell all day, and I could hardly get her out of my arms all day.

Saturday [*January* 24], a charming day, rode down this forenoon and did a few errands. Expected Mr. M. to

give the children their lesson, but he did not come. Had a number of calls this P.M. & the time passed quite pleasantly.—Towards night felt very unwell, and was quite afraid I was going to be seriously sick. Had a very restless night.

Sunday [*January*] 25*th*, Woke, feeling better than I had expected, and went to church twice.

None of us went down this evening.

I called to see Mrs. W.* yesterday, about the school in N. Y. where her sister is,† and am quite, delighted with her account of it. It is superintended by three Quaker ladies, sisters, and very lovely women.

I am much inclined to send Cornelia there in the spring. It is thawing some to-day, and I fear we shall lose our sleighing.

This afternoon, I attended at the cong. church, and witnessed one of their conference meetings. The house was full, and the gallery much crowded, so that it was unpleasant, and the air very impure. Mr. Purdy who seems to be the managing man, commenced by a long exhortation, on the subject of testifying for Christ. He told some very good stories, and said some very coarse things. After he sat down, one after another got up & spoke a few words—till about 60 persons had said something—It was rather interesting, tho I cannot make it seem, that it is the best way to manifest religion. There is decidedly, a great deal of excitement, and it cannot be permanent.

* Wicks. † Fanny Babcock.

Miss B. . . . & her ever-present sattellite Mr. B. were in the gallery.— Did not go out this evening.

Monday [*January*] 26*th*. Staid in the house all day. No want of employment.

Tuesday [*January* 27]. After a little contriving, & planning, concluded, we could go over to Green Point to day, got started about 11 o'clock. Had one of the pleasant sort of visits, tho' Henry kept me in a state of excitement, part of the time. He was so full of his mischief that he quite deranged Mrs. B.s quiet household, and I was heartily sorry I took him. We got home safely about 7. in the evening, and found Mrs. Dwinnelle here. We sat up late, talking with her, and found myself very glad to go to bed, about 12.

Wednesday [*January* 28]. Had the promised visit from Clarissa Mrs. Hargin, also Mrs Cook, Laura & her husband, & Mrs Brown. It was really quite a pleasant gathering, at least, they all seemed to think so, & I should have thought so too, only that I was too much worried by the children to enjoy anything. Had music & dancing in the evening, and all seemed to enjoy it much.

Thursday [*January* 29]. Minnie is quite unwell, and irritable, feel somewhat anxious about her. Did some errands about town.

Friday [*January* 30]. Dont rise very early about these days, and of course the forenoons are very short, and there is nothing of the afternoons anyway, so my time is pretty limited. Did a good pile of mending, however, in the short time, I could command, and went to Ladies

sewing meeting at the Home. Made a sheet, and then left. There was quite a pleasant circle together, but saw most of Helen & Mrs. Farmer. Helen tells me, that Miss Cramer, was summoned yesterday to her Fathers sick bed, as his life was despaired of, poor Girl! When I came home, left a bundle of bed clothes, at Mrs. P. McCarthys, on Walnut St. This evening went to Market Hall, and heard Mr. Holyoke, on the Fine Arts, and then John G. Saxe delivered a poem, entitled Yankee Land.

The audience were rather dull, thro' the first part of the evening, but got wide awake, over the poem, and laughed heartily enough, at his witty jokes. For my own part, I received much the most pleasure from Mr. H!s lecture, & I think I also gained some instruction. The Hall was well filled.

Saturday [*January* 31], a very stormy day. Children & all were kept in, by the weather, all day long.—Charlotte came up about noon, and staid all night.

If I ever had any leisure days, Saturday is not one of them, & this was no exception to the general rule. Have not broken up the bad habit of late hours.

Sunday, Jany 31*st* [*February* 1]. Went to church at the Dutch Reformed church, this A.M. with Emma & Charlotte, to hear Mrs. Hervey Sheldon's funeral discourse, by Dr. Maltbie. It was very good, and gave quite an interesting account of her religious experience.

Clara is quite unwell, with swelled face, toothache &c. I tho't it necessary to give her salts to-night, but as I had

none I was forced to beg a dose from Mrs. Myers. I have given it and hope she will be better tomorrow.

10 o'clock, Charles has just come in from meeting, and I must stop.

MONDAY [*February* 2]. This evening at Emma's request, put on my things, and went down when the girls went to singing school, and called at Mrs. Hibbards, did not find her in. Then went to Mr. Walter's and spent the remainder of the evening. Charles came for us, a little past 9.

Tuesday [*February* 3]. This is the day for the Board meeting at the Asylum, and I was obliged to be very active in the forenoon, in order to get away in the P.M. Went about two and called first on a poor family, near the Asylum. The Father sick & suffering, the Mother & children filthy and wretched.—The meeting was well attended, & some business done, then Miss Clark's resignation was read, a committee of investigation appointed, and the matter put over till next month. I imagine there will be some curious scenes, before we get thro' with it. Harriet & Mrs. Seymour, came home after the meeting. Mrs. S. made a call, and H. spent the evening.

Wednesday [*February* 4]. Minnie is a good deal unwell, eruption very bad. Mrs. Hibbard called this P.M. & finally staid to tea. After they left, went down to hear Theo. Parker on the Devil, found a large audience, among whom were Victory, & wife. He handled his sub-

ject much as I expected, making out, that there is really no such being as, we call the Devil, but only our own evil thoughts & purposes, & said that the idea, had modified & changed from the early ages, when men conceived of him as a gross, brutal being, down to the refined, elegant, polished deceiver of the present time. His description of what he called the Yankee Devil, or what I should call the modern Pharisee, was powerfully graphic, and bitterly sarcastic.

Thursday [*February* 5], at 10 o'clock, went down to Mrs. Rawson's funeral, at the Episcopal Church. It was a solemn scene to me, & I felt it very much Mr Ashley preached well, after which we went up to the Hill in the procession. She was buried in the old graveyard, just in sight of the windows, of the room where she was married about twenty years ago.

Spent the evening with Helen.

Friday [*February* 6], made up my mind to improve this fine weather in making a few calls, went down and made 16 calls before, 1 o'clock, found many out, and so got along faster. Helen went with me, to many places. Tried to go again this P.M. but the rain prevented. Charles bro't home a letter from Miss Clarke of N.Y. in answer to mine about taking Cornelia into her school. Says she can take her. As the thing, begins to assume the appearance of reality, my heart sinks,—but I suppose she will go.

This eve. went to hear, R. Waldo Emerson, before the Institute. He said many good things, & true, but it

seemed rather a bundle of aphorisms, than a connected dissertation on any one subject.*

Saturday [*February* 7]. Charlotte, with this week, concludes her engagement with Mrs. Bowen, what will be the result I cannot foresee, she is anxious to commence for her self as soon as she can find a room, but I am fearful and dare not have her do so. Of course our children are out of school, and must be for the present.

If Charlotte should commence again soon, in a good location, I doubt not that many of her old scholars, would come to her, and perhaps she will so decide. We decide to send C. to N. Y., and of course must begin to get her ready, immediately, as she must go without delay, if at all, this winter. There is much to be done, but I am used to such straits. C. feels quite unhappy about leaving home.

Sunday [*February* 8]. For a wonder, I went to meeting all day to day, heard an Oberlin Student, who preached very well. Charles went down this evening, says they had quite a full house. Minnie is very restless to night, suppose I shall not sleep much.

* The diarist had liked him better the previous year, when she wrote to Charlotte Amelia Birdseye, Feb. 16, 1851: "Ralph Waldo Emerson last Friday Evening [February 14, 1851,] spoke on the subject of 'Power.' You know he is styled 'the Carlyle of America,' so that I expected he would be sublimely unintelligible, but was agreeably disappointed. It does indeed require one's head to be pretty clear, to appreciate him, but there is a great deal that is very simple as well as beautiful. Fine thoughts and glowing illustrations sparkled all along the course of his lecture, and still they did not seem like borrowed ornaments but as part and parcel of the web he was weaving, and rightly belonged there.—"

Sunday [*February*] 18*th* [15*th*]. All last week my time was taken up in preparing Cornelia to go to N. York to school, at the end of the week I find nearly everything completed, so that she may go at short warning. Went to Church this P.M. Heard the same man that preached last Sunday. Hoped to go down & see Caroline* this Evening, but Charles was too faint-hearted, and I had to give it up. Caroline is making us quite a pleasant visit, and we are all very glad to see her.

Monday [*February* 16]. Elvira & Caroline came up to spend the day & brought their children. But for the noise of the young ones, I should have enjoyed it much. C. seems much like herself, once more, after her long and weary sickness. I think her, a very interesting woman.

One thing after another comes along to occupy my time, and finally here is Friday [February 20], made up my mind to go to the Daguerreotype gallery, and see what I could do in the way of pictures.

Had very good likenesses of Cornelia & Edward, then Charles, in one picture & Henry & I in another.† I think they are all very good,—and am much pleased with them. James Wheaton, starts to night for California, and called to take his leave of us this morning. He seems in very good spirits, yet I could not but feel sad, at parting with him, for I am sure he had little idea of what he must endure, before he sees his friends again.

* Caroline Wheaton, a sister of Charles Augustus Wheaton.

† The last two were apparently the daguerreotypes belonging to Mabel Wheaton Hatheway and reproduced in this volume.

I am glad it is not my boy, that is to leave home to-night, for an absence, such as he contemplates. May he be prospered, in all his undertakings and return in safety to his friends & home. Friday eve. Feb. 20th. 1852.

[*Saturday*] *Feb'.* 28*th*, 1852. I finished my old Journal some weeks ago, but have delayed, thro' carelessness, to get a new one, till this week.

In the mean time, Cornelia has departed for N. York* and we are quite still, since she left. She went on Thursday, [February] the 26th, with Mr & Mrs J. P. Ballard, and I just begin to realize that she is really gone. Father & Mother were here when she left, Mother having spent the week here. They went home next day, in the stage. Mrs. Strong also visited us that day, & Mrs. Dr. T [?] from the hill, — so that my mind was a good deal taken up. I hope to hear from C. during the coming week.

This last week has been a proud one for the Franklin Institute in the way of lectures. On Tuesday Eve. [February 24] we had Donald G. Mitchell Ik. Marvel, on the Power & Use of Beauty. Then on Friday & Saturday Eves [February 27 & 28] Horace Mann, on Woman. I was some what disappointed in Mitchell. His

* To a Quaker school conducted by the Misses Arabella and Sarah Clarke and Miss Cornelia Willets. Cornelia Wheaton left home Feb. 26, 1852, and finally returned there on July 18, 1853. On Mch. 17, 1852, she wrote to Julia Catherine Birdseye that her regular studies were Ancient History, Chemistry, Paley's Theology, Wayland's Moral Science, Drawing, French, Geography, Reading, Writing and Music. She also took dancing lessons twice a week from Allen Dodworth.

style is graceful, & pleasing, language elegant, but his voice low, and tho' musical, weak, so that a large proportion of the audience heard but very little. There was not so much power in the lecture as I expected. Mr. Mann interested me much by his views of Woman, her needs and her capabilities. He looks upon her as the equal of man; but in a different range of duties. That the sphere of each is a hemisphere, and that united they make a beautiful and glorious whole. He showed that Woman had in all the past centuries been oppressed and degraded, and that now the almost universal impulse, which prompts her to rise, and throw off these shackles is not only naturally but highly commendable: but nevertheless, she should not lose sight of wisdom and self respect in her anxiety for emancipation. He drew a sketch of woman, released from all the pleasures & duties of domestic life, and plunged into the boisterous whirl of politics, and it appeared clear to my mind that neither her happiness nor usefulness, would be increased thereby. He spoke of the different duties and employments that are spread out before woman. The various arts of Design, the occupation of teachers, Physicians proofreading as well as sewing, &c. in among them. But first and always, every woman should learn to be a good housekeeper. It is next to the art of state[s]manship, for a well ordered household, is like a well governed state, and it has an almost equal dignity. The art of housekeeping, involves then tact, judgment, skill, prudence, energy, a knowledge of Natural & Moral Philosophy,

Chemistry, arithmetic, and in short all the rounds of knowledge. The Speakers, description of the vocation and character, of the good housekeeper was very fine, and I believe, must have roused to a new energy the dormant or indolent faculties of many a hearer. Lastly he said that the sphere of Benevolence was always open to her, and there she is eminently fitted to labor. With her ready tact, and sympathy, her patience, her natural taste for nursing the sick she is peculiarly fitted for the work of consoling & comforting the sick, & the suffering. It is a work for which we have a glorious pattern, in our great High Priest, and will not fail to bless us abundantly while we are the means of blessing others.

Sunday Evening. he spoke on Temperance to a crowded audience in the Congregational Church, and was listened to with marked attention to the close.

The storm of Saturday night, Feby 28th, 29th, completely demolished the Unitarian Church, so that the appointment was changed to our house.

MONDAY, *March 1st.* My eyes, were delighted this noon by a letter from our dear Cornelia, and learned from it of her safe arrival, and fine reception, at her school. I felt much relieved, as well as gratified, that she hesitated not to write us, and satisfy our minds as soon as possible. Oh! how lonely it seems without her. We hear almost no music now, for Charles has no one to accompany him now, and his voice is almost silent.

Tuesday March 2nd. Answered C.s letter to-day, &



E Birdseye



sent it off. this P.M. Went to the meeting of the board at the Asylum, quite a full meeting, and an interesting one. A report from committee on Miss C. Lease, and voted that she be asked to withdraw her resignation, after some plain talk. The cloud seems to have blown over, & I trust that harmony is restored. Returned in time and time to accomplish a little work, before tea. After tea, Henry took an envelope of a letter, and a pencil, and commenced writing to Cornelia. He said he wanted to send his love to Cornelia, and after he had written or scribbled it all over, he asked me to read it. I took it & read something to this effect. My dear C. I, Henry want to send you my love, and tell you I want to see you. I love you very much, & want you to come home, be a good girl. Your affectionate brother Henry. His eyes sparkled, and he really thought he had written her a letter.

10 o'clock & I must stop. All the children are in bed, but Charles has not come. Waiting down town, I reckon, to get news of election. I fear that the rum interest has triumphed, and I don't care for any thing after that.

Tuesday [*March* 9] was a fine bright day, tho' very cold, and I resolved to seize the opportunity to go out to make some calls. I called & took Helen, and we made quite a business of it. It was rather pleasant, than otherwise. Went to see Mrs. B. F. C. in her new house, which is beautiful, and nicely arranged, but what does it all avail her, when she is heart-broken at parting with her oldest son, who has recently left for California, that yawn-

ing grave of many a mothers fondest hopes. I am told that she knew of his intention only a little while before he went, and that she never gave her consent, that she fainted in the car-house when she went to see him off, and her grief on recovering was excessive. She certainly looked to-day, as if she had just had a long illness. My heart ached for her — Did not get near thro' with my list of calls. Just as I got home, came a message from Miss M. to come over & take tea with some friends. Could not get away, till after tea, then went & spent the evening, had a delightful evening — but on coming home Minnie waked, and it was perhaps 12 o'clock before I could get to bed, & then not to obtain much sleep.

Thursday [*March* 10]. I feel miserably to-day, but kept tolerably busy, till about two, finding I could not get to the Society, I sent a bundle to the ladies, and then went to take a nap. I slept some, but was disturbed, and did not feel refreshed. To-night was again disappointed in getting down to the Second Baptist Fair, and so have yawned & read a little, knit less, and now take up my pen for a change. I feel exceedingly dull, and lifeless, and almost wonder what is ailing, me. In reading, of late, I find it almost impossible to fix my mind on my book. My brain has no energy, and my thoughts wander here & there, without aim, or object. I believe I am not well, or else I am growing old,—and wearing out, in my prime.*

After, all, is not the care & oversight of these children, particularly the three youngest, enough to break

* She was then thirty-six.

down, a good constitution? Lucie, used to be a good child, and would be so now, if separate from Henry, but that cannot be long at a time, and he is an accomplished torment. I think he is as restless a spirit, as ever I came across, and quiet can not be had where he is, only by the use of the most strenuous exertions. Minnie is a dear little pet, but not well now, and my own nerves suffer severely from the care of her. But, I will not complain, but rather make all haste, to get to bed.

Friday [*March* 11?]. Spent most of the day in sewing, mending & cutting out work, for the seamstress, and scarcely took breath, till sunset. Then prepared to go to the Market Hall, to hear W. E. Robinson lecture on Ireland & the Irish. T'was a very good lecture to a very thin house, and well seasoned with wit.

Saturday [*March* 12?] I was up bright and early, getting ready for a jaunt to Pompey, with Edward. There was so much to be done, before I went, that we did not get started, till 9 o'clock. It was fine sleighing, and we had a charming ride & found them apparently glad to see us. Diane Dodge was spending the day at our house. Charlotte got there in the morning from Manlius, and returned with us. We had also quite an addition to our load, in a large bag of apples & some other matter so that the ride home was more fatiguing, than that of the morning. But when we cleared the hills, and got on to the plank road, the shades of evening fell around us, and then the evening star shone out in all its soft brilliancy to enliven the lonely road. Soon after, the rays of

the moon began to touch the tops of the trees, around us, and in a short time, the whole landscape was illuminated with its light and seldom have I witnessed a more beautiful scene. The road wound among a succession of vallies, at the base of gently rising hills, fringed with a young growth of vegetation, and the snow which covered the landscape, sparkled brightly in the moonbeams, while all was still, but the sound of our horses feet and the musical tinkling of our sleigh-bells. We reached home in safety about 8 o'clock, and found all well, and very happy to see me.

Sunday [*March* 14?] A.M. Went to church this morning, & heard a good sermon from a Mr. Scofield, from Danbury Conn. Have a very bad boil coming on my face, and staid at home this afternoon to nurse it. Mr. S. came home to tea with Charles, and appears like an interesting man. After the little ones were in bed, Read some time in the Bible, alternately with Emma & Clara. They are much interested in the story of Daniel the Prophet. I brought home from P, some old books, which I find much pleasure in looking over, among them an edition of the Spectator, and Cowpers works. I am much interested in the former work, which I have not looked into before in many years tho' when I was comparatively a child I was quite familiar with it. There is a simplicity and directness in Addison's writings, that introduces one very agreeably to the sound maxims, he often utters, and the graceful and often keen satire which he launches at the fashionable follies of the day.

Oh! these long intervals in my journal, they trouble me much, but I cannot control my time. Since I last wrote in it, Mr. E. P. Whipple delivered the closing lecture of the course. Subject, England & the English. I was much pleased with it. Few events of importance have transpired, and as the weather is intensely March & therefore very unpleasant, I have kept mostly within doors. Charles goes to Oneida,* about three times a week,— My pen is poor, and I will stop for the present, hoping soon to resume it, under more favorable auspices.

[*Sunday*] *March 28th.* After a long cold storm principally of snow, the sun has finally shone out from a clear sky, and a March wind is blowing, which promises to dry up the sea of mud, in which we live. The winter has been long and tedious, and we all rejoice in the thought that spring is near. Have been to church all day, tho' suffering from a painful headache.

Since I wrote in these pages three weeks ago, some events of a very painful nature, have transpired in the circle of our acquaintance, which are like to weaken if not destroy our confidence in a man, whom I have been accustomed to regard as possessed of the purest integrity and uprightness of character. It may turn out better than we now dare to hope, but at least we take home the admonition, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall"— He and his wife were at church to day, and I could not but think, he looked much like a man, determined to, brave the obloquy so plentifully heaped upon him.

* He was interested in a foundry there which made printing-presses.

Have been reading several books of fancy, lately, "Dream-Life, by Ik. Marvel," Dream Land by Daylight by Caroline Chessebro: and lastly, Clover-Nook by Alice Cary. All of them very good in their way, and the last very beautiful and natural, and it is said that the talented authoress has had little or no advantages of education, save what she and her sister, could pick up in the scanty intervals of a laborious life among the pioneers of Ohio. If this be true, she is a remarkable person truly, and this book contains only prose sketches, whereas I suppose her poetry, already published in the newspapers, would fill another good sized volume.

THURSDAY] *April 1st.* Well, March came in like a lion, and went out like a tiger! and April has come in, after the same fashion, it having snowed, & blowed & froze, &c. to-day, and a very unpleasant day indeed it has been. But in spite, of the weather, we had the Society here, and quite a good number attended. Some of the ladies came quite early in the forenoon to get the quilt on, and took dinner with us. Mr. Williams, who preached for us last Sunday [March 28], was here and a lady with him, but I was too much engaged, to see much of them. Mrs. Gardiner very kindly volunteered, & assisted us much about tea, and Jane Porter is always invaluable on such occasions. We had a very pleasant & affectionate letter from Cornelia, to-day. I am greatly annoyed about the B. affair, for it seems almost impossible, to arrive at the truth in the matter. I begin to fear that

there is great wrong and gross misrepresentation on both sides. Heaven preserve me from ever knowing so much about such an affair, again.— —

Sunday April 4th. Have been trying all the P.M. to read, but there is so much to read & so little time to do it in, that I make very little progress. The Independent this week, is full of good things a[s] witness the following, "Sonnet addressed to the Authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Some the magician play for paltry hire,
And some God's gift of genius dedicate
To thrilling tales, that melt & enervate,—
And some will picture, with a pen of fire,
Passion and pleasure, & unblest desire,
And mighty be to blast, & not to bless,
To weave the witchery of wickedness.
Hail! Fiction's better mistress! skilled to trace
The pitious woes, that o'er "The Lowly" roll.
Oppression's murderous work upon the soul,
The good that can in misery deathless be,
Truth, natural wit, and love and piety,—
Most skilled to hold with equal nerve & grace,
The damning mirror, up to slavery's Ethiop face.

MATHER.

The notices of new works in the Independent are always interesting to me, but an other excellent thing is entitled, "Death followed by Eternal Life." Another "good & practical,["] "Dreamers and Workers"—Heard this A.M. an impressive sermon, on "The Coincidence of the Law of Right, with the Law of Reason,["]—The

preacher, entered into quite a long train of argument, to prove his position, and did it most clearly.

In the evening Charles went down to Monthly Concert, & Ellen & Emma accompanied him.

The little ones at last are still, and these precious moments of quiet, that I love so well, are slipping rapidly away from me—Now, I would like to employ myself in the wisest & best manner, so that this hour, be not entirely unimproved.—I have been refreshing my recollections of a delightful old poem, which I have not looked into before for many a day. It is "Pollok's Course of Time," a work which has always seemed to me next to inspiration. There are many splendid passages in it, many fine descriptions of character, and deep metaphysical disquisition which bear the impress of truth so plainly, that no one can read them, without becoming wiser. I do not understand why this book, so full of lofty sentiments, and glowing images, should as it were, have passed at once into oblivion. I never hear it spoken of or alluded to now, among literary people, and I have been trying to study out the reason why such forgetfulness should be. Can it be, that the continually increasing number of new books, has crowded it outside, and left it like a weed thrown up by the receding wave? or is it, that the doctrines bro't to view in the course of the poem, such as man's depravity; his accountability, The danger of a life of folly, Sin, and the view of future retribution, that these doctrines, contain enough elements of unpopularity, to be fatal to it. Perhaps, it

may be attributed in a degree to both but I do think it a work, that will pay richly for an earnest and familiar perusal.

Friday Eve. [*April* 9] Night before last, [Wednesday, April 7] was summoned on a most unpleasant duty, that of giving what evidence I could, in the matter, of W. H. B.'s affair. Miss G., Miss P. and myself attended, and were asked some questions, which we answered, as well as we knew how. Mr. B. was evidently under great excitement, and anxiety of mind, and reminded the committee once or twice of the course, which it seemed best to him, that they should pursue. Their investigations developed a most unpleasant & improper state of things in the family, and I know not how there can ever be anything like happiness within their dwelling again. In fact, the man appears to my judgement to be very culpable, and I cannot conceive how he can ever clear himself in the eyes of the community. To be sure, the Temperance Committee may come to a satisfactory conclusion in the matter, and publish to the world that they exonerate him from all blame, but they can never make the world believe it, and it will be thrown back at them by the enemies of the cause with great force. I am reading the Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and am strangely interested in it, What a wonderful character she was! but of a morbid development; in early childhood, that amounts almost, if not quite to insanity. When I read her own account of her Father's mismanagement, in regard to her education, when very young, I am only surprised that she

should ever have attained any thing like distinction,— Indeed, I wonder that she was not ruined physically, as well as intellectually, trained as she was, from very early childhood to the accomplishment of hard tasks, and to a confinement, that would break down many a mature constitution. One needs to know something of her Friendships, in order to gain much insight into her character. Her discrimination in the choice of her friends, was wonderful, & when once a friendship was formed, her constancy was as much——Towards those she loved and trusted, she manifested those fine traits of confidence & frankness that render such a relation, so great a blessing to the parties concerned. As I read on I admire her more than at first, for I find her more loveable, than at first. In these respects, her character underwent great changes, especially when called to pass thro' severe trial & suffering. Self culture, for a time, seems to be her only, at least her highest aim, and I am sure that it did have the effect to make her *selfish*. Or at least she applied her favorite maxim, "The only object in life is to grow," to mean intellectual attainment, but after undergoing the severe, but purifying influence of sorrow, she learned that the heart, was to share in this growth, that we need to attain that development which shall liken us most nearly to the character of Our Father Who art in Heaven.

Sunday April 12th [*April 11*], Heard two very noble sermons to-day, from Prof. Raymond, of Rochester University — Text this morning, "Let your light *so* shine, that others seeing your good works may glorify your

Father who art in heaven." It was a fine exposition of the Christian's duties.

This afternoon, subject very similar, Text "He died for us, that we which live, should hereforth not live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us, & rose again." I have not been so much impressed by any preaching in a long time.

Mr & Mrs. B. were right before me, and their appearance somewhat distracted my thoughts which of course I regretted.

I wonder what is the reason, that for years, never, since what I may call my childhood have I had any warm friendships out of my own family. Is it because I am cold hearted, and uncongenial in my temperament? Or has the force of circumstances, been such as to prevent such attachments? Perhaps I am not fitted by nature, to fulfil the duties of such a position, or to appreciate, their performance in another, Tho' when this thought rises before my mind with distinctness, I am distressed, and repel such a conclusion, with earnestness. In my childish years, I had many warm attachments, and some of them were permanent, but there are only one or two, which I can dignify with the name of friendship. My love for the dearest friend of my childhood, M. H.* was at first, a childish impulse originating, perhaps, in our being as it were, thrown much together and from a similarity of habits & tastes. Tho' she was two years older than I, and in children that is quite a difference. But as

* Mary Hascall.

we grew older I became capable of discerning, the depths of her character, and of loving her for her real worth. She had much clearer moral perceptions than I, and more firmness of principle, but with great timidity and shrinking, when principle was not concerned. About the time of my marriage we were separated for some time, she to pass thro' severe trials and I to enter upon new duties & relations. Then for a long time we knew little of each other, till her newly awakened interest in religion opened again her heart to me, and our old intercourse was renewed, and kept up at intervals till this day. Now she is bowed by trial & suffering and I seldom see her, or hear much from her, but I feel that my respect & esteem for her, and my old warm love, have not diminished. Save this, I know of none who may be called friends, in the higher sense of the term tho' I have those whom I love, & have for years—who feel I believe kindly towards me—but there is little congeniality of taste, or pursuit with me.

Of late I have known much of Mrs. G. and begin to like her better than ever before. She has a very active mind, & is ardent & enthusiastic, in everything, but particularly so, in the pursuit of knowledge, in the desire for improvement. But her "faults of manner," are such as to repel almost every one, until by some by some [*sic*] unusually favorable circumstances, they come to know her more intimately,—and then they discover, that, which pays for the trouble.

Friday, [*April*] 16*th*, One of my old confused days again,

and they always weary me very much. I am commencing, the preparatory processes, to breaking up, here & moving down town,* and find an immense number of things to be attended to. Charles has been absent since Wednesday [April 14] at Oneida, only coming home the first night. Helen, and two of her children spent the P.M. here, and I had some calls besides. We walked in the garden a while, and found some beautiful crocusses, just sticking thro the moist earth—how beautiful they are! Tomorrow I think of going up to Pompey, to take Florence & Lucia to stay while we are moving. Minnie however seems unwell, and I fear to leave her all day. I do most earnestly hope, she will be better in the morning. Mrs. B. Called this P.M. and asked me when I could attend one of the readings she has formerly spoken of to me,—I told her that for a time, I should be much occupied, and begged them, not to wait for me. Somehow, I don't anticipate much pleasure or profit from these readings.

I get on very slowly with the life of Margaret Fuller but am much interested in it. Some of her observations on Books, and Men are very profound, but many of them, I cannot understand. In fact, she was decidedly *transcendental.*

No letter from Cornelia this week, and I feel the want of one very much. Poor child, I suppose she has much to do, and a great many correspondents. Charles bro't home "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the other night, & the children are devouring it.

* To Fayette Park.

Saturday—April 19 [17]. Went to Pompey this day to take Florence and Lucia to stay a few weeks at least until we get settled in our new home. The ride was pleasant, tho' tiresome, on the road home met with an accident to our waggon that detained us at a blacksmith's shop for half an hour. During which time I wandered down to the edge of the Limestone Creek and enjoyed much the wild and beautiful scene. I knew not before that there was such a fall of water here and so much really worth seeing in this wild ravine. We got home about ½ past 6, and found all doing well but Minnie. She seems quite unwell tonight. Charlotte spent the night with us.

I found Father laboring under one of his severe colds, and looking miserably, but he says he must come to Syracuse, the first of the week, if able to move.

Sunday Evening [*April* 18] Minnie so miserable I decided not to go to church to-day. I think she needs close watching. My absence yesterday was no advantage to her. I have had her in my arms, a great part of the day, and of course I am tired enough to-night. Afternoon, I got a little time to look over some old letters that I had tho't of burning, but can hardly bring my mind to do it, it seems so like sacrilege. But when I think, that these precious documents may fall into other hands, and come to be made light of, and sneered at, I feel quite willing to consign them to the flames. There are some quite ancient epistles among them, one from Mary Hascall to me when I was at school in Albany, was written 25 years ago.

Monday [*April* 19], Well this week is to be devoted to moving & getting settled in our new home. Of course there is much to think of—and to do. (Apr 1852) 5 years ago, this week, we came into this house, & two days after we took up our abode here, Lucia was born.— Then I had a dreadful attack of convulsions, but happily it was not lasting. Since then, it seems like a dream.

Thursday. April 22nd Very busy all the week, but the rain has prevented our moving much, till to-day, when, in the intervals of the showers, we succeeded in getting off a few loads— To-morrow, we anticipate making a final move. I have just been settling Ellen & Edward, in their quarters for the night, but found some difficulty, in getting enough clothing to cover them, as we had sent everything to the other house.—

Just finished the first volume of Margaret Fuller, and find myself, somewhat puzzled by her character.—I don't like her views of life very well, and it is certain they did not conduce to her happiness— She deemed that the object of life, was to grow, and thus thinking, all her aims and efforts thus far, seem to have been made with almost a single eye, to her own improvement. If she had sought the great aim of life, in doing good, and left her own improvement, as a secondary matter, the improvement she so much coveted, would have followed in its train, and with it, as a matter of course, a sense of permanent & tranquil happiness, sufficient to satisfy her most ardent longings—

SATURDAY, *May* [1]. Well we have finally got moved & fixed in our new home, tho' not settled yet. We have had very unfavorable weather, for our transmigration, and of course it was a more tedious process, than it would otherwise have been, and it will take some time longer to get fixed and in order. Carpets are all to be fitted anew, and furniture newly arranged — However, we are all well.

Charlotte closed her school on Friday [April 30], for a vacation of two weeks, and went home yesterday with Horatio who bro't us word, that Father is getting a little better. He is trying a new medicine, which seems likely to prove beneficial.

Have had no time to go on, with the Life of M. Fuller, the last week, but hope soon to commence the second volume —

Sunday, May 2nd. Had a reading meeting at our Church this morning, and tho' we heard a very good sermon, it was rather dull, as such meetings usually are. This P.M. went for the first time, to the new Baptist church, and instead of hearing the pastor, had a very good sermon, from Mr. Sunderland from the text, "All souls are mine." He reasoned it out very well, and made it a vehicle to convey some good, sound Anti-Slavery truth, taking occasion to commend very strongly to his audience, the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and endorsing most heartily the views there promulged. He told Charles the other day, that he was entirely converted to Anti-Slavery, and I should judge, that he is going to work for the cause in earnest.

Fanny Lawrence called the other day to tell me about Cornelia, and I had a pleasant interview with her. Poor C. feels quite lonely now that the two Fannies have left the school, but there is some prospect of Frank L.'s returning again. The sky has cleared beautifully, this afternoon, and there is every prospect of a change in the weather. If this should be the case it would give an impulse to business of every description and our little town would once more look like itself. I have had no calls from my new neighbours as yet, and don't expect to see much of them at all. I suppose they will be afraid of being annoyed by the children, but they shall not be if I can prevent it. My children, however, are pretty restless and they will feel confined here in this little place. However, there are many conveniences gained by living here in town, that I realize already — such as the nearness of church and markets, and schools — but I miss the space, the trees, the grass, the breezy heights, and shall by and by the fruits & flowers. But I know full well, that it is not possible to have all the advantages in any one situation.

May 10th, Monday Evening I snatch a few moments, before bed time, to note down some of the doings of the last few days. I supposed that Charles, would leave for N. York, to-day, and so a part of last week was devoted to getting Ellen ready to accompany him, but circumstances have prevented his getting off today, — for which I am sorry. I did not of course get on so rapidly with my settling as I had hoped, — and find myself today, with much still to be done, before the house is

really in order. Father & Julia came down to-day, and I had a line from Charlotte, requesting me to get a hat for J. So I left all, & was out all the P.M. Made choice of one at Mrs. Scoppertons, and left it to be trimmed. Father bro't us a letter, from John, recently received, in which he says positively, that he shall be home * this summer. Such news gives us much joy.

There are so many demands upon my time here, that I find very little leisure, for any connected employment, and I almost dispair of ever doing any work.

Saturday Evening May 15th Well, the close of another week has come, and tired and weary, I take up my pen, for a few moments, before retiring. In looking back, over the events of the week, I can see but little accomplished and yet I have been constantly busy. Have had a dress maker, a day & a half, Mrs. H. & sister H. spent the day here, and Mother & Charlotte came down yesterday — Mother did some shopping, and returned today. Charlotte has been getting every thing ready for the opening of her school, on Monday [May 17]. I feel somewhat anxious, about the success of her school — but time will tell. — I am getting into a somewhat more regular & quiet way of living, and hope soon to feel quite at home. It is a pleasant situation here, and many things about the house I like — but the way one's time is broken up, by the thousand various demands upon it, exceeds all, I ever knew — From early morning till late in the evening, there are continual calls at the door. Next week, the

* From California.

children will be in school, which will be quite a relief to me—Little Henry enjoys himself finely here, but I fear there are some bad companions for him in the vicinity—

Thursday. Morning [*May* 20]. Had a good letter from Cornelia, Tho' some parts of it, indicated a little home-sickness. Poor Girl, she feels much disappointed at not seeing her Father & Nell, as yet.

Saturday Evening [*May* 22]. Went down to Mr. B.'s a little while this evening & bro't home some books to read. Tennyson's In Memoriam, I looked into for the first time. In reading it over, in much that is blind, & dreamy, I find many thoughts & sentiments, that awaken sympathies in my own heart, that I little expected would be thus aroused. It is a tribute of affection, and sorrow to a loved friend, recently deceased, & the pathos of his mourning, is at times truly touching. But when he goes on to describe, his feelings on the first news of his bereavement, the bewildering doubt, and fear, and then the giving up to the benumbing sense of his affliction, my heart went with him, thro' it all, and I seemed to be living over again, those sad and dreary days, when grief lay with such a deadning weight on me.* How many little phases of my sorrow, are recalled to me, by these lines—How many glowing tributes, to the worth, of his friend, remind me of the pure integrity, the generous sentiments, the solid principles, which lay enshrined in that brother's heart, and spoke out, in all his actions—But alas! he is gone, passed from this brief stage of exist-

* The death of her brother, Henry Clay Birdseye, in 1847.

ence, and we behold him no more. Never on earth, shall this great hunger of the heart, this yearning desire to look upon him, to hear him speak, be gratified, but we must be content to live on, without his presence or society,—thro' the lonely years, yet given to us on earth. And taken as he was, in the freshness of his youth, and seemingly so well fitted for the manly race, he hoped to run, with the hopes of a large circle of loving hearts clustered about him, and the cherished support of the declining years of his parents, endowed with rare talents, & rarer virtues! yes! with all these ties to bind him to life. He was torn from our fond hearts, and laid low in the earth. Oh that hour of horror! that bro't me the woful tidings of my loss! of my loss! but his gain! Oh! yes I cannot doubt it, and now let me strive to think of him as a blessed spirit, one of the Just made perfect, ministering in Life and Light around the throne— Does he not look upon the broken circle here, with pity for our sorrow & our weakness. Oh! I love to think of him, as a Guardian Angel, sent to watch over his loved ones here, to strengthen and confirm their wavering souls, when tempted and tired—and to impart at times some glimpses of those blessed scenes, in which he lives & reigns, as a comfort & joy in our hours of sorrow—

["The new building [the Wheaton Block] is going on finely, and will be by all means the finest block in the city. We are quite snugly fixed in our new home, and I begin to like it much. It is delightfully shady & pleasant . . . I have got a nice girl in place of Mary O'brien,

one that has an excellent way with children. Her name is Jane." *Ellen Birdseye Wheaton to Cornelia Wheaton, May 22, 1852.*]

Saturday Evening [*May* 29]. How refreshing is this heavy shower, after the oppressive heat of the day. It had become very dusty, and sultry, and all nature drooped under it,—but now the tempest is nearly over, and the air is clear & cool. We have had 3 or 4 very heavy peals of Thunder, and much forked lightning, but it is now all over.—Charles left for Albany last night [Friday, May 28], expecting to return this eve—but he does not come yet.—I am very weary, & think I will not wait for him. I have had much company all the week, and then having a dress maker here so constantly. I feel almost worn out. Clara is much unwell, and I am quite uneasy about her, tho' I can not find out what ails her.

WEDNESDAY] *June 9th*, A long interval has passed, since I wrote in these pages, and I hardly know how to commence again. I have written several letters, lately which is about all the writing I have done.

How hard it is, to train ones mind to close habits of thought. How almost impossible in my case. I am so often interrupted when trying to fix my mind on any one subject, that my thoughts seem to me, like a flock of swallows, ready to take flight, at the least motion or alarm. In fact, I do not know, that I *ever*, really *think*,—I only fall into a revery! I *muse*—I dream—but what is such a state of mind good for? Nothing! absolutely

nothing. To-day I finished reading the biography of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and I shed some bitter tears, over the last scenes, of her strange life. How mournfully touching was her singing her child to sleep, amid the roar of the tempest, just after the ship had struck! Oh brave & noble heart! thou sleepest peacefully after the weary life struggle, beneath those restless waves, which image so faithfully thy fitful yet powerful character.—I have seldom read anything, which impressed me so much as this.—I did not love or admire her at first, but she developed rare & noble qualities, with her later years, which commanded the respect & esteem of her acquaintances to a remarkable degree. Many of her errors, defects, & sufferings, are doubtless to be attributed, to the injudicious forcing process, to which her mind was subjected in her early years, and from the consequences of which she never entirely recovered—A most impressive warning to parents, who are anxious to see their children, become prodigies.

Last week the reception of Kossuth kept the town in a stir, for two days—On Monday I had a house and yard full, for a good part of the day, and some company to dinner. I had a good opportunity to see The Hero, as well as hear him, and was much gratified. In the evening went up to Mr. Leavenworths, and was presented to him, with Charlotte & Charles. There was much company—

Tuesday June 1st. I spent this day at Onondaga, with Mrs Town, and Mrs. Hargin, and enjoyed it much. We left here in the Omnibus, at 10 o'clock, and as it was a

fine day, we had a very pleasant ride—After dinner we had a charming ramble, in the Butternut glen, found two birds nests in the grass, & came back rather weary, when we found more company from Syracuse, Mrs Cook, with Mrs Hixon, & Mrs Nelson—They staid to tea, & then I rode home in their carriage.

Mrs E. looks miserably, and I sometimes fear, she has an incurable disease upon her,—but after all if she could only cultivate a more quiet, happy state of mind, I believe her health would improve. She is too fond of being miserable and I think it is a growing habit with her. I love her, and cannot but regret these unhappy circumstances,—for her own sake as well as those of her husband & children. The day was bright & clear, and the landscape, always lovely seen from The Hill, was more resplendent than ever.

Monday, June 14th. This day & the next [Tuesday, June 15] were excessively warm. The Thermometer, standing, on Tuesday P.M at 99 in the shade. In the evening, went to the institute concert, and should have enjoyed it, if I had not felt so terribly languid—Next day [Wednesday, June 16] sewing & sewing. The Temperance Committee met here in the afternoon, and had a long session, & then again in the evening.

Thursday [*June* 17] began to have my stated allowance of guests for the convention, Miss Anthony & Mrs. Bloomer, came to dinner. Went to the meeting in the afternoon, but was not much gratified with the proceedings. In the evening, went to the Wesleyan Chapel, to

hear the ladies present the claims of their society. Miss Anthony read a very good address, written by herself—to a houseful.

Friday [*June* 18], Company spent the night, and I had hardly time to turn around, after breakfast, ere I had a fresh accession. Mrs. H. W. came to sit the forenoon with me, and soon after Mrs. J. E. son & daughter. Then two gentlemen to dinner, and I had a tablefull. During the P.M. I had several calls, and when night came I was tired out.

Saturday [*June* 19]. I have felt miserably all day, and almost think I am sick. Mr. Greig called & had some conversation with me, in regard to certain developements in the B. family. I was grieved & shocked at some things he told me.

About sunset, I got away long enough to ride up to the Hill, and, breathe a mouthful of fresh air & take a look at George Gardners house. Although it was a short excursion, it did me good—

Sunday Morning [*June* 20], A bright resplendent June morning and a glorious day, but Alas. The same dreadful nervous prostration, has been upon me all day—However, I got to church in the P.M. and heard a very good sermon from Mr. Raymond—Since tea, sat in the grape arbor, half an hour or so, and sported with Minnie & the young ones. They were drawing her, in her little waggon. She did enjoy it finely—she is a playful, bewitching little creature and I fear we are loving her too much. No letter from Cornelia for more than a week,

and I begin to sigh for one — I am distressed at the aspect which things present in the B. family, to which I often allude. It seems now, as if that woman were either positively deranged — or dreadfully wicked. Things certainly look very dark for her at this time.

Tuesday Eve. [*June* 22] I was thinking quite seriously about going out to Glen Haven, to the Festival to which we have been invited to morrow [Wednesday, June 23]. We had about decided to go, when Charles got a Telegraphic despatch, announcing Louisa Fleming's death, in N. Carolina, [on Thursday, June] the 17th. This most unexpected news, has saddened & shocked us, very much. Horace goes on to N. Y. and perhaps further, and of course Charles cant leave home, and our jaunt must be given up. Thursday night [June 24] we got a letter from Horace saying he should go on south at once.

Saturday P.M. [*June* 26] Elizabeth Fleming arrived here from Canandaigua, that is, arrived in town, also Flora from Pulaski, and Harriet from the west. I dont know, what new plans they will decide upon, for the family — They all feel Louisa's death very much. I rather suspect she died with dysentery, which was prevailing very much there. Poor girl! She was anticipating, a visit home this month, and if her plans had been carried out, would have been here at this time. Truly, man *pro*poses, & God *dis*poses —

Went to church part of the day to day, at the Presbyterian Church, heard rather a dull sermon, and nodded

several times myself. It seems, that there is no one before the society, as a candidate, in our Society, & the Church *don't* seem to agree on any one. Charles said that to night they had a meeting to talk the matter over, after church, and voted on the question of M E— Underwood, but did not conclude to try him. Mr. B. seemed almost out of patience, & intimated, that he should do no more. If the people were determined not to agree. Charles is just as hopeful & patient as ever, tho' I wonder how he can be. I believe we have been so long accustomed to unlimited freedom of thought & action, that many of us know nothing what we want, only that we are determined not to be pleased with any thing or anybody. I sometimes feel, almost willing that the Cong church should go down, for it really has little more than a name to live, yet I should find it hard to obtain a home again, in any church I know of— Sometimes, I think, I should never join another church, but what effect would that have, on my children? — But as it is now, they are not attached either, to the church, its ordinances, or the society, — They attend no Sabbath School. I do not do much, about instructing them at home, my Sundays are so broken up— and Charles seldom has time to bestow a word upon them. —

Monday [*June* 28]. Harriet came in after tea, and I had a pleasant call, from her. Then we walked for some time, calling at Mr. Bickfords & Horaces by the way, — Elvira & her husband came from Pompey, while I was there, and I had my first introduction to Mr. Sandford — It

was one of the most charming of evenings—balmy & beautiful moonlight.

Tuesday [*June* 29]. Had many things to occupy me to-day, preparing for the festival of the Rose. Went to it at about 8 o'clock, and got a pretty good seat, tho' it was very warm. It was beautiful, and charmingly acted, and Ellen & Emma did well. Their singing, was really charming,—came home loaded with bouquets, and sat for a while on the piazza, with Charles Charlotte, & the others,—In the night, Charlotte, Ellen & Emma were all taken ill,—with something like dysentery. They were so unwell as to be unable to go to school in the morning, but in the course of the day, gradually recovered. Probably it was caused a great deal by the bad air, in the concert room.

Wednesday Evening [*June* 30],—Went this P.M. to see Power's Greek Slave,—and was much pleased. At first the impression of a naked woman, was rather unpleasant, but as I looked longer at her, those feelings vanished, and I tho't of it only as a superb specimen of art, and it really does seem like life—You almost fancy that you see the chest heave, & the lip quiver—It is cut, from one block, of pure Italian Marble,—and as a work of art, it seems wonderful—The limbs so beautifully shaped, with every indentation, at the knees & ancles! There really was expression, in the bend of her wrist, as she leaned on the post at her side. Since tea, I have been enjoying a quiet hour on the balcony, and only came in, when the sun was quite down. Charlotte has been re-

peating some fine poetry, which I have enjoyed very much. Bryant's Thanatopsis and Forest Hymn never grow old, or pall upon my ear,—and I never hear them, without an emotion of gratitude that it was ever put into his heart, to write such poems,—to utter such grand & glorious thoughts.—Why was not I a poet?—I feel the spirit of poetry, strong within me, but alas! it never shapes itself into words.

The death of Henry Clay, announced yesterday [Tuesday, June 29] created some sensation, & the bells were set a-tolling, &c &c. It is an event that has been daily expected for a long time.—

SUNDAY *July 4th, Evening*. Another Sabbath has passed, and at its, close, I sit & muse alone. Time was, when the eve of Independence day, roused me to great anticipations, and I looked forward to it, as a day of unmingled joy, and happiness, but "Times have changed, & I too with them"—and this day wears no more the glorious hues, with which, childhood, loved to invest it.—Then I thought, that there was many a patriot in our land, and I fully believed that, Liberty, was something more than a name,—and my foolish heart, swelled with proud emotion, when I recalled the deeds of revolutionary heroes, and gloried in the fact, that by both parents, I was descended from Revolutionary sires* —Alas, in these degenerate days patriotism, is out of

* Capt. Beach Tomlinson on her father's side, and Capt. James Beebee on her mother's.

date, forgotten,—and those who aspire to be the great men of the time, have seemingly forsworn all generous, & noble impulses, and given themselves over to the dirty work of party,—Our country is fallen upon evil times, and it seems to me that the lamentation of the prophet will apply to these days, with great force. "Truth is fallen in the streets, & equity cannot enter"—Tomorrow [Monday, July 5] will be a day of noisy confusion, intemperance & disorder, and the *patriotism* of the people will mostly be expended in powder, and noise. I dread such days,—but I shall have a house full of guests, probably, and I must not flag—nor grow weary—

I have not enjoyed to-day very much, and I feel almost glad it is over.—I have really felt unhappy to-night, and have tried to reason myself out of it, but all in vain—Is it wrong to, wish for more domestic enjoyment, more sociality, in the home circle? No! I know it is not,—I know it is right & proper, that I should see & enjoy more of my husband's society, that he should spend more time with his family.—I feel sometimes a sort of strang[e]ness towards him, as if our old friendship was broken off,—and a feeling of loneliness comes over me that is very oppressive,—Is there really no happiness!—I have always been chasing the phantom, but I never caught it—and I never shall—Well! The only remedy, for a sore heart, in my case, is to keep busy, busy, both mind & fingers,—Then, with every power, exerted to its full capacity, I shall find no opportunity, to murmur, & repine.

NOV^R, 28*th*, 1852. *Sabbath Eve.* A long interval has passed, since I wrote any thing in these pages, & it seems strange to open them for that purpose, but for want of any better employment, I have taken my pen in hand, with that intent. Since the last date recorded here, I have been sometimes out of town sometimes nearly sick, some of the children sick, and none of the time, without plenty of employment. In October after seeing Cornelia & Edward off,* I went down to Brooklyn & New York, taking Emma with me, & had a very pleasant time, in the main, tho' health & spirits rather flagged.† Was gone three weeks and a day, and arrived safe at home. Cornelia enjoyed my visit much. She is evidently not as happy as during the first term, but I hope this feeling of sadness, (perhaps it is homesickness) will soon wear off. Since I have been home, there has been a great deal of fall work for the children as well as housecleaning, &c to be done. Sewing constantly, and most of the time one or two women here,—seems very tiresome, to me, but I can never see the way thro.—For the last week or two, Mr. & Mrs. F. are here from Oberlin. They are very pleasant guests, and put me out, as little as any persons

*The former to her school in New York City; the latter to Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y. Edward Wheaton did not do well at college, and, after two suspensions, was finally dismissed at his own request in March, 1854.

†On Oct. 15, 1852, Cornelia Wheaton wrote to Charlotte Amelia Birdseye: "I had a delightful visit with her, she and I went to hear the world-renowned Mme Sontag in Metropolitan hall, the singing pleased me almost as much as Jenny Lind's."

could,—but I long for quiet & retirement, and I think I need it, but my life is one continual scene of bustle & confusion. I have had some severe trials of feeling on this point of late, & have found it hard to school myself into submission.

Sisters C. & J. are gone home to spend Thanksgiving to return Monday [November 29]—Mr. & Mrs. F. Charles and Clara are gone to meeting this evening. They have commenced a series of meetings in our church,—to continue sometime.

FRIDAY] *Dec.* 17*th*, Went to City Hall, to hear Rev. E. H. Chapin, on John Hampden, & the progress of popular Liberty. It was a subject somewhat unfamiliar to a great proportion of the audience, I imagine, and it was handled with great power. He showed the influence under which his character was gradually formed and his principles firmly established on the side of popular Rights. He was one of those well balanced & harmonious characters, who do not act from impulse, & therefore hastily, but one whose actions are the result of earnest, deliberate conviction, who does not astonish you by brilliant efforts in one line of conduct, but by a succession of harmonious acts, wins your esteem and secures your confidence. The best Reformers are made up, of a mixture of the two elements, Radicalism & conservatism. Where the moderation & coolness of conservatism, is heated thro' & thro' with the fire of Radicalism. We little realize how much we are indebted to

John Hampden, for the blessings of popular liberty we enjoy, nor the amount of influence that to this day is exerted by his example. Calm & collected, in the most trying emergencies he evinced the wisdom of the statesman, the courage of the warrior, and the serene devotion of the Christian. It was of him, that the pious Baxter remarked, that one of the greatest delights he anticipated in Heaven, was the pleasure of John Hampden's society. The motto on his banner was a Latin Phrase, signifying, "There are no footsteps backward"—And the Spanish motto, applied by Lord Mahon to Washington was equally true of him, "He never drew his sword without reason, & never sheathed it without honor." The Lecture inveighed indignantly against the sham democracy of the present day, so recreant to the spirit of our Revolutionary Forefathers—so ready to sneer at those who are struggling for the Rights, which others have gained for them,—They were like those who having fortunately escaped the billows, & gained the shore, kick back at those, still struggling in the waves. He closed with an eloquent apostrophe to the shade[s] of those great defenders of the rights of man. Grand, High-browed Milton, of noble soul and lofty discourse, fearless John Hampden, from his bloody grave, Russell [?], from the cruel scaffold, and Washington from his nearer & dearer rest among us, to inspire us with hope for the future, to teach us not only how to seek for Liberty, but how to use it!—The first Lecture of the course I have attended, this season.—

1853

JANUARY?] Last week I went to spend the day with Mrs G. J. Gardner, in her new house on the Hill. Was a very cold day, but I enjoyed the visit much. Every thing about the establishment, is so cozy, & comfortable, and so nicely arranged for convenience. She too seems a model of a housekeeper, for one who has had no experience. She carried her ideas of Reform, into every department of life, and really makes life seem quite a rational & agreeable business—If it were not for this, that she realizes all these great truths so deeply & earnestly, that the tension of the mind, is too great, when one tries to sympathise with her. The state of feeling becomes so intensified, that the first one knows, he is wearied & exhausted, and the reaction is to the other extreme. Glen Cuyler* came here that day, and from that time was laid up about ten days, with his lame leg.

Last Friday, the 14th [18th] of Jan. /.53 he walked to the store again, and now goes every day. Friday I went to see Anne Furman, at her new home, on Washington St. She is very pleasantly situated, and now has her old friend Mrs. Goodsell, with her for a few days. Also I, found Mr Sunderland there. He seemed determined to be agreeable, but I have never been impressed with the

* Son of Charles Augustus Wheaton's sister, Julia Wheaton Cuyler. His father, Richard Cuyler, was a brother of the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. On Feb. 16, 1851, the diarist wrote to Charlotte Amelia Birdseye: "Glen Cuyler boards with us, and writes in the store."

depth or profundity of his mental resources, either by his conversation or preaching.

[*Sunday*] *Jan.* 16*th* 1853—This past week, I have heard twice from Cornelia. I have written her twice, giving her permission to take another quarter each in music & dancing. Also had a letter from Edward, & answered it, & sent two papers. He thinks very much of the city news. Charles is nearly sick but has gone to meeting to-night—I do hope he wont get more cold.

To-day I have taken time, to read Mrs Severances pamphlet, on Woman's Rights, which I received from her, some ten days since. I think it is ably written, tho' I dont perceive any new ideas. It seems to my crude vision, in the matter, that if women, instead of dwelling upon, and complaining so much, about their griefs and wrongs, would at once begin living up to a higher standard, that they would very soon, establish their claim to these denied rights, in a way that could not & would not be gainsayed. When women of a high position in society, can meet to discuss something besides dress & fashion, and the last party, their intellectual character will surely take a higher tone—Now a great proportion of our ladies, assume such a weak and languid delicacy, that it seems preposterous to look for strength of character, in that direction—they pride themselves one would think, upon this very helplessness, and take it for granted that a woman who relies upon her own energies, and is inclined to help herself in the battle of life, must of course be, rough uncouth, destitute of refinement, and

entirely unfit for polished society. Mrs. E. C. Stanton has given quite a interesting account of the social reunions, they have in the place of her residence where the tone of society, one may reasonably suppose has been influenced by the number of decided reformers, who make it their home—They meet early, at different houses, in the circle of friends, one is appointed to preside, another previously appointed to that duty, reads an essay, then the subject for discussion is introduced, varied with pleasant talk, and afterwards, generally a dance or two concludes the evening—No trouble beforehand, making cakes jellies, & Ice creams,—and every body is just as well pleased, as if eating had made the special order of the evening.

Sunday 23 *Jan.* A wet sloppy day, people all gone to church this forenoon, and I at home feeling miserably. Have had a remarkably quiet week for me. No company of any consequence, Till Friday [January 21] when as I was taking my morning nap, there was an arrival from Pompey. Mother, Frank & Emma. They proposed taking Henry back with them as Emma is to stay a few days. It was some time before he would consent to go, but at last gave up all his objections. They did not start till dusk, and I felt quite uneasy about him, as he is entirely unused to riding in the night. Poor boy! he will miss his mother I fancy. They say Lucie is happy & doing well. It seems, a long time since I saw her, but I know that it is best for her to stay where she is at present.

Sunday Jan. 30*th.* All the family went to church, this morning and left me to keep house. Soon after Brother

Victory came in; he had come out to church, & found Mr. May had gone to Albany, to attend the Jury trials. We heard last night of the conviction of Reed, the first one tried. Charles seems much disappointed, and feel[s] very badly indeed. It is a bad omen, for the others. Mr. Finney preaches in the Park Church to-day as Mr. Sunderland has gone, having accepted a call to Washington, D. C.

The weather is warmer, and thaws some.

Almost every paper, contains something about the success of Uncle Tom's Cabin, both in this, and foreign lands. To-day, I found in the Era, a criticism on it, from George Sand, the French female novelist. It is highly commendatory, and speaks in glowing terms, of its effects, upon the masses of the French people. She calls it, a wonderful story, and so in truth it is, if we take it, and judge of its merits, by the same standard, that St. Clair, judged of Aunt Dinah's cookery, "by its success"—In this respect it is indeed the book of the age.—

SUNDAY] *Feb. 6th.* It is a week to day, since I wrote in these pages, and I find it hard to make myself believe it. Did time ever roll away so swiftly, before. Every moment seems precious to me. The family are gone to meeting, excepting Emma, Clara, & Florence. I have been reading & trying to explain a few chapters, in the Bible to them, & now they are studying the commandments. I have really enjoyed reading some of Addison's old essays in the Spectator to-day. The style is so pure

& flowing, the sentiments so noble, and glowing with religious fervor, that I find my spirit greatly refreshed by it.

I have this last week heard both from Cornelia, & Edward. They are well, and seem doing well. Sometimes, I feel a longing, anxious desire to see them, which will hardly be satisfied.

Mr. Finney continues preaching here yet, some times in The Congregational, then in The Park, then in the First Church. Much of the time the audiences are large, and very attentive. There have been a number of conversions, and some among the professing christians seem to be much revived. I don't go out much, but occasionally I hear things from those engaged in the work, that seem exceedingly unwise and calculated to do harm. Thro' an excess of zeal, I suppose and a lack of judgment. Dear Good Mr. & Mrs B. often express themselves to this effect, that they never knew what Religion was before, altho' to their friends & acquaintances they have seemed honest & true hearted Christians. Now is it necessary, to disparage so entirely their former experience, in order to do justice to their present one? It seems not to me, but rather that it is calculated to make the world doubt the reality of all their professions. Why cannot Christians gain in knowledge & virtue, why cannot they grow in grace from day to day, & from year to year, and still look back upon former attainments, without seeming to despise the day of small things? For my own part, I feel the best satisfied with that quiet steady

progress, in Religion that is not subjected to these violent alternations of feeling. There is a strangely mixed up state of society here, which is very unfavorable to a consistent healthy growth, in Christian character. The world and the church are so mingled in their pursuits & pleasures, that the lines of distinction are almost obliterated. Fashion and gayety are the ruling spirits of the times and, the former notions that Christians are called upon to deny themselves, to take up the cross, & follow the Saviour, seems to be pretty much exploded. Whether the influence of these meetings, is to bring about a better state of things, I cannot tell. I am afraid of extremes, and have sometimes thought the effect of them worse than no sensation at all.

[*Sunday*] *Feb.* 13*th.* Busy all the week at sewing, when able, yet not feeling well at all. Helen spent Wednesday here. Henry does not return yet.

Sunday [February] 13. It is snowing finely to day, and there is a fine prospect of sleighing. Charles talks some of going to Dunkirk to morrow, to be absent, two or three days.

What a beautiful simplicity there is, in the style of Addison's writings. Some of his Religious Essays, in the Spectator, seem to me to be models of chaste elegance and ease. Last Sabbath I found the article on Faith, with which I was very much charmed. The instructions it gives, whereby the doubting and wavering may be strengthened, and encouraged, do truly, I think indicate a devout and spiritual state of heart, while at the same

time it is preeminently philosophical. It closed with that sublime ode which secured my warmest admiration many years ago.

The spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up, the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth—
While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth, from pole to pole.

What tho' in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball,
What tho' no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs, be found.
In Reason's ear, they all rejoice
And utter forth, a glorious voice
Forever singing, as they shine
"The hand that made us, is divine"—

I am glad that the appearance of Thackeray as a lecturer among us, is likely to have this good effect,—to induce a return among our literary people, to the old English

Classics, and of course a much more thorough acquaintance with the purer writings, of some of the early English Moralists. After a such a surfeit as we have had, of modern trash, and nonsense, it is really refreshing, to turn, to such writers, as Steele, Addison, Gray, Cowper, &c.

SUNDAY] *March. 6th.* Another Sabbath has come round and bro't me, almost the only interval of quiet that I know, in the course of the week. As my circumstances are such, that I am compelled for a long time, to absent myself from church, one would suppose, I might have large opportunities for improvement, but this is by no means the case. I believe my reflective powers, were never very thoroughly disciplined, for I find myself much of the time, in that state of dreamy mental indolence, in which it is much easier to receive impressions than to originate ideas, and so I take up, whatever comes to hand, and read without much discrimination, and certainly without much profit. To-day, most of my reading has been from the Independent, a most excellent religious paper, and containing a variety of general information. But this week, it is not as interesting as usual, and I have laid it down, without feeling very much edified.

The spring is coming, the sun shines down warmly, and occasionally I hear a note of a stray bird,—but here am I, a close prisoner, within the house, weary & spiritless, longing for some change, something that shall at



The Birdseye Homestead, Pompey



least refresh & amuse,—but my life for months, has been one dead level.— — But I will try to not to repine for I know I have many things to be thankful for, and I must let the memory of these, overcome those minor trials.

WEDNESDAY] *June.* 1*st.* Since the last record in these pages, I have passed thro' some changes, and trials and once again find myself able to wield the pen a little. We have had the addition of another little one, to our number, [March 17] a dear little boy, that we have already learned to love. We gave him his Father's whole name,* an honor, which so far he bears very meekly.

Our children Clara, Florence, Lucia, & Henry are absent from us, having gone to Pompey, to spend the hot months in the family of their Uncle Jarvis—It was quite a trial to my feelings to let them go, and when first talked of, I hardly thought I could consent,—but I gave it up, now am trying to persuade myself that it is all for the best. The house is still & lonely without them and of course my daily duties, & labours are much lighter. Last week, I went home with Father, and staid a few days, so as to have an opportunity to see the children. I found them well, and very happy to see me, & little Charley. They grow rapidly—in that fine bracing air, & temperate climate.

I thought, in looking out upon the old familiar land-

* Charles Augustus Wheaton,—afterwards a distinguished surgeon in St. Paul.

scape, from the windows of home, that P. had never looked more beautifully. This in my opinion, is the most delightful month of the whole year, both from the luxuriance of the vegetation, and the abundance of flowers, at this time. The gardens were full of floral beauties, and I of course admired & enjoyed them, but I can truly say, that no rare collection of flowers, however perfect, ever gave me the pleasure, that I receive from an extended landscape of hill & dale, forest & clearing—especially when as at this season, they are enriched by the glowing tints of early summer, and the lights and shades of the floating clouds. Such a view may be had in any direction from the Hill, embracing a great extent of country, most beautifully diversified. One day that I spent at home, it rained all day, but the next morning the rain had ceased, and a dense fog, enveloped every object. After the sun had been up two or three hours, its influence began to be felt, and the fog began here & there to lift a little. As we looked from the west window towards the hills in that direction, we would gain occasional glimpses of the scene, and then the thick veil would envelop the whole more closely than ever. But after a while, the intervals became longer. The fog slowly rolled up the swells of ground, and forgot to return,—and by ten o'clock in the forenoon, all that remained of it, was a long narrow line of silvery mist, that marked the course of the stream, through the West Hollow, and here and there, a light feathery spray, that told of some lonely brooklet, far away from the haunts of men. How I loved

every feature of this scene, and vividly did it recall many a childish hour spent in watching these same hills and vallies. Sometimes by moonlight, then again at sunset, which I think was the best time, as the clouds would be all glowing and fiery, with its departing rays, and gradually soften away, into the pale rose color of early twilight.—Then in the deep blue above, came forth that gem of beauty, the evening star,—and it used to seem to me in that quiet hour, that a holy, and purifying influence, would settle down upon me from that pale star above, an influence, that lifted my soul from earth and its petty cares to a better, and brighter world beyond. Then too in my youthful days, would my fancy take wing into futurity,—and many a castle in the air was builded, in these quiet hours, to be demolished of course in the all pervading light of day.

While home last week, I spent part of a day, with my old friend M. H.* and it was a pleasant yet sorrowful visit to me. Her life has been one of trial and vicissitude, and seems likely to continue so, as she is now suffering from a painful disease which the physicians have decided to be incurable. Yet she is patient and cheerful,—and I think exhibits a truly Christian spirit.—How inseparable we were, when children,—how devoted to each other,—and now we are separated for months together. I a mother of a large family, and she a sad and lonely invalid—I obtained a partial promise of a visit from her this coming fall, if her health permits.

* Mary Hascall.

M. showed me a couple of letter[s] she had received lately from our old companion E. P., now Mrs. La Due of Indiana. Poor woman, I fear from these letters that her mind is unsettled, and the old hereditary complaint of her family is upon her.—

How often I recall the old red farm house under the hill, where we used to visit her, and the kind attentions of her simple hearted old mother,—but they are all gone now—It used to be one of the greatest treats of my childish days, to be allowed to go there for a days visit, which sometimes lasted all night. They always had the best of apples and walnuts butternuts &c and the most delicious maple sugar—How pleasant it was to go down to the sugar bush, and see the great kettles, full of sap boiling and walloping in the shanty, till it was of the consistency of thin molasses, when it was drawn off, and carried up to the house to be sugared off—Then something was put in to clarify it, and boiled sometime longer, when it began to grain.—Then began our feast, and a merry time we had of it.

MONDAY] *July 4th*, 1853 Another anniversary of our National Independence has dawned upon us, bright & beautiful. All the town is awake at an early hour, and while the bells ring forth a merry peal, the cannons are firing, and every street is full of noise & glee. About 9. the procession begins to form, and passes near us, so that I can get a glimpse of it, attended by some very good music. The oration is pronounced by

D. S. Dickinson and is rather a small affair, by all accounts. In the afternoon several heavy, showers, rather dampened the zeal of the patriots, and scattered women & children in haste. In the evening a great display of fireworks said to be very fine. I saw nothing of them, and did not go out of the yard, all day long. Charlotte & Frank came down about noon, and left this morning, [Tuesday] July 5 at 5 o'clock, for Niagara by the way of Oswego.

[*Tuesday*] *July* 5. News was received here, by Telegraph, about noon, of a destructive fire in Oswego, & requesting the aid of our fire companies, Three of them, immediately went down.—Edward did not come home to tea, and I fear he has gone to Oswego. Indeed I have just heard as much, from Duncan Hillis.—

After Tea. Charles & I went over to Geddes, & made a pleasant call at Mr. Miners. It was the first time, I have been there, since their return from Rochester. They gave us quite a treat in the way of some fine raspberries both black & white with sugar & cream, the produce of their own garden, which looks very well.—The country looks beautifully now,—and it is delightful riding now. The boys are not quite done firing crackers yet,—which makes it rather dangerous riding thro' the streets. I tried the new buggy to night, but don't think much of it—it is so narrow. 10 o'clock. Edward has just returned in safety. The fire was nearly extinguished—

July 5. I have been reading for the second time, Margaret Smiths Journal, by Whittier. It is a little un-

pretending work, but so very true to life, that I find it difficult to persuade myself, that I am not reading a veritable history. The scene is laid in Boston & its vicinity, in the early days of the colonies, and makes some very interesting pictures of the peculiar manners of the times. The Quakers form quite an important element in the story, also some proceedings in the matter of witchcraft.

[*Wednesday*] *July 6th.* We have had a fine cool day, and all have enjoyed it much. Tho' Minnie is complaining considerably, caused I suppose by worms.—News have reached us, of a terrible fire, in Oswego, & our firemen were summoned to go to the rescue. Three companies went down.

Another children's concert comes off this week at the Wieting Hall, & Emma is all engaged about it.—

Thursday [*July*] *7th.* Went out to pay visits to day, in a carriage.

Friday July 8th. To day I have been occupied in getting Emma ready for the concert, in which she has the part of the Mignonette. I have made a wreath & bouquet for her. The wreath especially I thought very handsome. She looked sweetly, and acted her part very well. It was a beautiful entertainment, and the immense audience gave frequent demonstrations of their satisfaction. Frank & Charlotte got back from their western trip just as we were going to the concert.

Saturday July 9th Father came down from Pompey today. He is very lame with an attack of Rheumatism.

2 o'clock P.M. It has commenced raining very hard &

Father & Frank have decided not to go home this P.M. Sunday [July 10] P.M. Mr. Miner preached for us today.

Monday [*July* 11] *3 o'clock* P.M. Father & Frank left this afternoon, both miserable enough, F. having had a chill to-day. I fear his journey has been of but little benefit to him. Aunt H. does not return from the Hill yet. I wanted to go to Mrs. Van Rensslaers to night, but had no way to get there, and so must give it up. Edward must go back to Geneva to-morrow.—

Tuesday Evening July 10*th* [12] This P.M. I visited Clarissa at her new home on the Hill. Ellen & Minnie accompanied me, & Charles came to tea. Horace & Helen were there. Had a very pleasant visit. Thursday [July 14]. Had Harriet, and her husband's family here to tea, should have enjoyed it much, if only Charles had come home to tea, but he disappointed me, & did not come till ten o'clock. Friday [July 15] I was quite busy till late in the P.M., when Charlotte & I made some calls.

Saturday [*July* 16] Mrs. Welsh here, making a dress for Ellen.

Sunday July 17. Had the pleasure of hearing two excellent sermons, from Mr. Strieby, of Ohio, the minister whom Mr. Finney recommended so highly to us last winter. The general impression seems in his favour, and I think the Society will make an effort to procure his services. At six o'clock went to hear Mr. May make an appeal in behalf of a fugitive slave.—It was a thrilling story!—

Monday July 18. To-day at noon, Flora Wheaton came

here having been disappointed about getting on board the car to go west as she expected. She has decided to go on to-morrow—Ellen went this P.M. to Mr. Dawson's to pay a visit, which she promised them last week. Had a letter from Cornelia from which I am led to expect her to-morrow. We are all impatient to see her. Nothing done about the house yet, & no signs of the same.

½ past Eleven. After writing the above, I sat waiting for my Husband, when a ring at the door startled me, & on going to it I met Cornelia, face to face. I was much delighted, & soon her Father came, and we sat talking till near midnight. In the morning all the family were much surprised at seeing her, and met her with a hearty welcome. She seems very happy to get home, & we all rejoice to have her again among us—

[*Wednesday*] *July* 20*th*. This P.M. went out to Dr. Loomis' at Orville to pick currants. William our boy, & Emma went with me and we had a fine time. The fruit was very abundant, and they were very generous with it, and soon we had our baskets all filled. However, we staid to tea, and got home a little after eight. It is one of the most delightful families, I know of—

[*Thursday*, *July*] 21*st*. To day I have been making jelly, & preparing my currants, for drying—got pretty thoroughly fatigued. Friends came from Pompey & were here to dinner & tea. Charlotte returned home with them & Julia remained to go home with our folks, to-morrow.

Saturday [*July*] 22*nd* [23]. Victorys family & sister

Emma came into town to day. Had a busy & tiresome day. They did not leave till nearly night. After they left, I went in pursuit of Mrs. Welsh but did not find her. Poor woman, what a bane is an unworthy husband—

Mr. Strieby preached again during the Sabbath, and the general impression, seems highly favourable to securing him. In the evening he gave us a capital sermon, on the destinies of the African race in this country.

Tuesday [*July* 26]. I was out a great deal to day, shopping for Cornelia.—*Wednesday* [*July* 27]. A pleasant morning in our sitting room, sewing very quietly. Mrs. H—— came in and sat a couple of hours with us, and was very agreeable—This P.M. it was so cool & pleasant, that about 3 o'clock, I started out to make some calls. Did not find many at home, that I hoped to see, but got along very well, & had some pleasant calls.

I am trying to finish the life of Mary Ware, which I began at Father's some weeks since. I am so interrupted, that I almost feel that I shall need to read it a second time, to understand & appreciate her character. Just now I am studying over some passages in her letters, on the subject of the education of children. Her ideas seem very correct, & forcibly expressed.

Friday July 29th. Edward & Cornelia went up to day & took Flora, and have just returned (9 o'clock) all safe, but C. was much in fear of the laborers on the new Rail Road. The story is, that a man was stopped the other night, and an attempt made to detain him, but he frightened them off. I went this P.M. to No 5 School to witness

the closing exercises. There was quite a gathering of spectators, many of them relatives or friends of the pupils, I presume, & the affair passed off very creditably. I did not stay to the picnic which took place after school in one of the rooms.—

After Tea. Ellen & myself walked up to Mrs Dawson's to see Mrs Clark. I was well out of breath when I reached there. Found Caroline looking more like herself, than I once expected ever to see her. She also seems in very good spirits—She expresses herself, rather sadly, about not seeing any of her brothers, in so long a time.

I have got through with the life of Mrs. Ware to-day, but I feel as if I had not half read it. I have been obliged to read rapidly, & at intervals being often interrupted, so that I seem to myself to have just skimmed it over. I have however gained some new ideas, besides getting a view of a real Christian suffering & enduring all her life long, with constantly increasing Faith & trust, in her Heavenly Father.—Always suffering, always rejoicing —I am going to read the life of H. W. her Husband next, and then I think I shall get a clearer idea of Her character, than I now have. Had a sweet little note from Florence to night. C. says they are all well.

FRIDAY] *Aug. 5th.* Caroline & her children came down from Clarissa's to day, to make me a visit. Although not expecting her at this time I was very glad to see her. She is much improved since she was here before,

& looks quite like herself again. Edward & Ellen & Emma have been at Pompey since Tuesday [August 2]. They seem to have [been] very happy & returned last evening bringing Miss Schroeppel, with them. She has been spending a week at Fathers, and went on home to night. I have been trying to do a little dress making this week, and as the little ones were not well it was tedious work.

Sunday, Aug. 7th Went into the Park church with Caroline, to hear Dr. Lathrop of Auburn. He gave us a dissertation on Human depravity, which I hoped to become interested in, as it is a subject upon which I have had many doubts, but his reasoning did not enlighten or convince me. He took too many things for granted—and on the whole, was quite uninteresting.

Did not go out this P.M. After tea. We all went into the parlor and had quite a family concert. Miss Pratt, came in & after a while, George & Harriet— Caroline & her children went back to Kit's* to night.

About ten 'oclock, as I sat here scribbling in my diary, & Charles reading newspapers, when who should come in, but Mr. Jackson. I felt confused and just then he asked me if I was taking notes of the sermon. I was so abashed that I could not say a word. Then Charles went on with quite a speech about my writing, till I was really out of patience with him— It is the fact, that when I take up these pages, it is almost always in a hurry, and my mind in a confused state, so that what I put down

* Clarissa Dawson's.

here, is often mere trash, and if I ever get time to look it over, doubtless I shall feel very much ashamed of it.—

[*Monday*] *Aug 8th.* This A.M. was terribly startled by the cry that Eliza, my second girl, had taken poison, which I found on going to her, was too true, as she was vomiting at a tremendous rate, & in great distress. She at first refused to tell, what she had taken, but finally owned that it was the Bed bug poison, in the cupboard, which was Corrosive Sublimate. I think she could not have swallowed much, or kept it down, for a moment, but I at once began to give the white of an egg. The Doctor was here in ten minutes, & worked faithfully for several hours, but the vomiting kept up all day. She says that Ellen gave her a severe scolding for some improper conduct, and that either thro' anger, fear or spite, she ran & drank from the bottle. I never tho't she had much intellect and in this affair my former opinion is confirmed. I regret most deeply, that I did not dismiss her weeks ago, as I had thought of doing, but I delayed it, for one reason & another, till now. Of course, the story is all over town with many additions, and I am asked a great many questions — I am very much ashamed of it, and very sorry, but don't see how it could have been helped, only by my having more decision: knowing as I did, that she was not a suitable person to have in my family, I should have got rid of her at once, but I pitied her, because she was an orphan, & I knew it would be difficult for her to get a place, and so it went on, till now. The Dr. says there is little chance for her life.

Monday Night—She is still very sick. Her sister Mrs. Bridges is with her. I telegraphed to Charles at Oneida, and he got here about 7 o'clock on a freight train, a good deal alarmed, not knowing what was the matter.

Tuesday AM. [*August* 9] She was very sick all night, and we had to call the Dr. about midnight. Better this morning.

Wednesday [*August* 10]. Another intensely hot day, much beyond the common. This P.M. at about 6 o'clock Eliza was moved to her sisters, & bore it very well.—They are poor, & it will come hard on them, but there was no other way.—I could not think it my duty to keep her.

Thursday & Friday, & Saturday [*August* 11, 12 & 13] all intensely hot. The girls all complaining and out of order, and as we are doing our own work, we feel it much Emma went to Dr. Loomis', at Orville on Thursday Morning and returned on Saturday. Says she had a delightful visit. Minnie & Charlie feel the great heat, very sensibly, and it is really much more of a charge to see to them this hot weather, than at any other time.

Saturday Evening Cornelia was projecting a ride after tea, when Charles came in, in a hurry & asked me to go to the Hollow with him, as he must go on business. I consented and we started, tho' it was seven o'clock. We found it quite pleasant riding, as there was a fine cool breeze from the south west. When we reached the Hollow, Charles' business took him to Mr. Skinner's, and

I unexpectedly had a pleasant call with Mrs. S. an old acquaintance. We reached home about 9. Another hot night.

Sunday Aug. 14. This morning was hot as ever, sky & earth fairly glowing. Gave the little ones, a good bathing, before breakfast, and enjoyed the same luxury myself. After breakfast took Charlie into the arbour, and got him to sleep, & put him into his little waggon. I sat there & read for some time, during two little showers, which I enjoyed much. About eleven I came in, & very soon it began to grow dark & threaten a storm and almost immediately, it was upon us. It rained very hard, with incessant thunder & lightning, and what a delightful change in the air, we now experience. This P.M. it is really delightful. Edward left town Tuesday night [August 9] for New York, and Friday A.M. [August 12] I got a letter from him, asking whether to come home & get into business, or go to Coll. or stay where he is, & get something to do. I wrote immediately, telling him how much his Father needs him, and advising him to return next week. I am disgusted with the Geneva Coll. & feel unwilling to have him return there, but dont know what we shall do. I fear the morals of the students are bad, & then the professors, as near as I can learn, all drink wine habitually. I am still reading the Life of Henry Ware, when I can get time, which is very little. Mr. Held * also

* On Christmas Day, 1848, there came to Syracuse a refugee from the Revolution in Germany — Mr. Ernst Held. He was an accomplished musician, though he had never been a professional one. While looking

brought me the other day, "Home Life in Germany,["] which I must take hold of next. I have read lately the narrative of Solomon Northup, entitled "Twelve Years a Slave"— a most thrilling story and well authenticated. The papers now are full of an exploit performed by Commodore Ingraham, in rescuing from the Austrians at Constantinople, a Hungarian refugee, who had declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States. The matter looked very threatening at one time, but the Austrians tho't it best to give him up, and there the matter rests. How much easier it is to bring the National dignity & power, to bear upon that offender, who even threatens the safety of a white citizen of our country, than for a black man, to get even the slightest acknowledgment of his rights.— These contrasts force themselves on my attention very often and cause me to sigh over these great wrongs. Every where, we hear of injustice & oppression of the most aggravating kind, and people do seem to be somewhat roused & astonished. Indeed, I think Providence seems to bring up one circumstance after another, just fast enough, to keep the horrors of The Fugitive Law, continually before the public mind.— May it have its legitimate effect.—

about for some opening in business, he began teaching music (as he supposed) for a brief period; but his success was so marked that he became the leading teacher of the piano and organ in Syracuse and the central part of the state, and so continued for fifty years. Both Cornelia and Ellen Louisa Wheaton became his pupils and life-long devoted friends. The former used to call him "Robin Adair." He was much at the Wheaton house.

The sale of the Cong. Church property, took place yesterday. Dr. R. F. Stevens was the purchaser, for the sum of 8610 dollars. Charles went up this morning & brought home some of his books, of which he owns quite a store.

Monday Aug 15. Mary did not return till P.M.

Tuesday [*August* 16]. Our new waggon came home this A.M. & we have been trying it some. It is convenient and pleasant.

Wednesday, P.M. [*August* 17.] We started off on a visit to the friends in Marcellus, Ellen & Emma, & little Charlie, with William for driver. It was intensely hot at noon, & I almost gave it up, at one time. However, at about two we got under weigh, & considering the heat, we had a very pleasant ride— We reached Mr. Sandford's without any adventure, except going about a mile out of our way, as we were leaving Camillus, and as it was up a steep hill, it made something of an addition, to our ride. It is a very broken country from C. to M. and most of the way the road lies along the banks of the nine-mile creek, which is quite a picturesque stream. We spent this night, and part of Thursday, at Capt. Sandfords, and then went up to Mr. Lawrences. It came on to rain some, before we reached there, which was the forerunner of a decided change in the weather. We, that is, Ellen & I & the baby remained all night, & Emma went back with her Aunt Elvira. I enjoyed the visit much, and can truly say, that they all treated us, with the most genuine hospitality.—We bade them good bye to-day about two

o'clock, and after a short call at Mr. S.' we proceeded homeward. Reached here about six, and found Edward here, also Eunice, who came with Father today. He came in & spent a part of the evening, bringing the report that he made to the Legislature in 1840, introducing the bill to recover kidnapped persons, from the Slave States. I have not read it, as yet. It is very cold, & unpleasant to-night—and we feel the contrast very sensibly—I am still reading the Life of Henry Ware, and find myself much interested. Yet I don't find him the character that I expected. He is refined, intellectual, & benevolent, but it seems to me, wanting in force, & energy—I don't like him, as well as I do his wife, whose life I have lately read.

Saturday night [*August* 20], at about 1 o'clock, Sister Emma & B. W. Rouse returned from their trip to Conn. They roused George, & soon got quietly stowed away. Edward & Cornelia went out to Clay today, and visited at Mr. Schroeppel's, did not reach home till late.—

Sunday [*August* 21]. Did not go out to church, for I knew not where to go. Mrs. Gardner, came in, to see where we were going, and staid most of the day. Had quite a confidential talk with her. In the evening, went went [*sic*] with Cousin B. & Emma to St Pauls Church. Heard a very *pretty* sermon by a gentleman from Utica. Pretty good music—

Monday Aug. 22—It has been a bright clear day, but quite cool. After tea, we went to ride, about the camp grounds. Saw some of the companies just arrived from the

west, as they marched to the camp ground. The music sounded finely and made a handsome display. Then we made our way over the hills to Geddes, & when just across the canal bridge, our waggon refused to budge another inch. Owing to the expansion of the axle by becoming heated the wheel would not turn at all, so we got out to walk home. Soon however, a lady riding alone with a child, offered some of us a ride, & I was induced to accept, and got safely home. The others came along after awhile. Finished the life of H. Ware, which I have been a long time about — I don't think him so much of a man as I expected. Tho' he was a person of great purity of motive, and benevolence, yet his efforts, to do good, were desultory, and fitful. He seems to have lacked system, and energy, & I think never attained to the amount or degree of excellence, of which he was capable. — Of course, I know that ill health, prevented in a great measure, the systematic & energetic use of his powers, which he might otherwise have made, — but it is obvious that his health suffered in consequence of wrong habits of life. For instance he kept very late hours, and tho' it took him some time, to get interested in a subject, when he did so, he wrote on incessantly, till his task was ended. I think he was a more spiritual, experimental Christian, than is often found among Unitarians, — and his views of the sacredness of Revelation, were quite thorough.

10 o'clock. Have been at Cornelia's request, reading some passages from this Journal, to her & her Father, by which she seems much gratified. It is a pleasant & I

think a profitable exercise for me. I would like to have my children one & all, engage it.

Wednesday [*August* 24], proved a very rainy morning but about 2, it cleared up, so that we decided to take our intended ride to the camp grounds Called & took Helen, and had quite a pleasant time, tho' the road was rather muddy. After tea, I ran in to see how Mr. Smith was, and found him much more feeble, than when I saw him last. He has grown thin, & his voice is weak & low.—

Thursday [*August* 25]. The visitors began to throng in upon us, about 9, this A.M. & then we were glad, that Cornelia's project for having company, had been frustrated, for we surely could never have got ready for them.. There has been a stream pouring in all day, & tonight I am weary enough, mind & body—Mr. & Mrs. Sandford, & children, stay with us to-night. Had a pleasant call from Harriet Mann, & her Father.—Also Mrs. Bates came in for a few minutes, & invited us to visit her to-morrow P.M. I shall try hard to go, tho' it will be difficult. She seemed to wish to say, more than she had time for, about the dissolution of the church, & grieved much over the unhappy feeling, likely to grow out of it. I think if her Husband felt more as she does, it would be better for all parties. Delia called to tell me, that Eliza is failing, Ah me—Well the great review is over, & the day is well nigh gone, and may it be long before we have another like it.—There has been a great multitude of people in town to day, a great deal of money spent, but

probably the profit has mostly gone to the Hotel & eating houses. Charles not home yet. Oh, I do dislike, his living in this way. I see so little of him,—and I have to think quick, when I do see him, in order to say all that is necessary.

Saturday [*August* 27]. Eliza died yesterday, quite suddenly at last. Mrs. Bridges called to get assistance towards the funeral & other expenses. Charles lent her $20.

Saturday P.M. This afternoon we go to Pompey with the little ones, & nurse. It is a great task to get ready for the visit, as well to go, as to leave. But at three we are about ready to start, and after a few more last words we do start. The weather quite forbidding, but mild.—However tho' we are severely threatened we get no rain, and have quite a pleasant ride up to the old Hill, which we reach about 6 o'clock. Emma, who started in the stage, a little before us, not here yet. We only see, of the children, Clara & Florence to night.

Sunday A.M. [*August* 28] Before breakfast is over, Henry makes his appearance, bright & fresh as you please, & very glad to see us. Minnie claps her hands for joy, & exclaims "Oh,["] "Mama,["] "Henry come, Henry come" —Very soon, the others get here, all ready for church, and we all go with them, Also I see Brother Lucien. The congregation is much changed, within the last few years, and the largest proportion of them, are strangers to me. I go all day, and at night feel pretty tired. Lute & his wife come home to supper.—

Monday A.M. [*August* 29] Charles goes to Syracuse this

morning with Mr. O'Donegha — and leaves the horse & carriage with me. I hoped to have rode a good deal about my old haunts, but found it difficult to get a good driver, and so, am somewhat disappointed. Monday the friends were together at our house, Tuesday [August 30] I went and made a few calls, and to Dan'l Wheaton's* in the afternoon.

Wednesday A.M. [*August* 31] Father Mother, Sister Emma and I, ("baby, of course") went over to Brother Victory's and spent the day, The weather was charming and the country looked delightfully and I had a pleasant time. Mother went over the fields, trying to trace out some of her old haunts, — as this was her home, about 50 years ago, Her Father having lived here, some seven or eight years, on this very farm. A barn is standing, and in good repair, that was built at that time. — What changes have taken place in the land, in that time. Got home safely, about 8 o'clock — tried to see the comet, but without success. —

THURSDAY [*September* 1], I went to Jarvis' and spent the PM. when Father came after me, about sunset. We took the children, into the waggon & rode

* Son of Charles Augustus Wheaton's brother, Jarvis Wheaton. He was the grandfather of Corporal Homer J. Wheaton, of Worcester, who, while a member of the A. E. F., lost his life Feb. 27, 1918, by throwing himself on an ignited grenade, thus saving a party of his comrades. A public square in Worcester was named for him on Armistice Day, 1920.

The old Birdseye place in Pompey is now owned by Delia Wheaton Wheeler, a daughter of Daniel Wheaton.

over west,—it was a pleasant ride, & the little ones tho't so, too. Then home & to bed.

Friday [*September* 2] Up early, preparing for Home, parted with the children with some regrets, and left about ten. Got here, at half past twelve, found all well. Cornelia says she has had some company to entertain, in my absence, but succeeded very well, and so her Father says.

Saturday [*September* 3]. Pretty busy, trying to make up lost time. Aunt H. arrived in the Pompey stage on her way to Fayetteville. Clarissa invited us to her house to tea, to meet Caroline & other friends. Went early and met a pleasant circle. About teatime Edward Dawson came home, bringing with him, Homer's sons, Isaac, & Charles. We were all, glad to see them,—and brought them home with us. Caroline and family are at Horaces.

Sunday [*September* 4]—The children went to church with our guests, & Charles and I, to the Congregational where we heard a sermon, by J. R. J. This afternoon Charles bro't Theodore Clark from meeting with him and he, has been pouring out the streams of his wisdom, upon us, for some time. He seems to have rejected all preconceived notions of religion, and takes reason for his guide altogether. His views are entirely different from those held by any other person, I ever heard talk, and they seem consistent, but it is very difficult to talk with him,—or to draw out of him, what you wish to know,—

Monday [*September* 5], Charlie & Edward were off in good season for Pompey, with our horse & waggon, & in the P.M. Isaac, went with his Uncle C. to Oneida. All

returned safely in the evening. *Tuesday* A.M. [*September* 6] were all much surprised by the arrival of Brother Homer, just after the boys had gone to Marcellus. Soon after He & Charles started after them, in a waggon, & so they all met together there — In the evening I had them all at our house, and it made quite a family gathering. — The weather has been excessively [warm] for some days, but a heavy thunder storm to night has cooled the air very much. *Friday* A.M. [*September* 9] went up to Mr. Dawson's to attend the baptism of Clarissa's children and George Wheaton. It was quite a solemn scene. Afterwards I went to the Daguerrean Gallery to sit for my picture for Louisa* Also Charles & Ellen. I did not succeed very well, but Charles had a very fine picture, Friday noon Edward left for Geneva, — and Homer went to Pompey —

Saturday noon [*September* 10], Isaac, & Charles left in the cars for Buffalo, and we were sorry enough to have them leave. Their visit has been a delightful one. Harriet invited us over there to tea, and I went about 6 o'clock, found quite a family party.

Sunday [*September* 11] Brother H. preached at St. Pauls, and several of the family went to hear him but I went to the old Congregational Church to hear Mr. Strieby'[s] first sermon to the new church, organized, under the name of the Plymouth Church of Syracuse. They had a good congregation, but very poor music, I had many sad feelings, during the services. Indeed, I

* Mrs. Homer Wheaton.

never felt more unsettled than at present, but I do not think it at all likely that I shall ever unite with the new movement.

Monday Sept. 13 [12]. Father & Mother came this evening, bringing Julia, to shop some, preparatory to going to Brooklyn to spend the winter. They left here Tuesday P.M. Sept. 13. Father as well as usual, apparently. —

Sat. Sep. 17.*th* This A.M. about 9 o'clock, as I sat by the window, I saw a carriage drive to the door, and a man, alight therefrom, and hurry into the house. I went to the door, and met Mr. Hastings of Pompey. The troubled look in his eye, told me that dreadful news, was in store for me, and while I waited, breathlessly, he told me, O dreadful word, that my dear Father had died that morning! that when Mother woke, he was even then dead! — Oh! what a blow! I thought at first I could not have it so, it was too dreadful, it could not be true. But alas! it was too true, and we are left, a family without a head, to mourn the loss of one of the best of Fathers, the truest of friends — For nearly 50 years, he has lived in this county, and has filled a prominent place in its history, — and until the last evening of his life, continued to attend to business, with the same promptness and fidelity, as in his youthful days.

I could not get away, till Sunday A.M. [September 18] & then Lucien & Kate having arrived, we all went up. Poor Lucien, takes it very hard, and is more broken down, than I ever saw him, before. I dreaded to meet Mother and the children, but we all bore it better than

I expected.—They waited till we arrived, before closing the coffin, as they supposed I would wish to take a last look, but when they told me that he was somewhat changed, I decided not to see him.—I think my memory will retain his looks, more perfectly, and as he used to look in life, than if I had looked upon him, in his coffin.

Monday Sept. 19. To day at 1. o'clock, the funeral took place. A large concourse of people assembled, and many old friends and relatives some of the lawyers also from Syracuse. It was a fine day—and the house, the church was full. Mr. Hastings preached very well from this text, "So teach us to number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom." Mr. May made some remarks and an opening prayer.——Then a procession was formed, taking the remains in charge, & moved slowly to "the old Graveyard on the Hill." There by the side of his dear boys, whom he so much mourned "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." His toils & labours are over, his tedious & weary rides, and all the vexations & trials of life, are ended, and full of years and honors he is laid to rest.

Lucien remained a week at home to arrange matters, & get them in a train for future settlement. He tells me, that things are in a better state than he expected to find them, & he thinks there will be something comfortable left for each of the children, and also retain the homestead for Mother, & the younger children. I know Lucien is apt to be very sanguine, but I hope that it will prove to be as he hoped.—Time will tell. I left on Tuesday P.M.

[September 20] and reached home about tea time. They decided before I left to have Julia go home with Lucien, and commence attending school as she had previously expected—When I got home, I was surprised to see Edward here, He explained it by saying, that he came home to see [me and] to get his clothes, &c. His Father blamed him very much for coming—He went back the next morning [Wednesday, September 21].—

Monday Sept. 26 Lucien and his wife, Julia & little Nell, arrived this A.M. en-route for Brooklyn, I went to the cars to see them off—and then did a little shopping, I got a portfolio, and furnished it for a birthday present for Emma, with which she was well pleased—I also purchased the life of Isaac T. Hopper, and the poetical works of Scott. I also took an edition of Shakespeare to examine.

Tuesday [*September* 27]—I spent most of the day in sewing, except taking a short ride in the P.M., accompanied by Mrs. Hillis—

Wednesday evening [*September* 28], just returned from Meeting when Judge Kingsley stated, that a special despatch from Canandaigua had announced, that the Jury trials had been put over to another term, which he considered equivalent to putting them off altogether. If so there is great reason for rejoicing.

I have been a good deal exercised of late in church matters, and have felt a good deal tried on account of the attempt to disband the Con— Church. It has been the occasion of much ill-feeling, among brethren, and I

know not where it will stop. I have ventured to express myself rather plainly to night in the meeting on the subject of maintaining the old organization, and I dont know what effect it will have. The fact is, that I dont or cant see, any great good to be accomplished, by a few of us say ten or fifteen, banding to-gether, and struggling thro' thick & thin, for a precarious existence. And for what? Why, merely, as far as I can see, for the name of the old Congregational Church — For our principles are mainly embodied in the new organization, and probably many of us, would be admitted there. At any rate, one wants strong faith, to hold on under the auspices of Mother Brown & her husband.

SUNDAY *Oct.* 1*st* [2]. Yesterday [Saturday, October 1] the Jury Celebration was held and was said to [have been] very well attended. I did not go at all, but I learn, that Market Hall was so full, in the forenoon, that they tho't it best to adjourn to the vacant lot, near the Unitarian Church in the P.M. — They met again at the Hall in the evening.

Today. We had meeting at City Hall in the A.M. & Charles read a sermon. Rather dull & cheerless. It has been a dark & rainy day. It is I am sure, a very rainy season —

Finished the life of I. T. Hopper to night. It is indeed refreshing to hear of such a man, to know, that such a life is possible, in this sin-haunted & sorrowful world. He had a very fortunate physical organization, and his

mental, just matched it. Indeed the love of justice, truth, sincerity & purety, were, as it were inherent in his character, so that they seemed a matter of course, indeed as if he could not do otherwise if he would. His untiring efforts for fugitive slaves, were attended, with remarkable success,—as also his labors for convicts, & prisoners. He lived to an advanced age, and till nearly the last day of his life, retained his faculties in remarkable vigor. His life is a beautiful & useful lesson, Surely no one can read it, without being made better.—I think much to-night of the dear circle at home, in their loneliness. How sad they feel. Perhaps there is no time during the week, when dear Father will be so much missed, as on Sunday Evening, for then he liked to sit down with his family around him, & join in social converse, and in singing hymns. For though he did not sing himself, he delighted in social singing. And his conversation was always, so pleasant, so instructive that we loved dearly to gather round him & sit close at his feet. But it is all over, hard as it is to realize it, and we shall never hear those pleasant tones again. We are doomed to see the empty chair,—and to miss the familiar step, with which he entered the house. I cannot make it seem real, and I forget at times that it is not all a dream, a painful but fleeting vision—There are doubtless many advantages to be gathered from such an affliction,—"Sweet are the uses of adversity," and we must try to find them out, & profit by them. And one, is I think, to place this world and the next in their true light. When the solemn light of eternity opens upon

us, it makes the transitory objects of this life appear of little worth—and we wonder, how they could ever [have] seemed of such transcendant importance. And Heaven becomes a dearer & more familiar place to me, as it fills up with my dearest friends. Oh, that I might be enabled to keep a stricter watch over my thoughts & conduct, to regulate my life on the model of the blessed Saviour, So that at the last, I may be permitted to join that blessed circle in the skies—

I was busy in the kitchen on Friday [September 30], when a poor woman came in, and asked assistance. She was a very sorrowful looking being—and I thought she was really an object of pity. She said her husband was killed by the cars about three weeks since, and she, was left with four little children to provide for, and without means. They had but lately arrived in the country, and what little he had been able to earn, had been sent back [to] two children, that had been left behind. She had been trying to get some help from the Superintendent of the Road, but could not find him, and she was completely discouraged. I did what I could for her, but my heart ached for her. Not long since I heard a person pray very fervently for the forlorn & lonely emigrants, continually landing upon our shores, & I have not for a long time heard a petition to which my heart responded more earnestly.—Do we not err in not cultivating more cordiality and friendliness of feeling, towards these often sad & lonely wanderers?

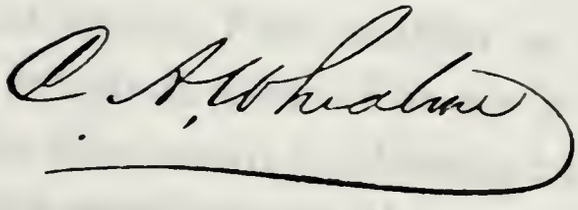
ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON TO FLORENCE WHEATON

Syracuse, Oct. 6-/53

My dear Florence

I thank you a thousand times for your pretty letter of this morning. It does me a great deal of good to get letters from you, and I hope you will write again soon. And so you are an Academy scholar, are you! Well I hope you will do yourself credit in that situation. I should like to have heard your composition about the Chinese. I know you have a good school at Pompey, and I should like to have you go there all winter if it is best, but I am afraid the weather would be too severe, for your lungs— I long to have you all home again and trust it will not be very long before I do— Our back yard is all filled up with rubbish lumber &c and they are digging a large cistern in the wood-house.— I dont see Kitty Dillaye very often, now she is so far away— Emma Jackson sometimes comes in, & inquires for you. I think Henry must be quite an important character, since he has learned to milk. Uncle Jarvis will need him, all winter I am afraid.— And he takes letters to the post office, too. Does he? Well he may be very useful to me when he comes home. And where is Lucia, all this time and what is she about? I want to know, if she is learning anything— Does she sew, or knit or read? You must tell me, in your next letter. Your Father goes to Oneida, almost every day— When he comes home to-night, I shall give him your letter and Clara's to read. I will try to come and see







you before long. Shall you be glad to have me come? The children all send much love to you all. Tell Henry, his puppy got pretty badly hurt, but I hope he is getting better. And now Florence I must stop for I am wanted. Be a good child and write me a few lines, when you have time. Kiss Lucia and Henry for their dear Mother.

Your affectionate Mother,

ELLEN WHEATON

Sunday, [*October*] *9th*, AM. I went to Unitarian Meeting, in the morning, & heard Mr May, on love to God, exemplified by love to our brother. Very good & true.

All the week, had a dress maker, & of course was much occupied. I tried to sew with her, and worked very hard. She came again on Monday [October 10] & finished up. Monday eve [October 10], I went over to Harriets a little while with Cornelia & Charles came for us. Tuesday [October 11] after noon, I took my work & ran down to Helen's a little while, and finally staid to tea. Thursday Eve [October 13], I have spent the P.M. with Mrs. Gardiner and returned about 7 o'clock — It is always pleasant there. The weather is delightful to day. The sky is bright & clear. The air is quite soft & warm, & to-night the moon is shining brightly — Oh how charming such weather after the storm of last week. Our house gets on very slowly, and I feel very uneasy, but what can I do? I can't hurry the work men & there is a great deal to be done. It is quite time to have our children home, & I want to see them but there is no

place here for them. I got two pretty letters from Clara & Florence on Saturday by Charlotte, very affectionate & well expressed. They are now in the Academy, at Pompey, and seem to be very happy.

Saturday Eve. Oct. 15. A letter from President Hale arrived this morning, bringing sad news of Edward. That he has been suspended a second time, for training Freshmen. This time, for six weeks, and he is placed under the charge of a former tutor of the College who now resides at Niagara Falls. We don't hear, anything from him as yet—His Father feels very indignant and very much grieved at his course, but it is no more than I expected. —I am disappointed in Edward, exceedingly so, but there may be a turn in his case, for the better, ere long.

Sunday [*October* 16]. Went to the Unitarian Church this A.M. and heard a stranger, This evening, we had a little prayer meeting here, but a few came. Baby was uneasy, all the evening.

There was some conversation to-night after meeting about trying to hire a minister to preach to us, during the winter. There was some diversity of views, & not many seem in favor of Mr. Graves. Mr Scofield is spoken of, and they will probably try what can be done in that quarter. We are placed in very peculiar circumstances, and it is difficult to know what to do. We are but a handful, all told, but those few seem pretty well united on the great questions, which we regard as important. And some of them, are determined, to adhere to the old organization, & go ahead—It is strange to what

lengths, religious bigotry will go, and how mean & wicked men may be, & still think they are doing God service. Mr. Bates, & others connected with the new movement, seem to me, to be laboring under this deception. I do not see how they can be satisfied with themselves, but they appear to be supremely so.

Monday Oct 17 This forenoon, Sophronia,* & Delia came in very unexpectedly, D. & her husband, being on their way to N. Y. accompanied by Gerrit. S. proposed that I should return to the Hill with her, and I concluded to do so. We got started about ½ past three, and got to Pompey, about 7, having had, rather a tedious ride—I took a severe cold, on the way, from exposure to the evening air, I suppose, and I found myself quite hoarse, when I got there. Baby also labored under the same difficulty. They were surprised but glad to see me. —Charley was restless all night so that I had but little sleep. *Tuesday* [*October* 18], I went to see Mary Hascall, and sat two or three hours with her, and while there, I saw Elizabeth Burt. Afterwards, went to Jarvis' and took tea. The children, hang around me, all the time. *Wednesday* A.M. [*October* 19] After I got Charley dressed and made comfortable Emma and I, accompanied by Henry, went over to Brother Victorys for a call. It was a glorious day, for a ride. The atmosphere was clear & bright, and the woods were dressed in all the brilliancy of their Autumn hues, which seemed heightened by the purity of the air. In the eastern horizon, the distant hills

* Wife of Jarvis Wheaton.

were of a rich purple hue, and the variety of hill & dale meadow & stream, were very grateful to my vision. From my early childhood I have loved that view, east from Academy Hill, and I do not see that the lapse of years, diminishes its charm. We found B. A. quite sick and feeling full of trouble. Victory is well, but care worn, & the little ones seemed glad to see us. We returned about noon, & Emma dropped me at turn of the road, near the grave yard. I had a few moments to myself, in that sacred spot, and wished that I could stay still longer. When I reached home found William had come for me. Mother came home with me, and got here about dark. *Thursday* [*October* 20] I shopped some with Mother and on returning to dinner found Charles at the table with Gerrit Smith,* had a pleasant little interview with him, & then they left for Oneida.

Friday [*October* 21] Mrs. W. came here to make Mothers dress and I sewed with her all day. Towards night, Delia returned from N. Y. and came in, with Glen Cuyler, having left Mr. Senter in Albany.

Saturday A.M. [*October* 22] Lucien arrived to argue those cases before Judge Spencer, and took dinner here. About 11. o'clock, Horatio arrived, bringing Lucia and Henry,—so that we had quite a Family to dinner. They all left a little before night, and we had a quiet tea.—

* "A great-hearted man and a deep thinker on moral and religious subjects. . . . Shrewd in his investments, he had accumulated large wealth, which he devoted to the good of his kind." *History of the United States*, by James Ford Rhodes, New York (1910), v. 1, pp. 224, 225.

Sunday [*October* 23]. Went to Market Hall and heard Charles read a sermon, to quite a good congregation. Mrs. Gardiner came home to lunch. I have tried to read & write this P.M. in the noise and confusion of the children, but it is hard to command my thoughts—and keep the run of my subject.

Monday [*October*] 24*th* Lucien returned from Pompey, and took the cars for Brooklyn. Dismal snowy weather. —I have been busy sewing all the week. The seamstress for whom I have waited so long, having only come on Monday of this week, & I am trying to make up lost time. House gets along slowly. No satisfactory news from Edward—I feel careworn & weary.

Thursday P.M. [*October* 27] I attended the funeral of Theodore E. Clarke, whose remains were taken to Pompey for interment. That good old town, has sent forth many a valiant struggler in the great life Conflict, and they have acted their parts nobly, but when the strife was over, and the toil & struggle past, they turned their feet to the home of their childhood,—and found a quiet welcome to the graves of their kindred—Doubtless—by and by, I shall make the same journey—and find the same peaceful rest.—

I am glad to hear that my friend Mary H., is better. Last week when I saw her, she was a great sufferer. What is the matter with Cornelia to-day? She seems low-spirited, and occasionally I find her weeping—No news from John, yet, but I strongly hope the steamer just in, will bring us, something. I sent a package to the

Hill to-day for him to go by Horace Beach — Rec[d] a manual of the Plymouth Church, to-day from Mr. Abbott. We hear that Mr. Held is failing quite rapidly at Glen Haven, where he has been staying for some weeks past. Poor fellow! I, much fear that he will never teach any more. How sad, for him to waste away & die, in a land of strangers, — far from home & kindred far from that affectionate and loving mother, of whom, I have heard him speak so often. — —

Oliver W. Holmes, is lecturing in N.Y. on the English poets of the 19th century. I read this evening a sketch of his Lecture on Wordsworth. The newspaper critics are severe upon him, — but I do not agree with them. I think he estimates Wordsworth correctly, for he takes the same views of him as a poet, that forced themselves upon me, from my first perusal of his works.

Monday A.M. [*October* 31] Were surprised by a call from Mr. Held — He looks better than I expected, and says he thinks the crisis of his disease is past, and hoped for a steady improvement, now. Commences his lessons next week.

Monday P.M. I called at Mr. Holyokes studio, to see his pastille drawings of the Lansing family, I thought them very handsome, and would gladly, patronize him, if it were in my power — Afterwards I called at Helen's.

TUESDAY [*November* 1] Aunt Eunice called here on her return from New York, and spent the morning and dined with me. I quite enjoyed the interview.

We had much pleasant conversation about Dear Father, —and she related some little circumstances, attending her last interviews with him— How I love to talk & think about him!

Wednesday [*November* 2]. This morning Sister Charlotte and Sarah Beebee called upon us. C. is staying with Sarah, in expectation of her wedding I suppose. They were out shopping, and returned this P.M. Emma also came down this morning. She will stop several days. I went out with her this P.M. This evening was the prayer meeting here, rather a small affair.— *Thursday* [*November* 3] sewing all day, and thinking hard. I am a little encouraged about the house as there are more hands at work.— I was so tired and sleepy, that I fell asleep in the easy chair, just at dusk, which, I should like to have prolonged, for a while, if possible, but the children were too noisy— I did not sleep much last night, and was drowsy all day. Charles tells me, he wrote to Edward yesterday, and sent him a check for $10— I do hope to get a letter from him very soon.— Charles came in a few minutes since, & has been reading papers & letters till now. 11.o'clock,— I must leave off, and go to bed—

Friday Evening [*November* 4] Sister Emma went home to-day with, William, who has gone up to bring down a load of apples. It is a beautiful, clear night, and the young moon is more than usually lovely. Aunt H. came in the stage to help me quilt. I hope I shall succeed in getting something done, this time. Had a little conversation, with Mr Abbott, about church matters. He

expressed a wish, that affairs might take such a turn, that we might feel it right & best to join the Plymouth Church, & feel at home with them. And deprecated the idea that Mr. Bates, is the exponent of the views & feelings of that church or Society. I talked plainly but calmly, I believe with him, for some time — Oh these divisions are dreadful. I think it will take a great while to do away, with the evils that have been done, by this attempt to break up the church. — I wish I had a home, and a permanent one, somewhere. Almost eleven o'clock! & Charles not yet come. I must stop —

[*Saturday*] *Nov. 5th* 1853. Saturday night, once more. How delightfully quiet, seems the close of this day, after the toil and bustle of the week! I seem to drop off those cares, which on other evenings still cling heavily, and feel that there is a period of at least comparative rest before me. The children tired & drowsy as they were, sat around a while after tea, and I read a few little stories, which pleased them much — Then I put them nicely to bed, and bade them good night. Poor things! perhaps in future years, they will look back, upon these little scenes with fond regret, and sigh for the innocence of their childhood — Sister Emma told me when here the other day, that Lucien sent Mother a letter, received by the last steamer from Brother John, informing them, that his steam saw mill, which was just completed and in fine running order, was burnt to the ground, on the night of the 12th of Sept. He did not know how to account for it, as he was all thro' the building at 10

o'clock, without a light, and at 11. it was enveloped in flames, Most probably I think the work of an incendiary —He loses about $7,000, but means to rebuild, immediately—I am rejoiced that he has such energy, but I don't know [how] he can have. It is very discouraging, and sad news for us, for of course it delays for so much longer, his coming home. Probably about this time, he will get the sad news of Dear Fathers departure, from this weary world, and following so closely upon his other misfortunes, I think it will be very trying to him. "Patient in tribulation"—These are the words of the Apostle, in enumerating the Christian Graces—and how significant they are, truly! And again, he says, "We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation, worketh patience, & patience experience"—and experience hope, &c—Rich fruits are these from such an unsightly tree!—And surely when in the midst of tribulations, we find ourselves fretful, and complaining, and determined to make the worst of everything, we are far from obtaining those benefits, that God designed for us, in our affliction. And I think—in order to make the right use of sorrows—it is very necessary, to keep that unruly member, the tongue in good subjection, for when led on, by our grief, & desire for sympathy, we allow ourselves to talk incessantly, we are apt to magnify our trials, in order that the condolences of friends may be adequate to the occasion, & perhaps a little lurking vanity, may whisper, let them wonder, at my fortitude—

Sunday Eve. Nov. 13—Went this evening to hear

Mrs. Nichols — discourse on the Maine Law. There was a tolerably good audience, tho' the night was dark and rainy. She talks like a woman of sense and energy, and evidently realized the duties and disabilities of her position as a woman.

Ellen has been ailing for several days, and to-day has scarcely set up, at all. She coughs badly, and to-night has a high fever. I have been up, prescribing for her, but I much fear, that she is going to have a fit of sickness — I now see, that I have done wrong, in not being more energetic, in curing up her cold, before it had gone so far —

Clara and Florence reached home on Friday morning [November 11] and seemed rejoiced to see us all, once more. So that we have now, all our children together again except Edward — We got a letter from him Friday noon, explaining and excusing this last delinquency. It was a well written document, and I suspect has propitiated his Father, somewhat. Oh, how my heart, aches with anxiety for him. May God in his mercy watch over him, and keep him from harm & danger, — keep him from sin, and evil! Sunday was a very rainy, bad day, and I did not go out during the day, but in the evening heard Mrs. Nichols. —

Monday [*November* 14]. Henry has been asking me to write to Edward, and send his love to him. I told him I would, but as I did not do it quick enough, he got an old letter of his Father's, put it in an envelope, and sealed it with 3 or 4 wafers, and was going to the Post office with

it. I persuaded him to wait for me to write — But he told me to-day that "he thought I was a smart woman," — I had not got that letter written yet.

Wednesday, Nov. 16th. Ellen has been quite sick, since Sunday [November 13], and the Dr. has been in attendance since Monday Evening [November 14]. To night he says, she is really better, and I hope it will prove so, in the end. It has been a day of weariness and exhausting care to me.

10 ½ o'clock P.M. Charles has just reached home from Oneida, bringing a pocket full of letters & papers, among others, Grace Greenwood's little paper, — "The Little Pilgrim" I must stop & look it over. —

[*Friday, November*] *18th.* Mr. & Mrs Bates have been in this evening, with a view to talking over some personal matters between us. They seemed to think that we felt hardly toward them, and they wanted to explain — I was very frank towards them, and talked quite freely — but it will not probably avail any thing. Charles did not get home till they had gone, for which I was quite sorry.

Saturday [*November* 19], Ellen was quite sick all day with a high fever. I am quite unwell myself, and the cares of my position are quite burdensome. I went out to ride with the children for an hour or two, and felt the better for it.

I omitted to record in its place, that on Thursday last, [November] the 17th I and Cornelia went to hear Dr. Potter's lecture before the Franklin Institute. It was very good, for a highly conservative, anti-progressive

address, but seemed in parts, somewhat like a sermon. — His advice to young men upon forming habits of study, and intellectual culture generally, was well worth heeding. There was not a large audience.

Sunday Nov. 20th A letter was handed me from Edward this noon, and I have been answering it this P.M. Ellen is still pretty sick, and evidently has a settled fever upon her. She is very quiet, does not complain a great deal, nor suffer very much pain — I think her symptoms are not alarming.

It is said this P.M. that Old Mr. Bates is not expected to live many hours. His disease is pleurisy — Mrs. Gardner came in this morning, and finding Ellen so ill, and longing for ice cream, she started out, and went till she got it. Ellen was much gratified by her kindness, and I trust it will not hurt her. —

Sunday Evening, Nov. 20th. Again I take my pen, and for what? I fear I write, because I love it, rather, than because I have any thing to say. "The pen of a ready writer, whereunto, shall it be likened?["] Ask, men of different classes, and conditions, and each shall give you an answer, moulded and shaped in his own peculiar cast of thought. But the author saith, "it fixeth, expoundeth, disseminateth sentiment, chaining up a thought, clearing it of mystery, & sending it bright into the world." "To think rightly, is of knowledge, to speak fluently, is of nature, to read with profit, is of care, but to write aptly is of practice." To be accurate, write. To remember, write, to know thine own mind, write; And

a written prayer, is a prayer of faith, special, sure, & to be answered.

To husband thine ideas, & give them stability & substance write often for thy secret eye, so shalt thou grow wiser. The commonest mind is full of thoughts, some worthy of the rarest. And could it see them fairly writ, would wonder at its wealth. So for want of words of my own, on the foregoing page, I have jotted down those of Tupper, on writing, hoping to give myself a start, but alas! 't is no use. Here I am, high & dry, on a lee shore, withouta shot in the locker. — Heigho! what an apt nautical illustration. What could have suggested it? I know not, unless it be this deluge of rain which is falling upon us, to-night, — which surely might make one think of ships & boats, and all possible ways of navigating the deep. But at any rate, I am glad of the shower, for it will surely replenish the cistern! As Sam says, in "Uncle Tom," ["]Its an ill wind, dat blows nowhar."

"Thou hast not lost an hour, whereof there is a record" — says Tupper again, is this true? Certainly the converse of it, is so, Those hours are lost, of which thou hast no record. They have passed away, and left no trace, they are like the letters traced in the sand of the seashore, the next wave sweeps over them and they are gone. — —

Tuesday, Nov. 22. Ellen is not quite so well, to day as yesterday, — But is very quiet, and complains very little. I was up in her room at noon, when Clarissa and Kate came in, and little Flora, having walked from home. I

persuaded them to stay to dinner, & then go out, afterwards, to do their shopping. I went out with Kit, and saw to the children's bonnets. The P.M. passed rapidly, and I hurried home about 4 o'clock.—This evening, I have been tending baby, and putting the children to bed. It has been a beautiful day.

After Florence had been abed a while, she got up & came down, into the sitting room, saying she felt so badly she could not sleep, thinking about dying, &c She sat down, and lamented that she did not do right always, wished she was a woman, so that she would always think of reading the Bible and praying &c. So she took the Bible, & opened to Job, Chap. 1st, and read three Chapters, and very intelligently, too, asking many very sensible questions, as she went along.

Thursday, Nov. 24th. This was Thanksgiving Day, but I found myself quite sick this morning, and unable to go out. I was imprudent in eating last evening, and of course, I must pay the penalty. I suffered severely all day, but was better as night came on—Aunt H. & Cornelia went to the 1st Pres. Church to hear Mr. Strieby, and spoke highly of the sermon. The children went to the Park, to hear the new Pastor, Mr. Hall—

Friday [*November* 25], A terribly cold day, but I had decided to clean my sitting & bed rooms and so we all went at it, in earnest, early this morning. Contrary to my expectations, we have got on very well, and are really much more comfortable than we were last night, at this time. Ellen continues pretty sick, tho' I hope a little

better. Edward Dawson, came in, and asked Cornelia to go to the Theatre to night, and she was delighted to go. As for me, I was quite determined to go to the Lecture of the Franklin Institute, and succeeded. Clara went with me—It was a profound and able Lecture, upon Eloquence, by Prof. Shedd, of Auburn—He said that Eloquence always flourishes best, in the atmosphere of Liberty, and that therefore the best displays of it in History, have occurred in Republics, or in Monarchies, when privilege has begun to assert itself against prerogative. He said it would be difficult to define it, accurately, but from the nature of the subject, all definitions must be approximate ones. He quoted definitions by different writers, but the one I liked the best, was by d'Alembert, who says, It is the power of impressing one's thoughts upon the hearer, with earnestness, and imparting his own enthusiasm. At least, I think this is the substance of his remark. He asserted Rhetoric to be an important constituent of Eloquence, but it is not all of it. It is the form, of which Eloquence is the soul. He said that America in other departments of Literature could not compete with the world. In poetry she had done nothing to compare with England, in philosophy with Germany, in science with France, but in Eloquence, she had outdone them all. In olden times in Greece & Rome, Rhetoric and Oratory, were very important parts of a finished Education, and he hoped that these branches would receive their due share of attention here. He eulogized the profession of the Author, with much energy of expres-

sion. He characterized the mere thinker, as a literary drone, and gave Gray as an instance of this kind — Intelligence unemployed, is like remorse unconfessed, it retreats within itself, and becomes morbid fastidious, exacting and unhappy. But the bright particular hour, in the life of the student; the hour for which all others were made, is the hour when he commits his thoughts to writing, when he becomes an Author, when having worked out in the depths of his own mind, new ideas, and new combinations of old ideas, he gives them free and natural expression. — It is the best mode of attaining force and vigour of intellect — The man who thinks and reasons to himself, keeps his thoughts eddying round and round ever recurring to first impressions, but he who gives his thoughts the expression of eloquence, is like the deep and powerful, tho' narrow stream, ever rushing strait on to the main. — In closing he recurred again to the fact that Eloquence has had its best developments in Republics, & instanced the times of our Revolution which, called out stirring and earnest appeals, that made a powerful and permanent impression. Then men felt what they said, and there was no time to waste, in bombast, and empty talk.

Saturday Nov. 26th This was a laborious and trying day, as I could not get my carpet down or my stove up, till nearly night. The children were cross & uneasy, baby nearly sick with the cold, and everything thro' the house was out of joint. However, we got into tolerable order, at a late hour, and felt better. *Sunday* A.M. [*Novem-*

ber 27] I went to the Cong. Church, to Old Mr. Bates' funeral. Mr. Strieby preached very well, to a house full. Mrs. Salisbury met me in the porch, and invited me into the gallery, and I went. She expressed herself very cordially, and kindly, towards us. This P.M. I have been with Ellen and the little ones, and busy enough, at that. — Have been engaged all the evening, in the care of the children, and Ellen, getting her ready for the night. She has eaten more than usual to-day, and it has not injured her, as I can perceive. I trust she is really mending — I have been reading H. W. Beecher's Thanksgiving Sermon this evening aloud to Aunt H. & Cornelia. It is really a noble production, full of grand thoughts and elevated ideas — If such sermons are preached even occasionally, and listened to, by attentive audiences, I think Popular Liberty will be developed and strengthened — And how clearly every idea is brought out, there is an exactness of as well as an, energy of expression, that impresses you, with his views, as powerfully as if you were part & parcel of himself. —

I have arrived at the last page of this volume, and must wind off these desultory and fragmentary scraps, and get ready to begin again — It is a year & nine months since I commenced this book, but there was a portion of the time last summer, that I did not make a record in its pages. I think it was about 4 months, from July, to Nov. — I do not profess to write profoundly, or learnedly, for I always, write in a hurry, and I have little time for reflection, & but as a record of pāssing events, and

impressions, it is invaluable to me. Since it was commenced too, I have [been] disciplined and tried, I have had sickness and health joy and sorrow. — Last winter, a little boy was added to our number, this fall, my beloved and Honored Father was cut down, as by a stroke — & so, in the pathway of Life, we encounter change and trial, and each step brings us nearer to our eternal home. May they all have their proper effect, by preparing me to live, also to fit me for the last great change. Amen! —

[*Wednesday*] *Nov. 30th*, 1853. — Having filled the pages of my old book, I was compelled to purchase a new, one — but have been too much occupied with domestic matters to make use of it untill to night. I went to hear Mr Giddings Lecture, on "the Exiles of Georgia" — (after fixing off Cornelia for the party at Dr. Clary's), but was so late that we, (Clara & I,) obtained [no] seats. Charles had been looking for me, some time, & finally had given up in despair of my coming, and taken a seat. But we made our way boldly thro' the crowd, and were fortunate in finding a seat on the platform. Mr. G. is not an easy or fluent speaker, having something of an impediment, in his speech, but he is earnest and effective, notwithstanding. The Lecture showed great research, and was full of interest, the large audience responding occasionally to his sentiments, by rounds of applause. — After Lecture, Charles called upon him, at the Temperance House, and staid about two hours. When he came home I asked him to go for Cornelia, and just after he went out, Horace

came to the door, with the news, that the furnace at Oneida, was burning. Of course it was a sudden shock to me, but I supposed of course, if afire, it must burn down. Charles went to see if Northrup [?] had gone down, and found he had not come home. Mr. Jackson went down on the next train, and Charles went to bed and slept till morning. Then N. & J. came in, and gave the particulars — by which it seemed that tho' badly injured, the furnace was not destroyed. C. went at noon, and took the Insurance agent along with him, and an appraisal took place, fixing the damages, $1,000, so probably the damage will soon be repaired. How thankful, I am, that it was no worse!

THURSDAY, *Dec. 1st.* One of those busy days, that do not seem long enough, for all the business with which the hours are crowded. In the P.M. I went to Judge Spencer's office to hear Mrs Welsh's case acted upon, in the matter of retaining her child in her own care, or giving it up to the custody of her husband. I staid till dark, and then it was not half through with.

Friday 2nd [*December*]. This A.M. early, we, that is E. Simmons and Aunt H. got on a quilt & Miss Beman, came to help us, and at night we had got it nearly off. This evening I went to Franklin Institute Lecture, to hear Rev. Bayard Hale of Brooklyn. He was quite unknown to fame, in this region, but I expected from his recommendations that he must be of a high order of talent, and perhaps he is, but I felt greatly disappointed. It was a series of rhapsodies, full of words and empty

sound, with occasionally some good hits, some pretty illustrations, and some cutting sarcasm — I did not think it very improving or interesting — Mr. & Mrs. W. and Sarah went with us. — Not a very large audience Ellen is improving.

Saturday Evening [*December* 3]. It has been a very gloomy drizzling day, snowing, but melting as it came down. I was obliged to go out on errands this morning and found it miserably muddy — However I got home without mishap, and found (E. F.) Mrs. Hammonds here. She spent the P.M. with us, and the evening too, Kit calling for her, about ten. She relates some amusing anecdotes of Southern life and manners, but does not love it much. She says the community where she lives, are what is called the Iron bound Baptists, and a hard set they are, I should think.

Sunday Dec. 4th. Rose pretty late this A.M. and was compelled to be rather industrious, to perform my duties, so as to get ready for meeting. Went as usual to Market Hall, and heard Charles read a sermon. Very few there, and the House dreadfully cold. Dismal business, going to Church, in this way.

P.M. [December 4] Went to hear Mr. Strieby, who preached well on the subject of Revivals — to a very good audience. Charles and Aunt H. went to the Religious Inquiry Meeting at Market Hall, and seemed to be much pleased with it. It has been a cold bracing day greatly preferable to yesterday. It is quite remarkable, that the children were all in bed before 8.

Monday, [*December*] 5*th*. Busy with my quilting, which progressed very nicely, tho' I find it very fatiguing to work at it so steadily.

Saturday [*December*] 10. Ellen went out to ride to-day, and enjoyed the soft mild air, and bright sunshine, greatly. I trust it will invigorate her somewhat, she is still very languid. The weather is, truly delightful, and remarkable for the season — This day, the Harpers were burnt out in S. D. [?]

Sunday, [*December*] 11*th*, went to hear Mr. Berry, at the D. R. Church, and liked him much. He was very solemn & devout, and there was more life and energy in his discourse than I have often heard in preachers of that denomination. In the P.M. I listened to the new minister in the first Pres. Church. He was very impressive & earnest, and I thought felt his subject deeply. — The audience were evidently much solemnized. In the evening the prayer meeting was resumed, but it was rather dull.

Monday [*December*] 12. Got on another quilt & with considerable application we got it off about ½ past five. Charlotte & Frank, came down to day, and C. stays with us a while.

Tuesday [*December* 13] Another quilt & the last one, on, & off. Had some friends in to help me but they came late.

Friday, — *Dec.* 9. Went to hear Geo. Sumner Esq. of Boston who gave us a fine Lecture upon France. His elocution is very fine, and his views of French character somewhat different from those I am accustomed to hear

advocated. He thinks France has gained something in every Revolution, and that there is much that is hopeful in the present state of affairs there. His account of the state of the country previous to the first Revolution, and the causes which led to it, were very fine, and also of the causes of the second one — I have not time now to say much now, of it but hope to, at some future time, for it was too good to be forgotten — — I should be glad *to* write down my impressions of a Lecture, soon after hearing it if possible, but it is not always so, and the freshness of my recollections, passes away.

[*Tuesday?*] *Dec.* 14 [13?]. Aunt H. left this P.M. in the Omnibus for Manlius, where she intends to stay a week or so. I would like to have kept her longer, but she was uneasy. She has assisted me very much since she came, and retains her youthful energy, more than people of her age often do.

Wednesday [*December*] 15 [14]. I got very much interested in "Shady Side" a book that Miss Palmer had lent Emma. After the children got away to school I took it up, and read very steadily till I finished it, about 4 o'clock. It is a most touching story, and withal has the merit, it is said, of being mostly true, and so much to the life, it is said that the Husband of the Authoress has been compelled to leave his parish on account of the personalities of the narrative. I do not wonder, they feel it, to have *such* a record go forth to the world, but I have seen in my own limited experience, the originals of these characters. Men who while hoarding up their

thousands, are habitually mean and niggardly towards their minister, and yet they profess the religion of Jesus Christ. What inconsistency, to consider the preaching of the Gospel, in the light of a charity, and dole out to the messenger of Salvation, a scanty pittance hardly sufficient to keep body & soul together, while its professors, are called neither to labor or self denial— If such *Christians* are saved at last, it must be "so as by fire"— Mrs Dawson called to see me a few minutes this evening in regard to a little matter, of business.—She had heard thro' E. H. that some influence had gone abroad derogatory to her credit and came to see if I knew any thing about it. Yes, I said I would tell her all about it, and then related the facts, recently come to my knowledge, of her false representations, to obtain goods on our account. She was astonished, and expressed some fears, for her ability to get along, with other debts. The Lady left town rather mysteriously that evening, and we have not as yet heard from her. She is desperately deceitful, & wicked, I am convinced, and I fear some dreadful thing will come to her—

Friday, December 16, After a late rising, had of course a busy morning, and about twelve went out to do errands. It was pleasant, but muddy. Afterwards, I rode out with Ellen, and returning called at Clarissa's. Had a pleasant call, & found it hard to get away. Ellen is quite weak, and feels every little exertion, as a fatigue. When I was out, I purchased some slippers for my Husband, and a pattern & worsted for a pair for Edward. I think

C. ought to have some good ones, & he shall, if I can accomplish it —— This evening, heard E. P. Whipple of Boston on Eccentric Characters. It was a singular discourse with many good ideas, many eccentric sayings, and on the whole quite interesting, but his ponderous elocution, (if I may use the expression) quite wearies me. He is not an easy speaker, and is more forcible than fluent.

Brother Victory came here last night, and left this A.M. for home.

Sabbath eve, Dec. 18. Dear Journal, how often I would like to sit down quietly and have a long talk with you, about matters & things which concern me most nearly — but how seldom do I have such an opportunity. Here, this Sabbath evening, which I do love to have to myself, at least a little part of it, I have been unable to get a single quiet moment, & shall not, I fear, unless I sit up, till all are in bed. I went to Market Hall in the A.M. and in the P.M. to the First Church, with Charlotte, and the children. It has been a terribly severe day, cold, and snowy, but this did not prevent our having a meeting here, this evening tho' very few were in attendance. They left at ½ past 8, and then I spent half an hour in trying to get the baby to sleep, of course in vain, and came out & sat down hoping to be able to write a little, but here are a circle of talkers and readers, all in full blast, and what can I do. I sit & wait till nearly 10. o'clock, and finally rebel, and when temper gets up a little, give them, a slight hint, which thanks to goodness, they take, and are off. By this time, my thoughts are scattered to the

winds of Heaven, and my brain is in a whirl. How often I repeat to myself those lines of Cowper:

> "*Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,*
> *Some boundless contiguity of shade!*"

Some quiet little nook, where when mind and body are weary, I could retire, for rest & meditation. Tupper says "Reflection is a flower of the mind, Revery is that flower gone to seed"—Now to reflect, it seems to me, the mind must be undisturbed—and so enabled to concentrate its powers, without distraction, upon the subject of thought. Then memory, perception, judgment, reason have [been] called into exercise, and are strengthened by use. But when the mind skims over the surface of things, without calling into use, its various faculties, and being often interrupted, is not in the habit of dwelling long upon any one topic, then I conceive that reflection becomes revery—and I know by sad experience, that it is exceedingly weakening to the powers of the Mind. I often find myself interested in matters which I hear discussed, and try to think them over, to analyze, to compare, and decide. Just then comes a call for me to wait upon a child in some pressing need, or to lay out work for the seamstress, or to nurse the baby, or go into the parlor to see company—and Reflection is broken up, & dispelled for that time.—

In Aunt H's visit here, I frequently hear her allude to those sisters so long since dead, but thro' these long & weary years, whose memory, is still so fondly cher-

ished.* But one, the youngest, seems to have been a little nearer her heart than the other, for what reason I know not, (for they both died long before I was born;)—perhaps, she was prettier, or more amiable, or more winning, —at any rate, she was the youngest, and this may have made a difference in Aunt. H's feelings towards her. She died young, Only 21, just in the first bloom of womanhood. She was attractive, lovely and loving. As Aunt H. says, "very handsome," and then she recalls the by-gone compliments to her beauty, and worth, and sighs—Ah, me—How strangely this little story, and these sad allusions to it, fall upon my mind! This sweet girl, so loving, & beloved, so treasured by her own family circle, so important to their happiness, has lain many years in the grave, and most likely, it would be difficult, if not impossible to find the spot, where her ashes repose. But her form still lives and moves, in that sister's memory, —still she speaks, and smiles and loves.—She sees, in the magic mirror of the past, her soft brown hair, parted on that white forehead, that rose tinted cheek,—and the affectionate glance, and forgets that it is forty years

* Elizabeth and Sarah Beebee, aged twenty-three and twenty-one, died on Aug. 24 and Nov. 7, 1810, respectively, of a malignant fever contracted from nursing two British officers, overtaken by illness on their way from Canada to New York City. See BEEBEE FAMILY, Appendix C.

In a somewhat tardy letter of condolence to Electa Beebee, dated Apl. 1, 1811, her friend Richard Salmon, of Manlius, N. Y., raises the question as to whether it may not be "folly for a Young Man especially, to write a Letter to a Female," but concludes he may safely indulge in "a few reflections on Mortality, from the 5 & 6th verses of the 90th Psalm."

and more, since all this was reality. Ah, what a mixture of joys and sorrows, is this fleeting world of ours,— how like shadows, we pass over the plain and vanish from the sight—

Monday Dec. 21 [19]. This evening I took tea sociably with a small circle, at Doct Clary's. It was quite pleasant —Cornelia also went out, to a social dance, and enjoyed herself very much.—

[*December*] 22*nd* [20]. Miss Palmer's marriage came off at the Church this A.M. & all the school, besides many other friends were present. After the ceremony, they left for the East. I went out with Clara, doing errands, and getting Christmas presents, and came home very tired. Sister Eunice came while I was out, & bro't letters from Lute, & John. The first we have received from J. since he heard of Fathers death. He seems to feel it very deeply, and my heart aches for him in his loneliness. —How I wish I could comfort him— He thinks it will be impossible for him to return before next spring. Cornelia has just come from the Institute, also Charlotte, both, with company Sister E. says Mother is lonely, and low spirited this winter, which does not surprise me.

Wednesday Dec. 23 [21]. I was busy sewing all day. At night the children persuaded me to go to the hop, at Mr. Cobleigh's room. I staid till the close, tho' I was anxious to get away sooner. The room was cold, and I believe we all took cold.

Thursday, P.M. [*December* 22] I went out, with Charlotte, and made a few calls. It is fine frosty weather, &

I enjoy walking very much. This evening was spent with all the children around me, as busy as a hive of bees. Now they have gone to bed, and I seize the first quiet moment to write these few lines. Charlotte & Cornelia have gone to a candy pull, at Libby Wright's.

Friday [*December* 23], Cornelia was invited to Horace's to a party, and so I must help her get ready. I went down there a little while in the afternoon. In the evening I went with Charlotte, & Libby Wright to the Lecture by Prof. Hickok. Subject, "A Wise self-Reliance, ensures success"—I was much interested, and could not but regret that there were not more young men present, for it seemed specially adapted to that class. There was but a thin house, as the night was very inclement.

Saturday [*December* 24] Brother Lute, arrived, early this A.M. and took breakfast & dinner with us. Frank came about noon, to take him & C up. Eunice remains to have her teeth finished. They got away about 4 o'c. In the evening Charles' new slippers came home, and I had the pleasure of presenting them to him. They fit pretty well, and I think he was pleased, tho' he did not say much.

Sunday [*December* 25]. A very busy morning for me, as the girls had gone to Church, It being Christmas—I went in the A.M. with Ellen to the Park Church and in the P.M. to the Plymouth. This evening for a wonder, Charles is at home, and it is delightful. This is a memorable day, with me, being dear Father's birthday. He would, if he had lived, [have] been 71 years old to day—

This week between Christmas and New Year's is a very busy one for all the children are out of school, and the new Christmas dolls, &c give them plenty of business. I wish I could bear noise better than I can — Edward did not come according to our expectation, on Monday, & has written to say, that he wants to spend the vacation. Of course we do not want him to do so, — and shall write for him to come home immediately. Cornelia has been invited out several times, to parties lately, and on Monday Eve. we all went to hear Sontag. It was a very fine concert, and there was a very large & fashionable audience.

Thursday Evening [*December* 29]. I am very tired to-night, and cannot write much —— It is very fine frosty weather, but our house is very cold & inconvenient.

On Tuesday Evening, the 21st of Dec. [20], We rec^{d} a note from Homer, containing the news of Mrs. Smith's death.* She died on Friday, the 17th [16th].

I have commenced reading "Esoteric Anthropology," a book lent me by Mrs Gardiner. It is very profound, & I don't get time to read it, as I want to do, I am so often interrupted.

[*Friday*] *Dec* 30.*th*. Ellen completes her fourteenth year to-day. — Is it possible? Cornelia & E. have gone to Clarissa's to spend the day. — It has been quite cold & snowy. They came home at 6, having had a delightful day. Mr. Hammond came last night, bringing a friend with him, and to-day he went up to Pompey after his

* His mother-in-law.

wife. The girls give a curious description of him. This evening I went to hear Thomas Starr King Lecture before the Institute. Subject Socrates. A very fine Lecture, and a very full house.—At home again, must stop & take the baby—found out to night that Lucia has the chicken pox, and of course I have three others to have it. It is a dreary prospect.

1854

JANY. *1st.* 1853. [1854] *Sunday* A.M. This morning I went to hear Charles read a sermon in the Market Hall. It was cold & dull, and my heart was not in it. P.M. went to the 1st Pres. Church but as there was communion, there was no preaching. After tea, we had our usual family Bible Class, and the children engaged in it, with much appearance of interest. I hope it will be the means of imparting much valuable instruction to them in sacred things.

Monday, January 2nd. This is the day for making New Years Calls, and as Cornelia has never been used to this custom, I am obliged to stand by her to day. They began to come about 11 o'c, & kept it up till about dark. We had some 29 or thirty calls, some of them very pleasant ones. Lucien came down from P. with Frank & Eunice, and of course, it made us somewhat confused.

Tuesday January 3rd. The quiet and repose of to-day, was peculiarly grateful, after the bustle of yesterday. I have taken a severe cold, and feel quite out of sorts. We are expecting Edward, but he does not come. Cornelia went to the Institute, Musical and Charles & I to the Franklin, and had an introduction to the lecturer, at the close.

[Tuesday] Jany. 3rd. Wendell Phillips lectured before the Institute on the Lost Arts, to a full house. He began by saying, that perhaps he should be pardoned for saying that the distinguishing characteristic of the present

age, is "self conceit.["] We have come to think, that we know all, on every subject, that was ever known in any age, by anybody, under any circumstances. He denied that this is so, but rather, that in many arts, we are behind the men of hundreds & thousands of years ago. Even in the department of fiction, we have little or nothing that is original, but have borrowed from the old Arabic & Persian Roots. In the art of making glass, it is not probable, that artisans of the present time, do by any means, equal those of the past. We have good proof, that they made plate glass, rolled glass, cut & pressed glass, and colored glass of great beauty, and indelible in color. In cutting gems, their skill was wonderful, and they had also great power over the metals, and in working in steel they made the most perfect sabres and razors by methods unknown at present. They understood engineering, to a wonderful degree, as witness, the ruins of ancient pyramids, temples, and obelisks. They carved & worked in stone & metals, with a skill that shews them possessed of a power over the material almost unknown at the present day—and also that the ordinary sight must have been assisted by magnifying glasses. In the use of colors for stucco walls, as well as in cloth fabrics, they had a skill, beyond the moderns, and even knew something of the incipiency of printing. He even conceded to them a knowledge of steam, and of the art of making canals & Rail Roads.—They had huge gates in their canals by which huge ships could be raised from one level to another.—They understood ballancing making locks, and

even the watercase was thousands of years old — What then have we, that they had not? Nothing, he believed, but the Telegraph. But why, he asked had he been thus curiously picking these grains of knowledge from the rubbish of antiquity? Is there nothing to be learned from all this; Yes, we gain this great truth, that makes all the difference between them & us. It is, that we make better use of what we know, not that we know more than the ancients. They locked up their knowledge in the bosom of a corrupt & designing priesthood, or kept it exclusively for the benefit of a class, the aristocracy of the country, while the masses besotted and ignorant, were kept in subjection by its means. Now when any thing is discovered or invented, means are at once taken to make it serviceable to mankind at large, and all are sharers in the benefit. The Democracy of Christianity prevails, the great principle of human brotherhood and it is this, which will finally make our arts and our civilization permanent and enduring—

Wednesday, [*January*] 4.*th*. Edward arrived to day, and we are all glad to see him. He looks well.

Friday [*January* 6]. Did not go to hear Mr. Giles lecture this evening, as he was never a great favorite of mine, & I did not feel very well.

Saturday [*January* 7]. My cold is tedious, and exhausting. I am trying when I can get an opportunity to read, Mrs. G.s book, and also one presented us by Mr. May, on Regeneration. I am much interested in them, and I am a little surprised at the coincidence, that has thrown in

my way, two such books at the same time. In many things they support & sustain each other, and throw a great deal of light on my mind. If these views are correct, how narrow and illiberal, seem the circle in which our ordinary thoughts revolve. How I struggle and long to break the bonds, which tie me down, so that I may soar away upward into the spiritual realm, which now seems so near, and yet so remote. Oh, may my mind be guided and enlightened, my soul purified from earthly dross so that I may become in some worthy sense a recipient of this Divine and purifying Influence. —

Dr & Mrs Clary called & sat a little while this evening.

Sunday A.M. [*January* 8] We went to Market Hall and I took cold enough, I fear, to finish me up, for the winter. In the evening, I wrote to Louisa — *

Monday P.M. [*January* 9] Went to Horace's to tea.

Tuesday Eve. [*January* 10], Went to hear Mr Pierpont read his poem, entitled "The Golden Calf," very passable, and a very good audience.

Thurs. A.M. [*January* 12] Went out with Edward, to see about his new clothes. It was quite an arduous task to decide for one, who knows so much more than I do. Found Glen here when I got home — Did not go, with all the world, to Mr E. B. Judsons, where I had been invited this evening. Charlie is all broken out with chicken pox, & also Henry. They are pretty sick, and Charlie to-night will have a very restless night, I foresee —

* Mrs. Homer Wheaton.

Friday, P.M. [*January* 13] Slept little last night, as the baby was very feverish & uneasy, and I coughed, some. To-day, he is quite sick. Walked out, in the bright fresh air, and felt the better for it, this morning. To night it rains—

Saturday and Sunday [*January* 14 & 15]. Charlie continued very sick and of course my time was entirely taken up by him. *Monday* [*January* 16] He is better, and plays some. We have another thaw, and the masons have commenced plastering the house again.

Tuesday [*January* 17]. This is a fine bright day, and I thought it too good to be lost, so Cornelia Ellen and I went out, for a little walk. There were a few errands to be done, & then we went to the studios of Thayer, & Baumgras. In going in, we encountered Mr. Held, & he attended us to both places. Father's portrait is nearly done, and I think it is the best Thayer has taken of him yet. It is designed for the Court House, & has been ordered by the Bar.* I think I shall get him to paint one for us—

This evening, after tea, I ran into Mrs Wicks, a little while, found her with company, but remained till they left, and had a very pleasant call. She seemed in an uncommonly sentimental mood, and her conversation was very pleasant. Her brother John, is to be married to-morrow night, to Sarah Barnes.

* This portrait is still in the Syracuse Court House, but has suffered from lack of care. Julia Birdseye Kendall thinks the one owned by Francis William Kittredge, and reproduced in this volume, a perfect likeness.

I forgot to mention, in the proper place, that Edward returned to Geneva, on Saturday. He was not very well, but I attributed it to want of exercise, and indulgence in eating—

Today, *Wednesday*, [*January*] 18*th*, have been sewing on the little white merino hood for Charlie. It is going to be very pretty, but I suspect embroidering, does not agree with my eyes. And I have not slept as much as nature requires for some time past, and I begin to feel it. —To-night Edward Dawson called, to get his housekeeper, as he called Ellen, to go up & stay while Clarissa is gone to Buffalo, for a few days. She went & Cornelia with her and were quite happy in the prospect. I am so happy when the children get away to bed, that I feel like prolonging the hour of quiet, to a great length.— It seems like a hive of bees, when they are all here. It is snowing some to day, & I hope we shall soon have sleighing—I think I cannot remember a winter, in which there has been so little snow at this period, as this. Perhaps it is coming by and by. I am anxious to get to Pompey, to make Mother & the friends there a visit but I cannot take Charlie up there in a waggon. Had a wedding card from Mr & Mrs C. E. Hale, Sarah E. Beebee, to-day, and hear that they have gone on west. I was expecting some thing of the kind about this time.———————

Thursday A.M. [*January* 19] This morning after mending & putting away a large basket full of clothes, I dressed and went out to make a few calls. Did not find

many at home. Got home to dinner, and just after it was over, Mother & Frank came.— They had dinner, and after a while, Mother & I went out, and did some errands and calls, it was very cold. In the evening we went to the Concert of the Musical Inst. There was a fine large audience, and we heard some very good music. I was sorry not to have Charles here to attend.

Today *Friday* [*January* 20] has been rainy, sloppy, and sleety a miserable day, but in the midst of the worst shower, Mother & Frank started for home. However it soon cleared up, and I trust they had a comfortable ride. Emma & Minnie went up to Cousin E. Dawson's to spend the P.M. with Nell, got home safely, about 6.

Cornelia and I went to Lecture to night, muddy and rainy as it was. The speaker was J. M. Woolworth, and gave us a very good Lecture. Subject, The man of books, and the man of business.— There were some good thoughts, & some eloquent passages. He took it in his way—to denounce Louis Napoleon pretty soundly, and I suppose it was well enough deserved, but I am rather tired of hearing that sort of talk. To be sure I don't respect the man, but I look upon him, as just fitted to fill just this peculiar niche in French History, and therefore has or ought at least to have the the credit of suitability. I do not believe the French people are at present, any more fit for freedom, than L. N. is to give it to them, but that each successive Revolution, fits them better for it, than the last.— As George Sumner, said, Each vibration of the political pendulum, goes to less ex-

tremes than did the last, and in the progress of events, it will finally reach the true perpendicular — The masses of the French nation, are ignorant & benighted morally & intellectually, and impulsive to the last degree, of course easily dazzled & led on by fair promises — It will take a long time and severe discipline, to fit them for the degree of liberty we enjoy —

Saturday Jan. 21. There was a severe change in the weather this morning, and by three o'c. the ground was frozen like a rock. The wind blew, violently, so that it was very unpleasant going out. I went up street a little ways but returned soon. Then went into Mrs. Hillis, a little while. Her brother is failing rapidly, and will not probably survive long. Charles came home to tea, and brought a great quantity of newspapers. Late in the evening, he commenced signing certificates & diplomas for the Board of Education. After 10 o'clock, he wrote his name some 160, times.

Sunday [*January*] 22.*nd.* This morning C went to the funeral services of Mrs. Hendricks, at her son's, Dr R. F. Stevens, at half past eight.

This forenoon, went to the Market Hall, & heard a sermon read. It is a cold place & cheerless worshipping there.

This P.M. I am trying to read & think, but the little ones are uneasy, & noisy. I read to them several stories, and kept them still for the time, but that soothing influence did not last. The last two numbers of the Independent, contain two beautiful articles from the pen of

H. B. Stowe, entitled, Shadows on the Hebrew Mountains. They are admirable as sermons for this Sabbath day—and I think I will read them over again.

Tuesday [*January* 24], I was going up to E. Dawson's after Ellen, to take her music lesson, when she appeared at the door, and I gave it up, as the wind was blowing tremendously. Soon after, Mrs. Gardner, came in, accompanied by Mrs Gleason, who has come to town to lecture to the Ladies on Physiology. They wanted me to [go] home with them to spend the P.M. and I made ready & went. Mrs G. drove us, in her little carriage, after her little pony. Had a pleasant afternoon, and find Mrs. Gleason, an intelligent & unassuming person. I came home, about 9. Very cold.

Wednesday, & Thursday [*January* 25 *&* 26], I was very busy all the mornings in order to get to the Lectures in the P.M. Cornelia went, all the days but Saturday. There has been a good attendance, & the Lectures were very instructive. She had some very good models of the human frame, to illustrate her subject.

Friday evening, Jan 27;*th.* Went to hear Prof. Main this evening, and was greatly interested. Subject, The True Notion of Liberty. He is a Scotchman and had just enough of a roll to his tongue to make it sound richly. His idea of true Liberty was in some sense original, and profound, and his reasoning was forcible & clear. His illustrations were very fine, and there were here & there, throughout the Lecture many rare & eloquent passages —There was a furious snowstorm during the evening,

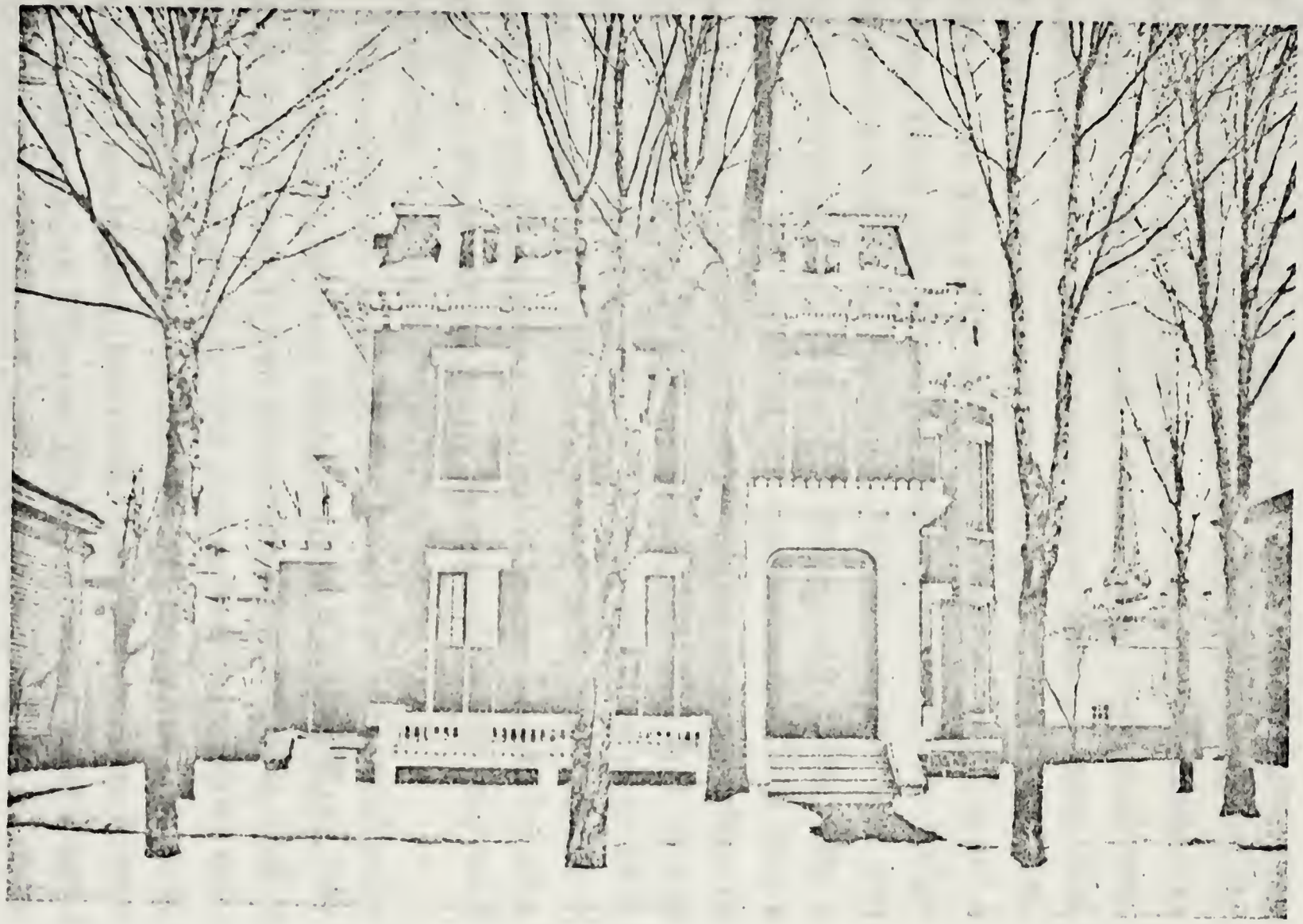
but it did not make sleighing as we had hoped. The weather continues intensely cold & dry.

Sunday A.M. [*January* 29] I went to the Unitarian Church to hear Antoinette L. Brown preach. She spoke very well from the text "He that ruleth his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city." In the P.M. went to the discussion meeting at Market Hall. The room was full to overflowing, and there was manifested, a very profound interest in the discussion. The question, was, Is Christ, God? Speakers are limited by the rules to 10 minutes, so that there is no chance for extended argument or debate. I don't know what it may result in, but it certainly encourages freedom of thought, and expression — There were all varieties of views expressed, from the staunch and rigid orthodox to the liberal Unitarian. —I have been thinking much on these subjects lately, and hope to have time ere long to say something more particular on the subject, in these pages —

Mrs. Gleason & Mrs Gardner, came in, and sat a little while before meeting in the evening —

Monday A.M. [*January* 30] Tried hard to do something at sewing, but did not make out much, there are so many interruptions.

Tuesday [*January* 31] much the same as Monday, only I took a little ride in the afternoon. Helped Cornelia to dress for the party at Mr Butters, in the evening. Maj. Horn called & spent most of the evening in a sociable way.



The Wheaton House, Syracuse



WEDNESDAY, *Feb.* 31 [*February* 1]—This A.M. just as I had my basket of clothes looked over, for the week, Helen, came in with her work, and staid till the middle of the P.M. She was as usual very social, & chatty, & agreeable. After she left, I took up my work, and went into Mrs. Pratt's. Not finding her at home, I next tried Mrs. Hillis. She was very much engaged, and then, Mrs. Wicks. She was at home and disengaged, and I spent a pleasant hour with her. This evening went to hear Judge Edmonds lecture on Spiritual Manifestations, and was much disappointed, there not being any thing that a person could get hold of, or understand. They was a good audience, but they looked blank enough when he got through. Mrs. Wicks proposes, that she & I, & our daughters shall meet once or twice a week, to read History together, and I have acceded to it, for I think it would be profitable to the girls if it can be carried out, but then, there are so many interruptions, to any such course that I almost despair.

[*Thursday*] *Feb.* 2–*nd.* Today I had a visit from Harriet & Mrs Elliott, & their children, and Clarissa Kate, Mr. D. & little Flora. It was pleasant and went off as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Charles went to Oneida,—I helped Cornelia get ready for the party, as far as I could, and then took Clara & Florence, & went to the Concert at *Wheaton* Hall—It was a repetition of the Cantata of Daniel, and was very good. It is snowing finely, and bids fair to be good sleighing by morning. Here comes Charles, all snow, and cold as you please,

but I am glad to see him home—in such good season—

Friday [*February*] *3rd.* Charles invited me to go with him to a meeting of Teachers at the Temperance house, to receive the Oswego Board of Education &c. In the forenoon, I had been to call upon Mrs. S. H. Mann, and did not feel like going out again, but I made an effort, got ready & at 3 o'clock went to Valentine's to meet him, and go over. I waited the best part of an hour went out & walked up the street some distance & back, but he did not make his appearance, so I gave it up, in despair, and went over to Mrs. Thomas' rooms. She was very glad to see me, & kept me to tea. I called in Mrs. Dickinson's room awhile, and saw Mrs Dr. Adams. At seven Mr. Thomas accompanied me to the Lecture at City Hall, and there were Charles & Cornelia to come home with me. We had a good Lecture from Bishop Potter, on "Geology as a Religious Teacher." Saturday [February 4], was one of those tiresome bustling days, I dislike so much. Mrs. Wicks wished us to come to her house, to read Mc.Auley [*sic*], this evening. We did so, and had a pleasant meeting. Got home about half past 9.

Sunday A.M. [*February* 5] Went to City Hall—about twenty there. P.M. went again, when the Hall was perfectly full. There was an interesting and animated discussion, on the Divinity of Christ, which was concluded, and another subject proposed for the next Sabbath. In the evening Charles, Cornelia and I went up to the Unitarian Church, to hear Mr. May on the two Natures of Christ. I liked the discourse very much.

Monday [*February* 6]. The children are quite unwell. Their colds are very severe, they cough hard,—and look most sick. I got a letter from home urging me to come up this week, but I dare not, particularly as Belle Hillis has the Scarlet Fever. Our children were playing with her, on Friday night, & she broke out on Saturday, so that I think they have been exposed.—I also got a letter from Edward to-night, saying that he is quite unwell, and wants to come home for a day or two at least, and I have written to him to do so—It is a shame that he has so miserable a room.—It is very cold weather to-night, and the gas burns dimly, so that it is difficult to see to write.

Tuesday [*February*] *7th*. The late hours of last night, have had a bad effect on my head, so that I have felt miserably all day. I laid down & took a nap, so that I was somewhat refreshed this P.M. The first thing we heard this morning was the death of Mrs. Hillis' brother in the night. He had declined very rapidly at the last, and I presume they feel relieved, that his sufferings have closed. I went in to night, and saw his remains. Poor fellow! he was dreadfully emaciated. His mother is calm and cheerful, and acts as a Christian should. I was much pleased with her. After I left there, I went up to Mrs. Dawson's in the sleigh, with the girls, just for a ride, as I had been shut up all day, and it has done me good, I think. Cornelia and Ellen, are spending the evening there with a little company. The little ones cough very hard to night, particularly Minnie, and I am about con-

firmed in the opinion, that they have the whooping cough. Clara too is quite feverish—

Charles is making a great effort to get away on a southern jaunt this week, but says he fears he can not go. I have feared he would have to give it up, but I do hope not. He needs a little relaxation very much. How much I do wish, he would not get so involved in these perplexing business cares, for he is a perfect slave, and has no rest night nor day—I can not help thinking, it all comes of enlarging his business so much.—He can not do any thing, on a small scale, but it must be magnificent! on the Napoleonic order, and of course such projects, require ample means to accomplish, and with the addition of such an expensive family to support and educate, it is no wonder, that he is haggard and worn out, and absent minded—Now, for two days he has had the headache, and here he comes to night, dull and dumpish, and weary, and unwilling to utter a word. Tell me Dear Journal, what course to take, with him, and how I may best influence him, to get out of this Slough of Despond—

Thursday P.M. [*February* 9] Charles did finally get off this A.M, and in a great hurry, so that I had hardly any chance to say a word with him. I hope to get a line from him, in a few days. He told me last night of a sale, that he was on the point of making, but had not finished up—It is a bargain of considerable importance, and if concluded in this shape will be a great relief to him. But he had not time to tell me, before he went, whether the matter was consummated or not.

Mrs. Hillis' brother was buried to-day. They are all very calm & cheerful. Emma & Horatio came down to-day, & she stays a few weeks. Horatio tells me that he thinks he has a cataract over his right eye. It makes me feel sadly to hear it, but he seems to have become accustomed to it—*

Friday, [*February*] 10*th*. It has been quite a wintry day, and has snowed more than any day before this winter. It is quite good sleighing to night. I went into Miss Wright's School to hear the children's pieces, this P.M. — — — It was snowing quite fast. To-night, Emma and I, went to hear Dr Vinton Lecture at Market Hall, Subject Commerce. It was a very fine Lecture, one of the best of the season, I think. Full of life and animation and information. Rode home from Lecture and left Mrs. Cook at her own door, and then went & looked up, some buckwheat. Cornelia is up at Kit's to-night, so I shall have to keep open doors, till she comes.

*Albert Franklin and Horatio Birdseye were blind (or practically so) for most of their adult life. A stranger in Pompey was impressed by the sight of two venerable men at the road-side, each holding a cow by a rope and engaged in earnest conversation. The subject of their discourse proved to be some detail connected with the Hapsburg succession.

The Birdseyes one and all were a family of readers. They were brought up on Hume, Gibbon, Josephus, Addison, Steele, Dryden, Scott, Byron, Moore, and Burns. Gathered in the sitting-room, with tin candlesticks, home-made tallow candles, and snuffer-trays, they read the works of these authors, together with innumerable novels such as William and Mary Howitt's *Hope On, Hope Ever* and Epes Sargent's *Temperance Tales*. They also read such books as Stillman's *Travels*, *Mungo Park in Africa*, and *Belzoni in Egypt*. They were forever sending one another magazines like the *Journal of Science* and Chambers' *Edinburgh Magazine*. The very night the diarist died she had been reading Livingstone's *Travels*.

Saturday [*February*] 11*th*. This A.M. Horace came in and brought me a letter from Charles, written the night he arrived in N. Y. — Had a favourable trip, and seemed in good spirits. I shall expect to hear from him, at Washington.

The children have coughed dreadfully to-day, and I feel quite dismayed at the prospect of their going on, in this way, for weeks yet. The noise and commotion it creates in the house, is really quite formidable.

To-night we have been at Mrs. Wicks reading together, in MacAuley [*sic*]. I am getting quite interested in the plan, and hope we shall be able to carry it on for some time.

Edward came home this P.M. and is quite hoarse. I am afraid he never will overcome this impediment of the voice.

Sunday [*February*] 12. This A.M. got a pretty good start, but it was very cold and dreary. George was up late, and of course, the fires were slow in warming up the house. Emma, & the girls went to Church in the morning, and I staid at home, to be sure that the babies, had each a nap. I worked hard at it, & succeeded. But poor Minnie, was soon waked by her cough. This P.M. I went to Market Hall, to the discussion. The Hall was soon filled by a very attentive audience, Mr. Lyman Stevens taking the chair. Subject, "What is the Holy Spirit." It was discussed with moderation and ability, and a general leaning towards the side of orthodoxy. — I never saw a large number of persons, more fully atten-

tive and respectful. A vote was taken for a subject for next meeting, but I did not hear it. Mrs. G. came home with me, and staid to tea.

This evening W. E. Abbott, & wife came in a little while, to make [an] appeal in behalf of a fugitive slave. — We have since had a feast of nuts and apples, and the children are at last gone off to bed. It is the first quiet half hour, I have had to day, and I should like to prolong it, for I feel like writing, but the gas is very scanty, and I can not see much. Edward is sitting here by me, and seems to feel pretty well. It is lonely enough without Charles, and I begin to feel anxious to see him home again. It seems pretty dangerous, for a radical abolitionist like him, to beard the lion in his den, and to go right into the face of slavery, but he felt confident, that it would be safe to do so.

It is a bright and beautiful moonlight night, such as in old times I used to think well suited for sleighing parties.

It was a very interesting sight to me this P.M. to see that large assembly of persons, met to discuss Religious Subjects with perfect freedom, and equality, — with such remarkable kindliness & good feeling. — It seemed like the beginning of a new era, in Religion, when creeds shall be discarded, and all people shall meet on the broad platform of brotherly love. For surely such meetings, must teach us, Charity when we heare [*sic*] the varied sentiments, and modes of expression, witness the apparent sincerity & earnestness of the speakers, we cannot

but feel, "these men are equally deserving with myself, & God will look upon us, as equally deserving.["] But it grows late, and I must stop. George has just been up, & replenished the coal bin, the children are asleep. The chairs are set back. The table at which I am writing stands in the centre of the room, and all looks quiet and dreamy — I hear the distant rush of a solitary train of cars, over the broken ground, then a shrill whistle and now the coffee mill begins its nightly song. Now it is done, and all is hushed, for the night —

Monday [*February*] 13. The ground is broken up, for another thaw, and soon the rain comes pouring down, and it comes down all day long, with very little cessation. I sat still all day, and sewed and tended the little ones, very steadily. Poor things, they require a good deal of attention at this time, particularly Charlie & Minnie. Henry, Lucia & Florence began school again to-day. Mrs. Welsh & Mary Gorman came in about 4 o'clock, to consult me about her contemplated sojourn in the west. She seemed in a good deal of trouble, and very undecided — I promised to write to Cleveland for her, immediately, — but there was so much going on in the evening, fixing Cornelia for the dance, &c. that I did nothing about it.

Tuesday [*February*] 14. St. Valentine's Day, and a most dismal one too. Raining, raining, all day and the air filled with a thick white fog, besides. I wrote the letter for Mrs. Welsh this A.M. and put it in the mail. After dinner went up street in the rain, and got pretty wet. This

evening since tea, after getting the young ones to bed, —and the house still, we commenced reading Frost's History of U. S. for the benefit of Ellen & Emma, and got on finely. It is a delightful book. Emma is nearly sick, with this dreadful cough & cold, or if it is not the Whooping Cough, it is bad enough to be it— Have not answered Charles' letter yet, but mean to soon.

Wednesday [*February* 15], another miserable day. Miss S. came to day to sew. This evening Emma and I went into the hop, a little while with the children.

Thursday [*February* 16]. A busy day, and the children are quite unwell, Charlie particularly. This P.M. we went down to Mr. Beebee's to make a call, but did not find them at home. *Friday*. A.M. [*February* 17] Charlie seemed a little better, this morning and we decided to go up to Mr. Ellis' to spend the day, tho my courage nearly failed more than once. It is really a great effort, to break away from all these ties. However we went, & Clara with us, and arrived safely, after a pretty cold ride. Mrs. E. was afraid of Hooping Cough, and so Clara and Bell, were shut up in the parlor all day, so as not to expose Lucy. Got home about 7, in the evening & found quite a hospital, Henry, Florence, Charlie & Minnie all complaining. I soon straitened out matters, comforted and soothed, them and in the morning were all better, tho' I think Florence is still unwell. *Saturday* [*February* 18] I thought it best for Edward to go back to Geneva, today. All the morning he had been packing, and finally at 1 o'c, he got away. I feel very anxious for him, he is so

susceptible of temptation,—and is I fear very easily led. God protect and preserve him. We were to go into Mr. Wicks to read this evening, but I could not get away from the children till it was too late. I am suffering considerably from toothache to-day. However I rested better than usual, to-night.

Sunday [*February*] 19—I went to hear Mr. May this morning, and I thought he preached an excellent practical sermon. The best I have ever heard from him. I do not think, if any one had heard it without knowing his peculiar religious belief, that they would have supposed him to be other, than perfectly orthodox. Indeed, it seems to me, that real, practical Christians, are always in sympathy with each other,— that the heart experience that they have breaks down all middle walls of partition, and thus when you hear such preaching, it is always orthodox, or in the right spirit. It is only the theorizers, who are strenuous about doctrines and dogmas, &c, and are ready to unchurch all who do not come up to their particular pattern, of belief. My thoughts and feelings for some time, have been assuming new shapes and I have been growing more and more dissatisfied with old forms of belief, till I have been almost frightened at myself. It seems so audacious to differ from the great lights of this and past ages, but I can stand it no longer. I must and will be free,— to think as well as act for myself. My early religious feelings and views were formed, mainly under the guidance and direction of those whom I had been taught to reverence, and of course, as it was

early in life, without much thought or investigation on my part. For years I have been dissatisfied and unhappy, for I felt that I acted as if I believed, what I did not assent to cordially. But it is not right to continue in this state of bondage, through fear of what the world will say, nor of what friends will say, or think. However, I do not think any one, would call me heretical, as far as doctrine[s] are regarded, it is more on practical matters, that I am out of the established paths.

This P.M. Cornelia & Ellen, and sister Emma went to the discussion meeting at Market Hall. After they went, Mr. Jackson called, and brought me a very acceptable letter from my husband, dated on Tuesday A.M. from Columbia S. C. His health has improved considerably since he wrote before. He was soon to start for Pendleton S. C.* and on the whole is making quite a tour of it. I hope it will do him good—

Have been reading the last Independent this afternoon. It is not as interesting as some numbers ago. I miss Mrs. Stowe's delightful meditations on the Hebrew Mountains—which I think are articles of rare value. Last night was one of wind and rain, but to-day it is clear and cold, and a little coat of snow, has cleaned up this dirty earth, very nicely for Sunday. How much pleasanter than the rain and mud, we have had lately. Charles Fleming came here and dined with us after Church. He is quite a pleasant young fellow——Cornelia went to Church with Mr H.† and Gertrude this evening, and has come

* In connection with the Blue Ridge Railroad. † Hillis.

in just now, in a very lively mood. I sat down to write but her fun, drives all the thoughts out of my head.

The papers are full of censures of the book lately published, by L. Robinson, called Hot Corn Stories—most of them having praised this same book in unmeasured terms before. Now it seems, that many praised it, without having looked into it, at all, and took on trust, its good qualities. Strange indeed, that persons in such responsible stations should, be so reckless, and it ought to shew us, how little, editorial reccommendations are good for.— Some acknowledge their mistake with candour & manliness, some try to justify themselves, by laying all blame on the author, and others again, seem to expect to revenge themselves for their mortification, on all concerned, by the fierceness of their denunciations, and the bitterness of their wrath. I have never read the book, or even looked into it, but the specimens of the stories, I have seen in the papers, have so thoroughly disgusted me, that I gave up the idea of purchasing it some time before the hue and cry was raised. A lucky escape!

C.['s] remarks upon Dr. A's sermon to-night, were quite sensible. She thought it could not require much of an effort, to write such discourses, for their range is so narrow, and the sentiments advanced so commonplace, that any one could get them up. Well I suppose it is part of the policy of the Church, to keep her ministers in this narrow beaten track of Intellectual and Spiritual labor, so that they can be more easily managed—I regard

them, as only moving lightly over the surface of things, —but never venturing to the depths of principles—or experiences—I know when I hear a good sermon, tho' I may not be able to describe it. There is Mr. S. a, man of lively and brilliant imagination, but not a reasoner—He gives a pleasing and animating discourse, full of beautiful and forcible illustrations, and if your reason is already convinced you are pleased and even delighted. But when it is necessary to bring out the depths of his subject by argument, he is wanting, in force and power. Mr. M. is a good practical preacher, because he knows whereof he affirms, and his life is an eloquent commentary on his doctrines, but as a reasoner, he is neither clear nor forcible. Mr. P. was a curious specimen of pulpit oratory, and by many thought to be a very remarkable speaker. Sometimes I heard him, when he spoke with power, for the first half hour. He would state his propositions, and elucidate them and fix the attention of his audience for a while—then he would elaborate, and amplify, and turn the thing over and over, again till mind and body were fairly wearied out. His power over me was gone long before he got through. Mr. R.* and his brother, the Prof were in their way good specimens of preachers, particularly the latter. He had as fine an imagination, as warm a heart, a richer experience, a more thorough culture of the intellect, with a sounder judgment —than the younger brother—I have heard as finished discourses from them both, as ever I heard in this city.

* Raymond.

Such as I shall not soon forget. In both, there is that easy flow of language, which is so appropriate to the grandeur and nobleness of their thoughts, and which, if it is a natural gift must have been greatly improved by culture. But of all the remarkable men of the time Rev. H. W. Beecher is the centre of attraction, the observed of all observers, at the present time. I consider myself fortunate in having heard him two or three times, besides having read a great deal from his pen. When in Brooklyn, a year and a half ago, I went to his Church a large and plain but neat building—capable I was told of seating three thousand persons.—On that occasion, it was filled in every corner and spot, with a most attentive audience When the first hymn was read, a first rate organ played a voluntary, and the tune to be sung, & then the whole audience rose as one person, and joined in the hymn. It was like the voice of many waters, clear, grand, sublime, and I turned to look around. I was thrilled with awe. They sung admirably, kept time and tune, & no harsh discords grated on the ear. All the music was of this character, but when that boyish looking man came forward, and bowed his head in prayer, I could scarce believe, it was that wonderful orator, so much talked of. He took a text which I have forgotten, but the subject was, "Spiritual Pride," and I never before or since, heard such a shewing up, of mens characters, as in that discourse. It seemed like holding the mirror up to every mans own secret consciousness, and startling him with a public description of his own inmost soul. It was

clear and distinct, in its arguments, but sharp as any two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, of the joints & marrow — There was throughout, no lack of interest for all seemed intent on the speaker, as he poured forth the flood of living eloquence, never pausing for a word or an idea. There was an electric fire, if I may so express it, going forth from speaker to hearers, that kept every one awake, in earnest sympathy, and attention — It was a sermon, I shall remember, as long as I remember anything —

Monday [*February*] 20*th*. The little ones are quite sick and require my constant care. I get very little opportunity to do any thing else.

Tuesday [*February* 21]. Accepted Mrs. Beebees invitation to tea, and after a little effort to get away from the children, got away about ½ past 3, had a quiet pleasant visit with her, and about dusk her husband and brother came in, and chatted very agreeably. Was obliged to leave early.

Wednesday [*February* 22]. A wet sloppy day, but milder & pleasant. I could do nothing but attend the children in the house, so I thought I might as well do it, in the carriage. Went and rode some time with them. Dwight Dawson has just died, with Typhoid fever, aged about 20. His parents are greatly to be pitied, in thus losing their all. They are very much afflicted. And poor Mrs. Larrabee, has lately buried her only one. How sad these things are.

Thurs [*February* 23], I sent up, for Clarissa and her friends, and had them all here to tea. In the evening they went to the Theatre, and we to the Concert.

Friday [*February* 24]. Minnie quite sick all day, and it was all I could do, with Maria all the time to help me, to get along with her. Nearly all the family are sick with these terrible colds. Mary & Clara, have not spoken loud for a week.

Saturday [*February* 25] ditto, to yesterday, only a great deal more so — No news from Charles.

Sunday [*February* 26*th*]. Got quietly to bed last night, & slept well, till towards morning, was dreaming finely when a knock, at the front door startled me and George at the same time, and we reached it nearly together, to find my Husband there. Having left N.Y. at 5. o'clock last evening and reached here at 6. o'c this A.M. He seems well and in good spirits, and we were all very glad to see him. It seems an age since he went away. He has many interesting stories to tell of his travel, and the strange folk he had seen. Has travelled about 3,000 miles, and met with no disaster or accident whatever. This P.M. Charles having slept some, and then got washed and cleaned up, we went to Market Hall meeting, pretty good attendance, but the house was cold, and the discussion rather dull. This evening, Mr. J. called a while, and since then, Charles has gone down to Horaces. It is now ten, and he does not come yet, but I must go to bed. Charlie calls loudly on me.

Monday [*February* 27] Mary was unwell, and I gave up Maria to help her, in the kitchen, and as Minnie was quite sick and Charlie pretty much in the same condition, I have had my hands full enough. It gave a good

opportunity, for the girls to rest themselves and they improved it very well. Minnie was in my arms the best part of the day, but when night came, she went to bed, and slept very well. Cornelia went to-night, to the last assembly of the season.

Tuesday [*February* 28]. Spent all the day, nursing the sick ones and trying to sew a little. Miss Simmons came to sew a half day, but made out nearly a whole one. In the evening the children got ready for the Hop, and were just starting off, when they beset me to go too. The little ones were abed and all was still, and I was persuaded, and got ready in a very short time, and was off. Staid till ½ past ten, and came home, and went to bed. Charles did not come till nearly twelve, having been at the Discussion till nearly ten, and then went to the Festival, of the Musical Institute. The Discussion creates great interest, but I could not go, and do not hear, much of the particulars. I never do like Mr. Lee much in discussion.

WEDNESDAY [*March* 1]. Mrs. Welsh came this A.M. to sew for Sister Emma. About noon Mother and Horatio came, after her, and brought me a quantity, of provisions, &c. They left about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Afterwards, Cornelia urged me so much to go out and take the air, that I consented, and walked over to see Harriet. Charles was home to tea, which seems very pleasant. Afterwards went to the Discussion. Minnie was very restless during the night.

Thursday [*March* 2]. Doctor R. came to day, to vaccinate the babies, and a time we had of it, to be sure. They were both frightened, and cried terribly. Minnie in particular is very cross, & troublesome.— C. & E. are gone up to Mr. Dawson's to-night to spend the evening. Some man has come in to see him, and is waiting in the parlor, for him. I hope he will come before it is very late. The carpenters are getting nearly thro' with their work, and the painters have begun, and it begins to look a little like completion. Charles just came in, and brought me a letter from Edward—

Friday and Saturday [*March* 3 & 4]. Minnie continues very sick, and troublesome. I can hardly get her out of my arms, all day long.

However, with much management, I succeeded in getting out to hear Bayard Taylor, at Wieting Hall, on Japan. It was very interesting tho' marred a little, by the gas going out suddenly. There was a very large audience.

Sunday [*March* 5]. I staid at home all day, to nurse the sick children, and a most wearisome day it has been, as I had little opportunity for reading, or thinking. I get so little sleep, that I am drowsy, all the time.

Monday [*March* 6]. The same old story over again, sick children, weary mother, impatient every way, and a feeling of discouragement, that is bad, enough to bear. It is well for me, and all my family, that such moods are not very lasting. I am at times, tempted to rebel against, what seems to be my destiny, and do something desperate. I have so little to encourage or cheer me, amid the

vexations of my lot,—and I sit and brood over them till I am almost distracted.

This P.M. however the skies seem to brighten a little, and tho' there are threatning clouds above us, yet, my hopes for the future are revived—Oh! shall I ever live to rear this great family of Strong willed Girls and Boys? And if not, what will be their fate? And even if we are spared, how difficult it is to train them rightly! I am overwhelmed sometimes with this consideration, particularly, as I am left so much alone, in my domestic discipline—Oh that I might be so much blessed, as to have a Husband at liberty to spend a little time with his Family, now & then, without thinking it irksome.

I have just read in "Harpers["] "The Long Voyage," which recalls very forcibly, some of my childhood's readings of the Old Voyagers. How I used to be absorbed in those stories, and my feelings of sympathy excited for the poor unfortunates. Truly "truth is stranger than Fiction," and some of those old narratives are as full of romance, and pathos, of spirit stirring adventure, as any work of fancy, ever concocted—

We have heard to-night, that our neighbors have been threatened, with similar troubles to Dr. Hoyt, and in a similar way, by an anonymous letter. What can it mean? Is there some Fiend who lives and gloats upon the miseries of his Fellow Beings? What adequate motives can there be, for the wanton destruction of property, and possible loss of life—May God in his mercy spare us, from any such scenes.

Have been comparing notes, and find that Minnie has coughed some five weeks, so that the crisis of her complaint must be near.—I hope the worst is over. Hope to begin cleaning the new part tomorrow. They have begun painting. The weather is beautiful, and really looks decidedly like Spring.

Wednesday, [*March*] 8*th*. I was as usual, engaged all day, and very weary when night came. Our new milch cow came, for which all of us were much delighted.—I was persuaded to go to the Lecture in the evening, with Charles and the girls, tho' it rained very hard. O. W. Holmes gave the closing Lecture of the course, and a spicy and funny affair it was, as every body expected. There was a house full, in spite of the storm.

Thursday [*March* 9], Mrs Welsh was here, helping Cornelia. Charlie very unwell.

Friday [*March* 10]. I wrote a letter to Sister Emma, which I sent by Brother Jarvis—Another dreary rainy day. Charles came home to tea, and told me that he had not been to Oneida, as I supposed and had had no dinner—Poor fellow, he looks worried and troubled, and I feel very anxious about him—He brought a letter from Edward which was written in so dutiful and manly a spirit, it quite comforted me. We have felt dissatisfied for some time with the Institution where he is, and have felt desirous to have him leave, but were doubtful, as to what was best.—But we have nearly concluded to take him out, and put him into some other business, for a while at least.

To-night, after the children went to bed, we read in our History, about an hour. —

Saturday [*March* 11]. Oh what a weary day. I was glad when it came to an end.

Sunday [*March* 12] went out, all day, in the P.M. to the funeral of Ellen Babbitt, whose death has occasioned quite a shock in the community. She was a lovely young girl, and a very great treasure to her parents. — There was a large attendance at the funeral, and the exercises were very affecting. In the evening, C. and the girls, started for the Temperance Meeting at Market Hall, but could not get in, on account of the crowd, so they came home, and were accompanied by Mr. Lyman Stevens, who came in and sat awhile. He is an interesting man, and possessed of a lovely Christian Spirit, and I like to hear him talk, tho' his views are very peculiar — When bedtime came I felt quite tired and unwell.

Monday [*March*] 13. This day, according to the record, I am 38. years old! Does it seem possible? Ah how life speeds away!

It is a fine bright day, tho' very muddy, the air is soft and balmy, and every thing looks spring like. So I thought it best, to take the little ones out to ride, and I think they were benefitted by it. Charles came home to tea with the headache, — and looked quite unwell. A poor lacemaker had brought her pillow and bobbins here, to shew us, how lace is made. We were all much interested in the process, and finally kept her till after tea. The manufacture is very slow, and I do not think she

will get very rich by it. Ellen & Emma, went over to the dance at Cobleighs—

[*Tuesday*] *March* 14. Just as I was getting up this morning, Brother Victory came, and made me a call, but could not stay to breakfast, as he was going out in the cars, at 8 o'c— He says, they have sold about 100, acres of the west Farm at home. I hope it will prove to be a good bargain —I have felt miserably all day, with this miserably nervous headache, which prostrates and unfits me, for every thing— However, towards night, I felt better. This evening, we, the older children and myself, read quite a long stretch in our American History. I hope they will soon be deeply interested in it — Here comes Charles from the cars, looking rather better than in the morning. I have been really distressed about him, for several days, he has been so much depressed, and worried, about business matters. — It affects me exceedingly to see him so, and it really requires a great effort on my part to be cheerful, at such times. I not only feel a depression of spirits, thro' sympathy, but a corresponding depression of physical energy, that quite incapacitates me for any exertion. I now see how much self-denial, and exertion are needed on my part, to keep up his spirits, by an assumed (if it cannot be real) cheerfulness. I do hope, I may be enabled to do right, in these trials, and be willing to bear others burdens, & in every way, to fulfil the law of love —

Wednesday, March 15. Having had news of Sister Julia's coming from Brooklyn to day, the girls were at the cars to meet her, and she got here, safely, and with-

out any trouble. She looks in fine health and spirits—I am much interested in her accounts of Lucien & Kate, and their children. She says she has passed a pleasant winter. I was out in the streets, a while this P.M. and found Mrs Welsh, here when I returned, finishing up Ellen's dress.—She was interrupted, by a fainting fit, which made her look like death, for a while, but she soon got better.

Thursday [*March* 16] The girls have enjoyed Julia's being here, very much, and have been walking, and calling, &c, with her. This evening Kate Marsh, came in to spend the evening, and Elizabeth Wright, also, G. Hillis, and late in the evening her Father. The last mentioned stayed quite late,—and we had a pleasant chat.

Friday [*March* 17]. The girls were out a good deal. It was St. Patricks Day, and there were processions and music, but the most important thing about it was the fact of its being the anniversary of Charlie's birthday—a memorable day it was to me. I did not feel well all day. Girls went in the evening to Mr. Wrights, and had a fine time, acting Charades, &c. Julia brought a letter with her from John, which after I had read she sent it to Pompey. Poor fellow. It was rather a sad and forlorn letter, at least I thought it was written in such a spirit—He feels dear Father's death, very much, I think.

Saturday, [*March*] 18*th*. Mary having taken herself off, on Thursday to Marcellus, I was compelled to go into the kitchen, and do the baking, a thing I like to do, very well. The worst of it is, that I must have so many little

torments right around me. They want dough, to make little pies & cakes, they want to help, which means hinder, and they fairly turn my head — There was a terrible wind and snow storm, with very severe cold weather. About 40°c. I went up street and got Henry a cap, gloves, tippet & shoes, with which he was much pleased.

Sunday [*March* 19] went to Unitarian Church, and took Henry with me. He was so much pleased, that he thought he should like to go again in the afternoon.

Monday A.M. [*March* 20] As Mary has not come, we cannot wash to day. Decided to have William go to Pompey with the girls. A pretty cold day, but we cant do any better. Cornelia goes up, to stay a week or so.

William got home about 7, all right, tho' he says, the roads are very rough. —

Tuesday [*March* 21]. I have had to get my wall-paper, &cet bordering for the paper hanger, to day. He has made a good beginning. Mary came home, this P.M. quite hoarse.

Wednesday, A.M. [*March* 22] Washing to day, it was a fine bright morning, but clouded over before noon, and a violent snow storm came on, which lasted all the afternoon and evening. A woman, dealing in China, and old clothes, came in about 9. this morning, and coaxed me to deal with her, and I could not get rid of her till I had made quite a trade. I grudged the time it took, as much as any thing. After she was gone, I dressed and went up street to see more, about wall paper. Got an opportunity, to sew a little, this, P.M. Charles and Edward, have just returned

from a meeting called to give an expression of their sympathy, in favour of the Milwaukee people, who are in trouble for rescuing a fugitive. They say it was a large and enthusiastic meeting, and some good speeches made, and resolutions passed. — I omitted to mention in the proper place, that Edward came home on Sat. night [March 18], having requested a dismissal from College. His Father thinks of putting him into his business, and trying to cultivate business habits — a little —

Thursday, [*March*] 23*rd*. Frank and Charlotte got here about noon, having come very comfortably. Charlotte has started for Brooklyn, where she will stay several weeks. After dinner I went out to shop a little with her, and got caught in the rain. Saw some very handsome new goods. The merchants are getting in large stocks of spring goods. We had considerable snow, during the afternoon and evening, and Friday A.M. [March 24] it looks more like winter, than at any time before this winter. Friday, has been one of my busiest days, yet not nearly so laborious, as some others. This evening have read some with the girls in our American History. Minnie is quite recovered, and appears very much like her former self, with a shade more of delicacy and softness, in her look and manner. Her Aunt Charlotte declares, she is perfectly fascinating. Mr. Held decides to give his concert next week, and wants Ellen to sing two songs. I hope she will be able to learn, them, but I fear she will not unless Cornelia comes home to help her.

Edward has just come from the Lecture of Copway the

Indian Chief, which he says was thinly, attended, and not particularly, interesting—Cars just in, and I must stop—

Saturday, [*March*] 25*th*. Mrs. Welsh is here, making Charlotte's dress, and I have put them in the new room to sew, to have less confusion, than if they were down here. That room is beautifully warmed by the stove register. I went out, before noon, with C. to find trimmings for her dress, and after going to almost every store in town, we found it [at] Mc.Carthy's—After dinner, I went out again with Ellen & Emma, to Leffits, to look at carpets, and selected some. We took in E. Dawson on our return, and when we reached the Park, I got out, and the girls went on with him, up to the Hill, and took tea. Then he came down with the horse, & brought Emma home. Ellen is going to stay all night. Charlie Flemming came in the evening, and we played whist awhile. He stayed all night.

Sunday A.M. [*March* 26] Snowing, snowing still. It looks more like winter than at any time this season. People begin to use sleighs a great deal. I went this A.M. with C. and Henry, to the Park Church, and heard Mr. Matlack. There was a small audience—He announced Mr. Lee, to preach at the first Church to night on the personality of the Devil. I have been trying to finish the book Mr. May lent me, called Bible News, but it is very difficult to read such a work with so many interruptions. I must nurse and tend Charlie, pet Minnie, and rock her, tell stories, to Henry, and govern him, occasionally, and manage to entertain the rest of the

young ones, in one way or another, till my head is all of a whirl.—I can not read and understand to my own satisfaction, any thing requiring much thought, tho' I like such reading much. I think the book in question is a strong argument, on the Character of Christ, as the Son of God, and it is an hypothesis that so well accords with reason as well as revelation, that I am surprised that it should have so many opponents. His view may be briefly stated, thus, "There is one God, the Father of all Independent and eternal, and the originator and upholder of all things. One Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour, the only begotten and well beloved Son of the Father.["]—The Spirit of God, he regards as the Influence of God, the fullness of God, which was imparted, without measure unto Christ, and which also was given to the Apostles, as Comforter, Teacher and Guide, in the early ages of the Church. This is, as near as I can condense it his view of the Being of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, a Doctrine which has been twisted about, into a perfect tissue of absurdities, and falsehoods. This evening we went to hear Mr Lee at the first Church. Tho' the night was so very stormy, there was a full house.

Monday, March, 27. It was so stormy, that I persuaded Charlotte to stay over till to-morrow. Cornelia got home from Pompey, about noon, very much chilled. She started on Saturday to come home, but the drifts were too formidable, and after getting about half a mile on the road she gave up, and went back. She thinks Pompey is a hard place to visit in the winter.

Tuesday, A.M. [*March* 28] Charlotte got off this morning in the cars, with a prospect of good weather.

Thursday [*March* 30] I had a letter from her, announcing her safe arrival at Kingsboro, Montgomery Co. where she was to spend a few days.

SATURDAY *April* 1*st* Maria, my nurse, took leave of absence for a few days, to visit her friends in Marcellus. She is a good faithful girl, and has richly earned a vacation. The little ones miss her very much. Charlie was very languid all the time she was gone.

Sunday Evening [*April* 2]. We went to hear Mr. May on, the Temptation of Christ, and of course involving the doctrine of the existence of a Devil. I liked some of his points, but on the whole was not satisfied — with his position.

Monday, *April* 3*rd* Went to the Anti-Slavery Meeting at the Congregational Church. It was pretty well attended, and was quite interesting. A society was formed, and measures taken towards establishing a reading room, &c.

Tuesday A.M. [*April* 4] Maria got home, and all the children were glad. We have had some delightful weather this week. Last week, having got the carpets down in the new chambers, we have been enabled to regulate some. Our new furniture, has most of it arrived and been set up. — We have got the gas fixtures up also, & the curtains, but it is a slow process. Bathing room is also in working order, for which I am very glad. —

[*Sunday*] *April 30th.* Since last writing in these pages, I have been much occupied, and when night came, have generally been too tired even to write a little. I have been regulating the new part of the house, sewing all I could, and last but not least, among the hard jobs, *weaning the baby*. In order to accomplish this, last Sat. [April 22] I went to Pompey, and staid four days, having Minnie, with me. The day we went up, was excessively rainy, and the roads very bad, and of course the ride was very fatiguing. And the day we came back, was not much better. Charlie, was very miserable while I was gone, and grew thin, even in that short time. Poor little fellow, I am exceedingly anxious about him, for I fear the summer will go hard with him. I found Sister Emma in miserable health, and left her, not much better. I am distressed about her. Sister Charlotte, arrived from Brooklyn, the night before I came home, looking very well. Mother came here on Saturday [April 29], in the stage, expecting to meet Brother Lucien, who expected to go west at this time, and could not go to Pompey. It is now Sunday P.M. and he has not come — So something must have happened, to detain him, I hope nothing serious —

We went this A.M. to Market Hall, to hear a sermon from Rev. Mr. Scofield, whom our people are so anxious to procure to preach to them. He preaches very well, but has an unpleasant voice and pronunciation — I imagine he thought it rather discouraging to preach to so small an audience. I am considerably at a loss, what to do, in Church matters, there are so many conflicting currents,

that beset us. It is a constant trial to me, to be so unsettled, and to have no prospect of being any otherwise. I should like to attend a Congregational Church somewhere, if I could make all things work right. — Our little meeting at the Hall, is a miserable little affair, and almost every time I go, I resolve I never will go again. But I can't seem to do better, and so I go. If the Plymouth Church would do right in this matter, there might be a union of all in one society, and it ought to be so, but I fear it will never be.

WEDNESDAY, *Noon* [*May* 3]. Brother Lucien came here & staid a few hours, and then went west by the cars, to Albion. There was a great freshet on the Hudson R. R. R. on Saturday & Sunday, so that he could not get on, as he expected.

Friday, P.M. [*May* 5] L. returned and spent the evening here, on his way back to Brooklyn. He looks very well. Mother went home on Wednesday evening [May 3] with Victory.

Monday 8th, May. This week I am doing much in the way of house cleaning, also sewing. My mind is burdened with cares & perplexities, for which I get no credit, no sympathy. — I wish I had a more self-reliant disposition, and then I shouldnt mind, the absence of sympathy. All this week, I have been fixing, fixing, and have really got a great deal accomplished. Mrs. W. the dress maker, and a plain sewer, here, besides the other things. Saturday A.M. [May 6] a letter was rec^{d} from

brother Homer, saying that they will probably arrive here, about the last of next week. Isaac returned from Europe, in the Atlantic, of the 15th, and is very miserable in health. He will accompany them if well enough. Mary Fleming died on the night of [May] the 13th, after a very severe and lingering illness. Her funeral took place on Tuesday, [May] the 16th — I did not go out. But the older children went. — The exercises were held in the Episcopal Church, sermon by Rev. Mr. Herrick.

Harriet is getting ready for housekeeping, in a house near us, on the corner of Montgomery & Fayette Streets. I am very glad to have her so near, and she seems to be very happy, to have a home of her own. Julia Birdseye has had a proposal from Mr. A. G. Salsbury to go in to his school as an assistant, and has accepted. I have decided to board her here, and let Clara go to Pompey in her place as her health seems to be rather failing, and I hope it will be a benefit to her. Frank has been here, most of the time for ten days, under the care of Dr. Stevens, for his eyes. He is seriously in danger of losing his sight entirely, from amaurosis. —

Saturday [*May*] 20*th*. Frank and Clara with William to drive, go up in our waggon this A.M. and Julia is to come back. Charles was quite opposed to the horse & waggon, going, and thought they had better go in the stage. When they came back, at night, it was with the news, that the waggon was badly broken, and William's knee badly sprained, by Horatio's trying to harness a young horse before the waggon, to take Charlotte to ride

—The horse became frightened and ran, going over one or two fences, and throwing William down, who was holding him at the time. I did feel very much vexed, when I heard of this, for I had persisted in letting the team go, against Charles' wish. And it is quite a common thing, to have accidents of the kind happen, when our team is up there. Besides the injury done to the waggon, which is considerable, William will be laid up, for a week or two, at a time when we need his services very much, indeed. But, we must make the best of it, if there is any best about it.

I went out a little while after tea, and called at Mr. White's, McThanklands' and Mr Teales' Mrs White is said to be very low, and in a very critical situation. I sat sometime at Mr Teal's and had quite a pleasant call.—

Sunday [*May*] 21*st.* Went to the Park Church this A.M. with Lucie & Henry. Mr Hall preached very well on the duty of regular attendance at Church, also of being good listeners, while there. He seems to be a man of devout and earnest spirit, and a very good preacher. This afternoon, I take up my journal, to write up, its neglected pages, and get familiarized in some faint degree to my pen. It is pleasant to write, often, but I lead a life of irregularity, and sometimes find it impossible to write for weeks together. I have now nearly finished cleaning house, and repairing, and much of my spring sewing is done, so that I begin to hope for a little respite from care & labour. Charlie is also improving a little, tho' slowly

— Within the last fortnight, vegetation has come forward very rapidly, and the country looks delightful. The weather is soft and balmy, the trees full of birds, that sing us their choicest music, and truly all nature rejoices —

Friday morning [*May* 26], as the children were out on the sidewalk, they found a stray child about two years old, wandering about, without a hat, and crying very hard. Of course, their sympathies were all awake and they set out to find an owner for it. But Minnie was the most affected by it. She mourned and sighed over it, all the forenoon, talking to herself, & saying, "'at poor 'ittle sing, hant got any Mamma, hant got any bonnet, poor 'itty sing," and she would talk till she would get to crying very hard about it. I was much interested as well as amused by her artless demonstrations on the occasion. However they soon found the mother, looking for it, and glad enough to find it.

SUNDAY] *June 4th.* A week ago, last Thursday [May 25], Brother Homer and wife, and their son Isaac, came here, and since that time, I have been much taken up with them. I have enjoyed their visit very much. Friday after they came [May 26], we were all much interested in viewing the great Eclipse. It was an interesting and solemn time to me. Saturday [May 27]. We spent the day at Horace's. Charles who was at N. Y. came home on this day, and took tea with us. Next day went twice to hear Homer preach. Monday P.M. [May

29] H. & wife, and myself & Henry went to Marcellus, to visit the Friends there, and had a delightful time. Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence gave us a very cordial reception, and the next morning he took us over to Skaneat[e]les, to call on some cousins of Louisa's. The country was in its glory, and the ride was enchanting. Came back to Mr. Sandfords to dinner, and home in the cars to tea. Mary, my kitchen girl, took the opportunity to go off, on Saturday to Marcellus, altho' I had previously told her, I could not spare her, but when I was at Horace's she went, but promised to come back, on Monday, but did not come till Tuesday night. Then there was to be a great washing done, on Wednesday, &c. I was so indignant at her, that if I had not had company, I should certainly have dismissed her at once. However by dint of hard work on my part, we got along.

Wednesday May [31]. Cornelia & her Aunt L. went to Mr. Brinckerhoff's at Chittenango, and spent the day. They came home loaded with flowers, and seemed much pleased with their excursion. Louisa had invited Ellen some days since to go to Niagara & Buffalo, with her, and this day, I was having a dress made for her. Have been much engaged in getting her ready — On Friday, [June 2], they left at noon and started off in excellent spirits. But Isaac is in miserable health, and I am much afraid will never be any better. Ellen has been very desirous to travel, and her wish was very pleasantly & unexpectedly granted. I hope she will enjoy it.

Friday P.M. [June 2] Cornelia went home with Kate

M. to finish learning the shoe business, and Sister Julia went home with Brother Frank to spend the Sabbath.

Saturday [June 3]. Our family has dwindled down to a very small table full, and the change from so much bustle to comparative quiet is really quite pleasant. The children had a little ride this P.M. and Charlie, came back with quite red cheeks. After tea, I took Harriet and we went to the Longstreet place, and then went to Clarissa's, and had a very pleasant call. The evening was soft and balmy, with a delightful moon.—

Sunday, June 4th. The date with which I commenced this article, went to the Park Church and heard Mr. Hall. I wish I had a home in some Church. I have heard so much of Clara's having an eruption on her face, that I went up to P. on Tuesday to see her, taking Edward, Florence & Lucia with me. I had a pleasant ride and visit, only that I was not well, and so got excessively fatigued. However, one night's rest quite restored me. I have been much engaged in sewing, but I can't get ahead any.

Sunday [*June*] 11*th*. Went to hear Mr. May, taking Henry & Lucia with me. Had a distressing headache all the afternoon and evening.

Monday [*June* 12]—Work! Work, all day, and all the next, and all the week, and yet I get no credit for doing any thing. Those, whom I am most interested to please & to satisfy, seem to think, I pass my time in idleness, and folly.—But if I know my own heart, I do strive to employ my time fully, and faithfully, and for the best interest of my family. I sometimes fear, that I do give

too much time to preparations for mere clothing and the outward, and that I am too anxious about mere personal appearance. But these claims press more importunately than the others and I cannot neglect them. I can depute some of my other duties and occupations to others better than these—and so I do—but I dont feel satisfied. Mrs Welsh, was here Friday and Saturday and Mrs MacManus, all the week but one day, and I worked like a slave, all the time.

Mrs. Morehouse from the East, was here on Wednesday and staid till Thursday, A.M. I dined with her that day at Harriets.

Sunday, *June*, 18. I have not been out all, to day, for I preferred to read and think. I found an article I liked very much "on The Art of being quiet." It commended itself to my reason and conscience, but how can I ever attain it? That's the question. I live in a bustle and hurry, continually, and am surrounded by influences calculated to excite and worry me, and I yield too much to all this. —But I must learn to conquer circumstances. This evening. We went up, and called on Mrs. Gardiner who is quite sick. We had a very pleasant call, and afterwards went into Edwards. Had a very fine dish of strawberries, and staid till after nine, then walked home.

Tuesday, *June* 20*th* Cornelia's birthday, and the day appointed for the Convention of Soldiers of the war of 1812. There was quite a military display and considerable enthusiasm.

Wednesday [*June* 21]. Aaron Burt carried Cornelia and

Kate Marsh to Courtland to make Julia Cuyler a weeks visit. They had intended to go in the stage but received this unexpected invitation, and of course accepted. Ellen went out, and returned with him, on Thursday, [June] 22. This evening Julia and I went to Mrs. Baldwin's party, but were greatly disappointed in not having Charles Company, he having forgotten all about it. It was a brilliant affair, and every one seemed pleased. Got home safely, about 1. o'c.

Friday [*June* 23] about noon Mother arrived, with Br. Frank. There was some rain, this P.M. and evening.

Saturday [*June* 24], a busy day as usual, as I am trying hard to get my sewing done, before the 4th. Mother left this afternoon. In the evening, I called on Mrs Burt, and Mrs. Wicks.

Sunday A.M. [*June* 25] Went to Market Hall, and heard a sermon read by Charles. There were about 25 persons present. After meeting there was some talk about the affairs of the Church, and some curious letters read.—

[*Tuesday*] *June* 27. Charles left this morning for N. Y. to be gone a few days. There is a good deal of Cholera in the City, and I feel very anxious about him, and shall till I see him safe at home. This P.M. the weather grew very warm, and it was almost intolerable. But I rode out a little while after tea, on the hills and felt much refreshed. Had a curious call at the door about tea this evening.

Tuesday [*June* 27]. Another very warm day & evening. After tea went shopping with Julia about a mantilla.

Wednesday [*June* 28], went up street a little while before dinner, and in my walk, came across Mrs Ellis, & Mrs Cook and invited them here to tea. They came with the children and spent the P.M. About 4 o'c. Cornelia & Kate arrived from Courtland, under the escort of a couple of gentlemen, who very politely offered to bring them out. A. B—— was on hand to see Cornelia before she fairly got her things off.* Poor little Charley is very miserable to day, and yesterday. — Emma went to Marcellus, yesterday with Aunt Morehouse. It was quite a sudden start, and I hope she will stay some days. Edward is out rather late to night. Oh! how I wish that boy had some good business.

Thursday, P.M. [*June* 29] Went out to make a few calls, and spent the time quite pleasantly. Returned by Clarissa's, and took tea. Had a real strawberry feast.

Friday A.M. [*June* 30] Charles got home about 4 o'c. this morning, in good health.

AT last [*Tuesday*] *the 4th of July* is here, and a tremendous hot day it is. I have decided to go to Onondaga to spend the day at Mr. Ellis. For a wonder, we had Charles' company, and took Florence Lucia & Minnie. It was delightful there, and the company was very agree-

* On April 13, 1917, Julia Birdseye Kendall wrote: "Aaron Burt was a very fine fellow and very delightful company, quite original. He was one of Cornelia's devoted admirers, but she never encouraged his suit and he died not long after her marriage. I always thought that his disappointment had something to do with his early death [from tuberculosis, in June, 1857]."

able. Mrs Cook had a friend with her, the lady of Dr. Cote, a French physician, a very intelligent and agreeable woman. Her conversation was a rich treat, and a rare one. She has been for the last year & a half engaged in translating from the French some valuable medical works. I looked over one, on the Diseases of Children, and was sorry I could not get a copy. Mrs Ellis seemed to forget for the moment, her own sorrows in listening and joining in the animated conversation. But there is a pall over all their enjoyments, that nothing but time can remove. After tea we took our seats on the grass, under the trees and Charles sang two or three songs, and then we started for home.

[*Wednesday*] *July 5th.* There was a decided change in the weather, last evening, and I resolved to take advantage of it to make some calls. However company came before dinner, and I could not go then, and company came after dinner, and we must get dinner for them, and so my time passed. However about 4 o'c. our friends (B. W. Rouse & wife, little child and Sister Emma[)], got off for Pompey, and then Cornelia and I started out, and executed in part my intentions. After tea I went again, and among others, called on Mrs. Hamilton White.* Glad to see her look like herself again.

Thursday [July 6] at work all day, and sat up very late

* Hamilton-White lived in a large "mansion" at the head of Fayette Park. His brother, Horace White, lived on the side of the Park opposite the Wheatons. They were bankers and prominent citizens. Horace White's son, Andrew D. White, became President of Cornell University and Ambassador to Germany.

at night in consequence of company, so that today, Friday [July 7], I feel very dull.

Helen called here, this P.M. with Emma Davis, her niece, who is here on a visit, and staid two or three hours. She seems a nice, pleasant girl. Calls in the evening from Mr A. M. Burt & lady, &c.

Saturday [*July* 8] was another very hot day, and tho' threatning all day to rain, we had not a drop. However from the rain in the vicinity, I suppose the air became much cooler, and the evening was delightful. After ten, Charles & I went to the Ice cream saloon, and called at Mr. Jacksons on our return. It was nearly twelve when we got to bed.

Sunday [*July*] 9.*th*.-Of course after our late hours last night, we were very late this A.M. and had barely time with industry to get ready for Church this A.M.—Minnie & Henry went with Charles to the Market Hall, and heard Miss Pelette preach. There was a little rain while we were in Church this morning, and this P.M. it is delightfully cool and pleasant. Have been reading to the little ones, and trying to interest them in some simple stories. But they are pretty uneasy. Read Emerson's Essay on Compensation, which is very suggestive, and very profound. It is strange to me, that I have so strong a liking for such reading, and yet it is often too deep for me. But if I cultivate a taste for such subjects, I think my powers of mind will be strengthened, and elevated. After I stopped reading tonight, I fell into a train of thought, which took me all the way back, to my

childhood, and early youth. I thought of myself, in my schooldays, as a person commencing life and fitting himself with furniture and utensils for housekeeping, but not knowing precisely what is wanting, he crowds his house with every thing indiscriminately with ironware & silver, coarse and fine great and little till in the confusion, he knows not what he has, or how to make use of any thing to advantage. I used to read a great deal, but good and bad indiscriminately. I never studied hard or thoroughly, but my mind was full of useless rubbish, which I could not reduce to order, for I was never taught to think or to reason. My perceptions were quick, and so I kept accumulating, but I should have been better off, to have known only half as much, and known it thoroughly, to have had my knowledge classified and arranged for use. But within the last few years, I have felt a longing to go to the bottom of things, to think and reason for myself, and this desire is at times very strong. —I love to read abstruse discussions of moral questions, and feel that I am fed and nourished thereby. But what will it all amount to? Here I am, over 38 years old, & just learning to think, and when I follow the reflections of these great masters of thought I do most painfully feel my insignificance. How grand seems to me, that power that delves into the great mines of thought, and brings out principles,—arranges facts, appropriately, and originates ideas—But when we learn this, that we know nothing, we can begin to learn in earnest, and there is certainly a great satisfaction in progress, against opposi-

tion, or to use a trite phrase, "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties"—

Monday [*July* 10]. I am much wearied to day, and so to-morrow, I'll have a seamstress to help me. Oh how unpleasant it is. I wish I could do all myself.

Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday [*July* 11, 12 & 13]. I have Miss Simmons here making clothes for Henry. Thursday P.M. [July 13] I go to Mrs G's and spend the afternoon.

Wednesday A.M. [*July* 12] Cornelia goes off, with a party to Chittenango, and does not get back till late at night. Oh! I am afraid there is a desperate flirtation going on, in that quarter.—

Well it was pleasant at Mrs. G's and I enjoyed it much. We sat in the Library most of the afternoon, and after tea, adjourned to the Bay window in the parlor. Mr & Mrs Benedict came in, and we had a very sociable chat.

Friday P.M. [*July* 14] Took F. & L. and went out to Dr Loomis, found the Dr. very feeble, but improving — They have gone thro' with a terrible siege of sickness, but thank Heaven, they are all alive. Bro't home a fine quantity of currants and cherries, and reached here safely, about 4 o'c.

Saturday [*July* 15]. Up in pretty good season, & at work at my currants. Had first rate luck, with the jelly, and made a large quantity, too.

Sunday A.M. [*July* 16] At home all day, for the rest to go to Church. It is hot, dry & dusty—and it seems an

age since we have had rain, but there are no signs of it in the sky.

Monday [*July* 17]. No rain, and intensely hot. Tuesday the same, and not much doing, in doors or out. Mrs H. and Gertrude go to the Springs to day and want us to go along, but we cannot. Cornelia had some company this evening.

Wednesday [*July* 19] It has been intensely hot to day but is a little more comfortable this evening. I was out on the sidewalk at twilight, taking a turn or two, to get a little air, when I met Charles coming home with Mr. Mather, the gentleman who is connected with him in the Southern Railroad. They came in, and we conversed awhile very pleasantly, and then had some music. However Cornelia had a call about that time, which took up her attention somewhat. I was sitting by the parlor window and saw a young gentleman, come up the steps, and I went to the door. He enquired for her, and while I went to call her, he took a seat on the piazza. He had come to bid good bye it seemed, before leaving for another clime, in which to recruit his health. I am distressed, at the turn things have taken for I fear there will be trouble ahead, but it seems a sort of fate, that things should be as they are.

Thursday [*July* 20]. The thermometer ranged from 94. to 102 to day, and of course we could just live—Homers folks arrived this afternoon, and went to Horace's. They are very much exhausted by the fatigues of their journey. Called on them this evening and sat awhile.

Friday [*July* 21]. Another exhausting day. After tea took a little ride, with Louisa Helen, and my little Charlie. Went to Mr Longtreets new place, and called at Clarissa's, a few moments, on our way home.

Saturday A.M. [*July* 22] About 3 o'clock this A.M. was awakened by thunder and lightning and rejoiced in a nice shower. However it did not continue long, and when the sun rose it seemed hotter than ever. But before noon, the sky was over cast, and about 1. we had a fine rain, which lasted till night. It was greatly needed, as we have had no rain, of consequence, for many weeks—

Sunday, A.M. [*July* 23] My girl Mary was sick and quite frightened, thinking she had the Cholera— but a few doses of medicine relieved her. I left her in Ellen's care and went to hear brother Homer preach, on the "Holy Catholic Church," a very handsome sermon, but of which I did not believe one word. Since then, I have been reading Emerson's Essay, on Self Reliance, & must say, that I find more food there, than in the dogmas of the true Church. My mind revolts at the idea that the Episcopal, or any other sect, should be the sole depository of saving truth, and all the world, who do not join its communion and subscribe to its doctrines must be utterly lost. For a large proportion of mankind never heard of these claims, and another class, who may have heard of them, have no affinity at all with them, but rather revolt at such arrogance, and self-sufficiency. I cannot think that the Author of our Being ever designed or wished, that all mankind should think alike,— else

why were we not constituted alike, so that they should view all objects physical as well as moral thro' the same medium? No! we have been created free agents, so that we may choose that way of life, and those occupations most congenial to our tastes, and also that our moral and spiritual natures, may enjoy freely the blessings vouchsafed to us, on every side— I see no authority, in nature or revelation, for a spiritual despotism, to override the will and conscience of men — to paralyze our moral natures, by fear, and, thus to perpetuate the most cruel bondage under the heaven, that of the mind and soul, — not in this way it seems to me, can man attain to any thing like the true end of his existence—for when was true greatness ever attained, by a mind shackled & bound down on every side! No there must be freedom of thought, and action, not licentiousness, and then the human mind will work its way upward & onward—to perfection— I can see in my own mind, some progress during the last few months, as I feel the shackles of dogmatism gradually loosening, and find myself working upward, gradually but I trust surely into a purer atmosphere. But I want that fearless "Self-Reliance,["] which will help me to trust my own powers, and having formed a conclusion deliberately and carefully, hold onto it, and not to fear, to declare if need be such conviction "in the face of all Israel and the sun"—

Monday [*July* 24]. Mary was too sick to wash, to day and it has been rather a trying day.

Tuesday A.M. [*July* 25] Charles expected to go to N.Y.

but was unexpectedly detained — I have tried hard to do something, but have not made out much —

Wednesday [*July* 26]. Charles got away this A.M. in company with Mr. Hillis — This afternoon went up street with the children, and had their teeth attended to —Was invited to Harriet's to tea, but did not go, till after tea.

Thursday, A.M. [*July* 27] Putting away, and mending clothes — Invited to Clarissa's to tea, and found a very pleasant company. It was rather late when I came home.

Friday [*July* 28]. Felt miserably all day, and did not go out till evening. Then found Isaac, quite sick, probably from too much exposure, last night —

Saturday [*July* 29]. It is much cooler, and my poor little Charlie is getting a little stronger —

Sunday [*July* 30]. Went this morning and heard Mr. May preach a sermon appropriate to the first of Aug. Have been at home this P.M. and had a little nap. Charles came home at midnight, last night, and as I went to bed rather late, I did not get much sleep. I had been chatting with Cornelia, till after eleven — She had received some communications from the East, about which she wanted my advice —

Tonight I have been in at Harriets' a little while and had a pleasant chat with George and Mr. Patterson — I asked Harriet to go to Pompey with me on Tuesday or Wednesday of this week, but I did not get much encouragement —

SUNDAY] *Aug.* 20 Since I last wrote in these pages, I have been away at Pompey, for a fortnight, with my little sickly Charlie. The morning we left, Homer, and his family started for the East, having spent three very pleasant weeks with their friends here, on their return from Wisconsin — Thursday A.M. [August 3] we went up, and Friday Eve. [August 4] I heard the sad news of the death of Johnnie Hillis, by drowning. It was a great shock to me, for I thought very much of him. He was so bright and sensible, so handsome, and self-possessed, for a boy, as he was, so straight forward and honest. — He was much beloved in the neighborhood — and will be sincerely mourned — I came down in the stage in the morning to attend the funeral. Mr. & Mrs H. are greatly afflicted, and it is really heart rending to hear her moans — May they be comforted and sustained, in this hour of their affliction. The funeral took place at the house, Sunday P.M. [August 6], a few remarks by Mr. Ashley, and prayers, and it was over. I rode up to the grave yard, and just as we entered, a fierce thunder-storm, which had been rising, burst upon us. We got pretty well drenched, before we reached home —

Monday [August 7]. Very busy all day, getting ready to leave again — Which I did, on Tuesday, A.M. [August 8] at about ten o'clock — taking Florence and Henry with me. It was delightful riding, — the country looked beautifully, the sky brightly blue, was crossed occasionally, by white floating clouds, which cast flying shadows on hilltop and valley — and every thing seemed rejoicing

in light and joy. The children came home in the P.M. leaving Charlie and Lucia there — Had the pleasure of meeting my old friend, Mrs. Ostrander, for the first time in 11. years. Spent a pleasant day at Victory's — With B. W. R. and wife —

Saturday [August 12], Lucien and family came. We were all glad to see them. Mr. Snow, died with cholera, this morning —

Charlie was more unwell, about this time, and failed very much, but now he is improving, a little. I do hope this blessed pure air, will benefit him — It is so bright and pleasant, and the grass, under these tall trees is so green and fresh, that I want him to have the full benefit of them. Charles came up, when I had been here a week, I guess, to take me home, but I was not ready. He stayed all night, and we called on Mrs. O.—Returned next morning.

Wednesday Eve. [August 16] Cornelia came up with Mr. Leuber.

Thursday, A.M. [August 17] Mother, and I, went over to Uncle L's,* and took dinner. I drove, the horse, and felt rather tired. It is very lonely at Uncle's now, as all the second generation are gone from the old place. Some are dead, some are married, and, some are far away, in other climes — How changed the scene, since first I remember it. Then there was a houseful of gay young people, all active, and happy, — and many a pleasant week rolled away in their society — Got home about 4 o'c. and Mother went out to tea — Found Cousin Eliza,

* Lewis Beebee's (?).

and her family here. She is a very pleasant woman, and I have become quite attached to her—

Saturday A.M. [August 19] Up early, and packing for Syracuse, got started about 9. with Mr. Hastings for driver—and a pleasant companion—Arrived safely, at noon, and met a warm welcome—It is very dry, and dusty, and I am all dust—but the rain water is gone, and what are we going to do—

Sunday Aug. 20, at home. Went this morning, to the Unitarian Church, and heard C. C. Burleigh, on Human Progress—

In the evening called at Horace's with Charles, and saw Helen's friends from Michigan.

Monday [*August* 21]. Our friends from Pompey arrived at about ½ past ten, and left in the cars at ½ past one. Victory's family staid to tea. About 3. C. came in with M. W. Teale, and gave me an invitation to go to South Bay. B. A. urged me off, and I was soon ready. It was a most dusty ride, and the appearance of the country, parched and dry as it is, is dreary enough. It was nearly sunset, when we got to the Lake, & then we found that the Island House, is not in order, for visitors—and we were compelled to stay on this side. We had a late supper, but a very good one, and then three or four of us, took a boat, and rowed about the Bay for an hour or more. We sang much of the time, and greatly enjoyed the fresh night breeze which rippled the surface of the water. It was a very hot night, and we did not sleep very well, but were awake all the earlier in the morning for

that. C. went to ride with Mrs. S. around the Point, and Mrs. Sumner, and I went out on the Bay, just to get an appetite for breakfast. After breakfast we took "The Glide," for the Island, and as the wind had freshened by this time, we had a delightful sail, only too short. Where we landed, was the beginning of a broad gravel way, that sweeps round the border of the Island, up to the Hotel which is a plain, unpretending building — but very handsomely furnished, & with a fine toned piano. The Island is nearly covered with a noble growth of forest trees, many of them, very tall, and large. Among them I noticed several magnificent oaks. There is a romantic legend of the first discovery and settlement of this Island, that will doubtless add greatly to its charms, in the eyes of many visitors. We returned home to dinner.

Wednesday P.M. [*August* 23] Called at Mrs. D's, and Mrs. G's — The gardens up there look very well, as they take much pains in watering them. The country is terribly dry, and the haze to day, is almost blinding — It is said that there are large fires in several directions, which are doing immense mischief — Probably there was never such a drought known in this country before, and the prospect is one of great scarcity, during the coming winter.

Thursday [*August* 24]. Mr. Birdsall was here to tea and spent the evening. At eleven o'c. he and C. took the train, for N. Y. —

Friday [*August* 25], was a very hot day, but we were delighted by a pleasant shower, about 4 o'clock in the morning —

[*August* 26] About noon on Saturday there was a very fine shower, and another, in the afternoon, which lasted most of the P.M. It is very refreshing, and delightful, yet it was only a sprinkling compared, with what is needed—

Sunday [*August* 27]. This morning went to Church at the U. and heard Rev. L. M. Pease in behalf of the five, points Mission. He told a sad tale of woe, and seemed to feel it all, himself—He is an interesting man from his simplicity and earnestness—Evening. Edward & C. Fleming, have just returned from South Bay—

Sunday A.M, at about 4 o'c. in the morning Charles got safely home, having been detained over Sunday in Albany. My girl Mary is visiting in Marcellus, and Maria takes the washing today.—

Monday [*August* 28] Charlotte Cornelia and I went to Mrs. Sages to call on Mary Dawson. On Wednesday, the Dawsons, visited here, also Harriet & Walter—We had a lively pleasant time.

Thursday [*August* 31] I was terribly depressed all day, and could with difficulty set myself about any business. How much I am at the mercy of circumstances, when a seemingly *little* matter can make me so utterly wretched. God grant this cloud may blow over—

FRIDAY *and Saturday* [*September* 1 & 2], have been getting Clara ready for Pompey as the Academy, begins on Thursday next.

Saturday P.M. [September 2?] After bathing and dress-

ing I went to the Silver Smiths, to see about forks and spoons. Mr. Miner, called to see me about taking an interest in the Anti S. meetings, about to be started here, and I agreed to do, all I could—We were blessed with a delightful shower, about four o'c. this morning, accompanied with very grand thunder and lightning.—And to-day, all nature looks as if washed, clean, and bright,—for the Sunday. Charlie is miserably, to-day and I thought it best to stay and watch him—He is very languid, and pale, and I am very anxious about him.

There has been quite a gap, in my journal, which I will endeavor, in some sort to supply.

OCT. 28th—[*Sunday, October* 29] About the 12th or 14th of Sept. we went out to South Bay, to stay a few days at the Island, with Charlie, who had become very unwell. Clara, and Henry went with us and returned the same day. I staid a week wanting one day, with Maria & Charlie, and Cornelia came out and staid 3 or 4 days. There was considerable company and the place was delightful. We were on the lake a good deal, sailing and fishing, and enjoyed it much.

Since my return my time has been occupied very fully, in various ways. First the County Fair brought me plenty of company, and then the Anti Slavery Conventions, brought more, and I was trying to sew, and clean house, and I managed to attend them all. I have not been idle, and tho' much has been accomplished, much yet re-

mains — Charlie, is getting quite well, and stout and all the others are well.

I have not been out to-day, but have spent the time in reading writing and taking care of children, while the rest have been to Church. Charles has returned from his meeting, having had a very interesting time —

NOV. '54 Some time, about the first of Nov. I decided to go South with Charles to be gone some weeks, and so found myself pretty busy, getting the family ready to be left, and my self, ready to go. Cornelia is to have the charge of the household, & as the house is nearly all cleaned, and things ready for cold weather, I feel quite easy about them. Charles has given Mrs G. J. Gardiner an invitation to accompany us, and quite to my surprise, she has accepted. But just as we are prepared to start, Charles is taken with a crick in his back, and can not stand up straight. It is very painful, and disables him entirely. We have now waited from Monday [November 6] till Friday [November 10], and there is no sign of his being ready to go.

[*Friday*] *Nov.* 11*th* [*November* 10] And to-day Mrs. G. and I, have decided to go on alone to N. York, and there wait till he comes on. So at ½ past 1. we started and had a pleasant trip, till after we passed Schenectady, when all of a sudden, with a groan and a shiver, we ran off the track. We expected to reach Albany in half an hour, but we did not get there, in more than four hours, and then were weary enough. Mr Cottle shewed us to

the Delevan, and we soon found H. S. Marsh, who made us feel quite at home. We soon got a warm supper and a warm room, and felt very comfortable. In the morning [Saturday, November 11] Mrs. G's trunk was missing, and we did not find it, in time to leave for N. Y. till 9 o'c. By that time it began to rain tremendously, and it lasted all day long. However, we got along comfortably, and safely. Lucien met us at the Depot and took us, over to his house, where we quite surprised Kate and Aunt Hepsey. Next day [Sunday, November 12] the rain continued, but we resolved to hear H. W. Beecher, went to his Church, and found he was absent. The Church was very damp, and I soon found, I was taking cold. By night found I was quite hoarse. Miss Louisa Dwinelle is visiting at Lucien's, and is a pleasant girl—

Monday, A.M. [*November* 13] we went over to the city and spent most of the day, going about shopping and seeing sights. Was tired enough when we got home. Also on Tuesday [November 14] did much the same. Got word from Charles, at night, that he would be here, at 9 o'clock, and about 11. he came. We are to go on South to-morrow.

Wednesday [*November* 15], at noon, we left, and reached Philadelphia, about 7. in the evening. A young lady from Syracuse, was under Charles' care till we got here. As I kept a hasty journal of our progress, in a little book, by itself, I shall not go into particulars here. We had a prosperous, but fatiguing journey, and reached Columbia S. C. next Sunday A.M. [November 19] at ten o'clock.

On Monday Eve. [November 20] we reached Pendleton, the extent of our journey in that direction, and halted at the Hubbard Hotel, where we found Messrs. Mather & Birdsall, to welcome us. It was very cold here, and the house so open and airy, that I shivered in every limb. No stoves to be seen, and fire places, are rather insufficient. The Blue Ridge is in sight, in Clear weather, and looks finely. We staid ten days in this place, and then returned to Columbia [Thursday, November 30], and staid there ten days more, and then came on to Washington.

ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON TO FLORENCE WHEATON

Columbia S.C., Dec. 7th, 1854

MY DEAR FLORENCE,

I was highly delighted last night, to get a letter from you, Emma, and Cornelia. But I was particularly pleased with yours, for it was not only very interesting in its details, but quite unexpected. We came here from Pendleton, last Thursday, and found all the Hotels so full, that it was with much difficulty, we got any lodgings at all, & then, only, across the street, from the Hotel, where we eat, up 4 pairs of stairs. The next morning after we arrived, your Father, was taken very sick, and for two days, was confined to his room, & had the attendance of a Doctor. It was a severe billious attack, with symptoms like the Cholera. You may be sure I was glad to be here, then. He was so much better on Sunday that we went to church

in the College Chapel. But his business, which he hoped to have finished by Monday, had then to be commenced, and so you see we are here yet. I am getting very impatient to move northward, & your Father has promised to go to morrow. It is very bright and pleasant here with a clear cold atmosphere, and the dust at least ½ a foot deep in the streets. If it were not for this, Columbia would be very attractive. On Monday, I went with some ladies, whose acquaintance I have formed, Mrs. Mays, and Miss Earle to the commencement of Columbia College. The exercises were imposing and interesting and I had an opportunity of seeing many distinguished personages, Colonel Easely — accompanied us, and pointed out Gov. Manning, Ex. Gov. Means, Wm. C. Preston, Judge O'Neil, Gen. Hayne, &c &c. Yesterday we went to the State House, where the Legislature is in Session. We were some time in the Senate Chamber, and then went into the Hall of Representatives. Here also, the great men, were as thick as blackberries. After leaving here, we went to Mrs. Hampton's Garden, a perfect fairyland. The house, a very stately Mansion stands in front, about the middle of the grounds and you enter by a handsome iron gate, and find yourself in a perfect wilderness of beauty. Walks turn and wind in every direction. There is a beautiful fountain playing into a marble basin, rock work, summer houses, rural cottages &c We ranged about a while, and then went into the green house. There we saw, lemons oranges, citrons, ripe and ready to drop. Also, the banana tree, with leaves nearly two yards long,

and the Mexican Pawpaw tree, a great curiosity, rich cactuses, Japonicas, and many plants whose names I cannot remember. And tell Minnie, and Henry, that in a little box, open at the top, were two little Guinea pigs, they looked like very small rabbits, without ears, they were white spotted with brown and black, and were running and tumbling about in great glee. Well I must not talk any more about this, or I fear, I shall not have room for any thing else. But I must tell you, that the walks are, many of them hedged with the Osage Orange, which is as green and luxuriant, as any of our summer trees. Sometimes it is allowed to grow to a great height and is trimmed very regularly.—The roses also are very green and full of leaves. There I saw the National tree of S. C. The palmetto, and some splendid magnolias. It is a most magnificent spot, and in a favourable season, must be enchanting. As it was, we saw many flowers blooming in the open air

Dear Florence, I have not had time to finish this before, & so I must finish now and tell you, only this, that at last we are in Washington, and very glad to be here. Much love to the children and all, from your dear Mother.

ELLEN WHEATON.

My cough was very troublesome all the way, and became a serious annoyance, at last. Our visit in Washington was very pleasant, but too short—Mrs. G. had left, before we returned, and we did not meet again till I got home [Saturday, December 16]. We were absent five

weeks and one day, and were very glad to get safely home, and find the family all well. Snow, was quite deep, and the sleighing very good. For some time after I got home, I could not bear to stir out, it was so pleasant, at home. Then the holidays came on, and then Kate Marsh's wedding, and so we have been busy enough.—

1855

THERE has been a fine course of lectures, before the Institute, but I have not attended them, as they were given at the Corinthian Hall, which was too far off, for me. I have heard one or two of the Anti slavery Course. There has been a series of Musical Soirees, that have been very pleasant, and I have attended several of them. Cornelia usually goes, and sometimes Charles. We also had one here. But it has been a cold and hard season, and money has been so scarce, that the times have been very depressing, so that it has been dull, and gloomy enough, at the time I write this.

SUNDAY] *Feb*^{y} *25th.* The aspect of things is improving and people, look more cheerful.—Within the last week Charles has been on to Washington, and returned yesterday A.M. Edward is in Brooklyn, looking for a chance to go to sea, but without success. I do wish this foolish notion of his, might pass off. Here he is, spending the best part of the winter and considerable money about nothing, at all — and it is very discouraging to us here at home. For the last week, I have been sick with a cold, and am hardly fit to read or write either. Have been without a kitchen girl for a fortnight, but am to have one come tonight.

MARCH — This has been a very unpleasant & severe month, there having been snow or rain, nearly

every day, during the month, and many of the storms having been very severe and great depth of snow. However, as the old lion, was leaving us, he put on quite a lamblike aspect, and Friday and Saturday [March 30 & 31], the last days of the month were delightfully bright and soft. There has been but little incident for me in this month, as I have kept quiet, in the house, trying to accomplish a great deal in the way of sewing. Charles has been twice to N. Y. within six weeks, and the first time, had an interview with Edward in which he became quite in favor of going south, and trying his hand at Engineering. Since that time, he has seen Messrs Birdsall & Bixby, and decided to go on with them. But finally, he had to go alone, owing to some mis-arrangement. We had a line, from him, dated Washington and since then quite a lengthy letter, from Anderson, S. C. where he keeps his headquarters. It was written, soon after he arrived, and of course was merely a record of first impressions, but it was a very pleasant and gratifying letter. Charles will go South again, as soon as he can get away, to be gone some weeks. Julia's school will close this present week, and I do not expect her to return here this summer. On Friday last [March 23] Sister Emma was here, and took Clara back to Pompey with her, as she is obliged to leave her school, on account of her eyes. Florence has been confined to the house more than a week with Inflammation of the Lungs — but is now much better, thanks to Homeopathy. There has been a great deal of scarlet fever, among children lately, and a good many deaths, many of them being only children.

I went up the other day and sat awhile with Mrs Allen, and was comforted to know, that she was enabled to feel so composed and resigned, under so great an affliction. The double loss of her child and sister, seemed almost too much for her to sustain — They are truly a bereaved family. There have been also, during this month several deaths from Consumption, principally of young girls — Besides that of Mrs Rust, are Julia Baker, &, Mary Maltbie. But during it all, we have been mercifully preserved, and the destroyer has not yet laid his hand upon us. Last week we had a very pleasant visit of two days, from Mrs Ballard and Ellen Fairchild.

Friday Eve. [March 30] I went up to Clarissa's and spent the evening, and met the Benedicts, & Gardiners. Had a few games of whist, and then some slight refreshments, and came home in good season. I quite enjoyed the evening, but suspect others did not, so well.

SUNDAY] *April 1st.* To-day the girls went to Church, some to the Unitarian, some to the Market Hall meeting — Charles as usual is at the Discussion this afternoon, and seems completely absorbed in it. I sometimes wish, something would happen to break it up entirely, for I think he does great injustice to his family by his devotion to it. And I dont believe it is of permanent benefit to any body. At any rate, we as a family, have no meeting, no seat in any Church, and no prospect of any. But Sunday comes and goes, and here we are, I most of the time, unable to go out, and none of

the children willing to go with their Father, and so they wander around, from one place to another as the fancy takes them. If we go to the Unitarian then Charles shews some interest in our movements, and signifies his disapproval, but I find that it is a great deal easier to pull down than to build up, — and I do not see any hope of better things in store for me. Religious enthusiasm, takes strange turns in this family, and certainly does not promote our earthly happiness whatever it may do in the future world.

SUNDAY] *Nov.* 25. These remarks were written some 7 months since, and to my surprise, I find, on looking over this book, that I have not looked into it in all that time. Soon after writing the above, another little girl was added to our number,* and then a confinement of some weeks ensued. — Charles went South when she was three weeks old, and did not return till she was 3 months old. During that time, she cried a great deal, but is now much more quiet. It was a great trial to me, to have another child, so that at times, I was very much unreconciled to it, but I dont doubt we shall love her, as much as we have any of the others. She is now a bright happy, and healthy little thing — This past summer has been one of trial and vexation, to me in various ways and those vexations continue till the present time, — but I think I am learning to look the truth in

* Mabel Fairchild Wheaton, afterwards the wife of Charles E. Barney, of New Bedford.

the face more calmly, than formerly. Last winter was a time of great depression all over the country, as regarded money matters and in this city as much as anywhere. My Husband was dreadfully tried, as he had good reason to be, for people did not pay their debts, and of course, he could not pay his— However he kept along, till quite into the summer, but finally had to give up, and own it a failure. It has been long coming, and I have seen the cloud lowering in the distance, and I felt sure it would break upon us, eventually, but I could not tell how I should feel, till it came. Now every thing has melted away from us, that we called "property," and we live pretty literally from hand to mouth, with the feeling, not only of being very much straitened, ourselves, but that others have lost by our misfortunes—and are full of blame, and unkindness, on account of it. I cannot endure to hear my Husband called a deceiver, a dishonest man, and every opprobrious epithet, just because he has been unsuccessful—and I feel certain he would have been successful, if the hard times had not come on, just as he was in the worst position to meet it. But I can see wherein he has been rash and imprudent, and mourn over it,—as I did all along,—and sometimes remonstrated, but it was of no use— It seemed as if the excitement of business, spurred him on from one great thing to another, confident all the time, of his power to conquer every obstacle, and make all right at last. But it was more than human nature could do.—He had to stop, as most men would have done long before.—And

now here we are! a family of eleven children under 21 years of age, most of them to be educated, and fed & clothed.— Every thing looks dark around us,—and the future is hidden from our view.— But I *will* trust! I will believe that it will be all right, in the end, tho' I cannot see it. I firmly believe that Charles will (if fortunate enough to make money, in his Southern project,) pay up all his creditors, and place himself on a good footing once more,—but Time alone can show.— God grant it may be all right.

Charles left for the South, [Monday] Oct. 22, taking Cornelia with him and Ellen, and they are at present at Anderson, S. C. They went to see the world, and for the sake of Ellen's health, which was far from good, and I trust it will be a benefit to her. I have been hoping they would find an opening for Cornelia to teach music & French there,—but they have not yet. I am very desirous that she should begin to help herself, and I think the present would be a favourable time, for the enterprise. —Last August she made her long desired visit to her Friend Emma Yates, and Ellen & Emma spent several weeks in Utica, enjoying themselves very much—Since they went South, with their Father, I hear that there have been some very harsh remarks made about their going, and blaming him severely—I rather feared this, but had no suspicion that such wicked things could be said, but I will try to bear it patiently. I think this is a good time, to find out, who are our friends, and certainly those who do hold on to us, in such a time, become

doubly endeared to us. A few such, I have found, and it has done my heart good—and restored my waning faith in human nature. I do not wish or expect to go into society this winter, but it is [a] comfort to feel, that there are a few friends, who will make me welcome—These I shall hope to see occasionally, and it will be almost the only diversion to my dreary winter. I have had frequent letters from our travellers, and reading them, & answering them forms quite an occupation, and somewhat reconciles me to their absence. Some weeks since I went to Pompey, and spent four days, returning in a heavy rain. It would have been very pleasant but for the fatigue of carrying a child, over the bad roads, &c. Sister Charlotte wanted me to go with her, home, to Thanksgiving, but I could not undertake it. It was too hard.

SUNDAY, *Dec. 2nd.* This A.M. I went to the Park, with three children and heard Mr. Hale preach. It was very good — This P.M. have been reading and writing some. Mrs. Gardiner was driven in by the rain, and sat a few minutes. I was glad to see her, not having seen her for some time.

I must not forget to record some notice of our Thanksgiving Sermon. I went to the Unitarian Church, and heard Mr May from these words, "Rejoice always, pray without ceasing, in every thing give thanks"—It was a first rate good sermon—to a very thin house. We had no one but our own family, but it would have seemed

like sacrilege, to have omitted the Turkey, and oysters. —In the evening the girls made molasses candy. It was quite cold and snowed some.

To-night, Sunday Eve. [December 2] Horace came in, for the first time, since Charles left, and sat a few minutes.

Saturday Dec. 15. This evening the girls arrived, safely, having come as far as Binghamton, under the care of Mr. Birdsall. Their Father remains in the South for some weeks yet. It was a severe disappointment to me, that he did not come with them, and I found it hard, to be cheerful, for a day or two.—I went in to Mr. MCarthy's after 9 o'c. to hear some sacred music, by members of the Choir, that came from Albany to officiate at the Dedication of the New Catholic Church. It was very good—I did not go to the dedication for several reasons. Mrs. M. has been a very kind & friendly neighbor, since our girls left, and, in that respect, has acted somewhat differently from some of my neighbors. Mrs. R. called a few minutes, one evening last week for the first time, in several months. It is said, that "Adversity has its uses," and one very important one, I fancy is, that it helps one to find out their friends, if they have any.

Friday Dec. 21, This P.M. Brother Homer, very unexpectedly made his appearance, announcing that Louisa, Isaac, & Emma Thompson, were at Harriet's. E. T. spent the night here, and the next A.M. they all left but Homer, for the East. Isaac is quite feeble. John Fleming has also come to town within the last week and is now sick

at Harriets. He has been absent about 6 years in California. —

Cornelia and Ellen find a good deal to tell about their Southern tour, and they have I think, enjoyed it very much. Ellen looks a good deal improved in health, and they have seen a considerable of the world, which will do them no harm. I have had no letters from Charles since they came.

Sunday Dec. 23. Cornelia & I went to the Unitarian Church, and heard a sermon by Rev. Mr. Matlack.

[*Tuesday*] *Dec.* 25. Christmas, was a lively day for us all. There were some presents for the children, and from them to the other members of the family. They were enjoying themselves finely, when a carriage arrived bringing Mother, Eunice & Frank. Mother and E. have come to have medical advice, and will stay sometime, probably. My domestics were gone to Mass, and I had enough to do, to get a bed arranged in the Sewing Room, and things in order for Mothers, comfort. She is quite feeble.

I have been constantly busy all the week, and I am weary enough of these Holidays. But patience, School will commence next Wednesday [January 2].

Sat. [*December*] 29*th* Cornelia & Edward, and Amelia Basset went to Pompey this P.M. in a sleigh. It is very cold, and blustering, and I fear they will suffer. C. is to stay a week or so. This evening, Ellen went to Mr Leonard's, & Emma to her Uncle Jarvis, and the house really was quite still.

Sunday A.M. [*December* 30] Clara, Florence, & I went to Park Church this morning. The house was cold, and the audience thin. This P.M. wrote a letter to Charles, in answer to two which I have rec^{d} in the last three days. Had a hundred interruptions, and got most out of patience. Just as I got thro' Brother Homer came in, and made us a call. Said he was going to Harriets to see J. Fleming — who is sick there. Thinks of going to Pompey to-morrow.

1856

TUESDAY] *Jan.* 1*st*, 1856. The first day of the New Year, and all the world is astir. Gentlemen are calling, and Ladies riding and walking, in every direction. My circumstances, forbid my receiving calls, so I shut the door, and hung a basket on the bell handle. When night came, found a goodly supply of names.

2*nd. Wednesday* [*January*]. The schools commence again, and I rejoice at it, for I am well nigh worn out, with the confusion of the Holidays. Mother & Eunice, are still here, and are quite unwell, so that I am more than usually particular, to have the house still.

Thursday Eve. [*January* 3] Brother Homer, called to say good bye, as he intends going in the morning. Mr. Birdsall, also called this Evening, but did not stay long, as the girls were out. Sometime later Maj. Heron, and Mrs. Teale, called and sat awhile.

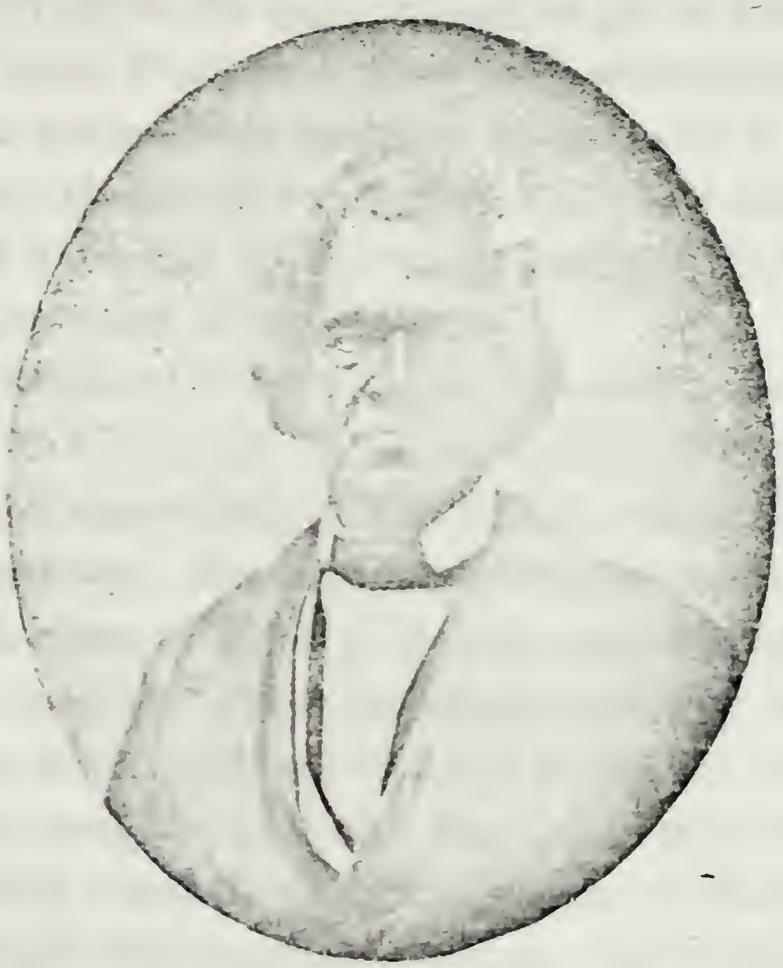
Friday [*January* 4] we made cake, I directing, and Ellen & Mary Ann doing most of the work. Had very good success.

Sat. Jan. 5 This A.M. about day light, or rather about 6 o'clock, I heard an alarm of fire, in the street, and got up to ascertain what it was. I went to the door, and asked a man, going by, who told me, that the Wieting block was all burned down. I roused Edward, and he and Henry were soon dressed and on their way to the scene of action. Henry came back to breakfast, and E.

about 9 o'c. About that time I went up, and beheld a scene of destruction, enough to make one's heart ache. The whole building was one mass of ruins, except Dawson's store, which was still standing, but completely riddled.—Thousands of people were standing around, and a small proportion were hard at work, trying to save property, and stop the progress of the fire. It was intensely cold, and it was almost impossible to work the engines on account of the freezing of the water in the hosepipes. There was much suffering among the firemen for a lack of mittens—and some went so far, as to throng the store doors, and insist upon their being given to them. The fire continued to burn fiercely all day, and over Sunday, and even Monday P.M. there was still a great smoke, ascending to Heaven. Dr. Wieting arrived here on Tuesday. He says he shall lose $80,000, by the fire.

Sunday [*January* 6] I did not go out, but wrote Charles an account of the fire, which I think will astonish him much.

Monday Jan. 7. Cornelia arrived from Pompey, in company with Sister Emma & Brother Frank. They were very cold. They want to take Ellen and Minnie back with them. I dont think it best for Ellen to leave her school, which she has just commenced, but have decided to let Minnie go, at which she is much pleased. I fixed her off as comfortably as I knew how, but fear she will suffer, from the cold, as she is quite unused to exposure. They started about 4 o'c. Cornelia had a call from a gentleman,



"Black George"



and about the same time Mr. May came on business with me.

Wednesday, and Thursday [*January* 9 & 10], of this week, am trying to fix the girls off, to go to Utica, on a little excursion. Perhaps Edward will accompany them. Emma was particularly anxious to go, and I find her clothes so much out of order, that it is a real task, to get her ready. I have had a great many doubts & fears, about it, but I have tried to do right. —

Friday, [*January*] 11*th* This afternoon Edward & the girls went to Utica, on the 4 P.M. train. We had hard work to get Emma ready, but we finally succeeded, much to her satisfaction. She has much trouble with decayed teeth, which cause a very bad breath, and went to-day for the second or third time to have one extracted. She took Chloroform which did not stupefy her at all, but made her very nervous, so that she was quite wild, laughing & crying all in a breath. Her face was much flushed, and spotted, and she appeared so strangely, that I regret very much, her having taken it. But I did not suppose there was any risk in her taking [it], she seems so perfectly healthy.

Sat. Jan. 12*th.* To-day came Miss V. N. to make H's clothes, and when I got her fairly at work, up drove a load from P. consisting of Julia, Horatio, Mr. K.* & Miss H. Soon after Charlotte arrived, and then, Uncle L. & Aunt D. so we had a great company to dinner, which went off very well. I did not see much of the guests, being so much occupied with my sewing, and hav-

*Kendall.

ing to go out shopping a little. Mrs. Wicks came in and sat a little while, this evening. Our company left about five o'clock, P. M. Clara is breathing hard to-night, I fear she has asthma—It is dreadful, for her to grow up, with such a complaint upon her —

Sunday Jan. 13, A great quantity of snow fell, last night, and this morning, not a track was to be seen in the road, or on the sidewalks, till after 9 o'clock. It came down quietly, and steadily & the weight of snow, must be very great. Edward came last night at 12 o'c. from Utica. Says he had a good time. This morning, none of us went out, but in the afternoon, Charlotte, Edward and myself, went to Plymouth Church, to hear B. F. Perkin[s]'s funeral sermon, by Mr. Strieby. The Calliopeans attended in a body. Returning from Church, called at Mr. Ellis, to enquire about her health. She looks badly, but thinks she improves a little. She paid Cornelia, a great compliment, having had a call from her yesterday.— Dr. Cator came in to-night to see Mother, and told me a piece of news about Mrs. Thurber, which sent me over to Mrs W's in a hurry, to tell her. I found someone had been beforehand with me, and she was much engaged in preparing for the new comers. I told her not to sew another stitch, to-night, for I could lend her all that was necessary.— Now to bed, for C. goes at 7 o'c. to Elbridge, and I must be up.

Tuesday, Eve. Jan. 15*th* The family are in bed, and I ought to be there too, but I want to whisper a few words to my journal, ere I go. I am weary, and desponding, &

want comfort somewhere. Mother has been more unwell than usual, today, and it makes me very sad and fearful for her. I know not, what is this strange disease she has upon her, but it is something serious, and alarming, and I feel very much the want of some friend and helper to lean upon, some one to advise and to comfort. Now, in the time of trial, I think oftener, than ever, of that dear Father, "who is not lost, but gone before,["] and of those tried and faithful ones, who departed in their prime. Then too, these family troubles, come thicker and faster, and the way looks dark on every side. My Husband is still, far away from home, and my heart grows weary, in longing for him. Oh, it is such a long and weary time, since he left us. Perhaps it may be given me to know in the words of the poet,

How sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong—

Tho' I fear, not the latter clause — These trials make me feel how weak I am.

Wednesday Evening [*January* 16] Another day, is gone, another night is come, and finds me just as weary as ever. I expected E. & Emma from Utica in the P.M. train, but they did not come. Cornelia has gone out for the evening — Mrs. H. came in and spent an hour or so, in a sociable way, that I really enjoyed — She is one of the most prized, of my old friends, and I love to have her so near —

No news from Charles yet, and I suppose the mails

are delayed by the great storm of last week, which reached very far South — I am afraid he will have a tedious journey home, for there is a large body of snow on the ground which must of course obstruct the travelling very much. There have already been some serious accidents, in consequence of the snow upon the railroads —

I looked into Longfellow last night for a little while, and was surprised to find (what indeed, I had noticed before, but forgotten), how aptly and truly he expresses my own thoughts, and many times the most delicate shades of feeling, of which I am conscious. I seem in reading some of his pieces, to have found an old & sympathizing friend, who knows & feels my sorrows, just as well as I do myself — How delightfully solemn & tender, are many of his expressions — such as these —

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

"*He the young and strong, who cherished*
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They the holy ones, and weakly
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands, so meekly,
Spake with us, on earth, no more.["]

And the Psalm of Life from which I cannot extract a little where all is so perfect, and many others — There is some thing elevating, ennobling and yet soothing and

comforting in his poetry, almost more than any other I know, and then he seemed to reach down to the deepest recesses of my thoughts—and give voice & utterance to what before, was only felt, not expressed—So I will say again, in his own words,

["] *Such songs have power to quiet,*
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.—

Then read from the treasured volume,
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet,
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently, steal away"—

Saturday Jan. 18 [19]. Brother Lucien came up to see Mother and transact some business for her, which she is anxious to get off her mind. Aunt H. also came to-day, and was very glad to meet him. This A.M. a load came from Pompey, and it was as usual, a very trying and confused day—At night, they all went taking Lucia up to the Hill with them to stay a week or two.

Sunday A.M. [*January* 20] I went to hear Mr May, and found the weather intensely cold. C., Ed. & Henry went with me—In the evening Lute & H. came down from the Hill, and talked a good deal on business &

other matters with Mother. It was late when we retired, and we had been asleep a little while, when Mother called us, saying she was much worse, and Ellen was already up with her — Lucien went after the Dr. about 2 o'clock, got some medicine for her, and she became more quiet towards morning. L. & H. left about 11. for the East, and I went out for a nurse, as it seemed evident that she must have one. I got on the track of one, was disappointed, and finally obtained another, who came in the evening. I also rode over to Salina with Frank, and saw the Misses Newell, about their sister's case. They were very kind and friendly and promised to come & see Mother soon. The new nurse proved to be an old acquaintance & does very well. —

Tuesday, A.M. [*January* 22] Expect my husband to-day, & hope he will not disappoint us.

8 o'c. P.M. Charles has arrived looking very well, and in pretty good spirits — It was an occasion of great rejoicing to us all.

Thursday [*January*] 24*th*. Mother seems better than she has been before in a fortnight, and I really feel much encouraged. Mrs Dr. Hopkins from Skaneatles called to see her, this A.M. I went out this P.M. and did some errands — This evening we sent our excuses to the party by Edward, and about ½ a dozen children go to the hop —

Wednesday, Jan. 30*th* I have been trying to do something towards making Edward some shirts, in addition, to my other occupations, for the last few days, and it has confined me to the house very closely — I am troubled

somewhat, with the Rheumatism in my right arm, and I don't think sewing helps it much — Yesterday Mr & Mrs Lawrence, came to call [on] us, and kindly brought us a bag of apples — This A.M. they came again, and Julia spent the forenoon with me. We had rather a painful conversation, on matters and things deeply concerning our welfare. — I have about come to the conclusion, that there is neither honor, nor truth, neither gratitude nor friendship in the world — I have been favored for a long period, with prosperity, but now that misfortunes have begun to come, they seem to roll on thicker and faster. — Perhaps we shall be made yet, to drink it to the dregs — May we be sustained under it all, and bear all, as knowing that "he doeth all things well."

Mr. Birdsall took tea with us, and sat a little while afterwards, before leaving for Binghamton. Ellen sang him, his two favorite songs. He seems in Miserable health. Cornelia has been helping her Aunt H. to nurse J. F. to-day, and to-night she & Emma, went to Society to Mr. Leonards. Edward has gone to Mr. Ulvons [?] to a party — But the baby wakes, and I must stop.

FRIDAY] *Feb.* — 1*st.* We have received an invitation to a party at Mr. Leavenworths, and Cornelia and Edward think they will go — Of course I cannot think of going — I think it right that they should go, for C. has not been out to a party this winter — tho' it is somewhat inconvenient — for me to prepare her — I have kept her in, very closely, as we seemed to be the

subjects of so much censure, and I do not wish to give any occasion — But very likely it will make no difference for our relations are determined to hate and injure us, if possible. Heaven save me, from the tender mercies of blood relations — *

We have heard of a situation as teacher, in the South which Cornelia thinks of taking, if she can get it — She has written, applying for it, and is now anxiously awaiting an answer — I think it is best, for her to try and help herself in some way, and this seems to be the most eligible at present — It will be a trial to part with her, and particularly to lose her music, and her help to Ellen, but we must give it all up — There are a great many sad changes, in this wearisome world of ours —

Wednesday, Feb'y, 6th Well, they went to the party, and enjoyed it very well. Also last night at Cobleigh's. There are so many calls upon Cornelia, that she gets but little time, for anything like work —

Sat. Feb. 9.th. For a wonder, I sat quite still nearly all day, and sewed, which is more than I have done, in a long time before. Cornelia and E. went to Mr. Woodruff's to spend the evening — Charlie is getting over a severe attack of croup, which has kept him pretty sick for a week — Mother is also improving considerably — and anticipates going home soon. —

Sunday, [*February*] 10*th.* This P.M. I went to the Dis-

* The Horace Wheatons had lost money through some of Charles Augustus Wheaton's business ventures and were uncommonly disagreeable about it.

cussion meeting with Charles, — which is the first time in a year, I believe. I did not enjoy it much. To-night, we had a real old fashioned sing — just at twilight — How many more shall we have? Simon Reedy has called to see us to-night, and made us a very pleasant call. He is a genuine Irish wit — and humourist —

I feel sad and fearful, in view of the future, and dread to look forward — There is a dark cloud resting upon our prospects, and I cannot penetrate it. But time will unravel the mystery, and make it all clear — At any rate, I will try to be calm and cheerful, and to bear adversity, as I ought — God help me to feel right and to do right —

Monday, Feb. 11th. I am quite sick with a cold and sore throat, with severe headache. Went into Mrs M Carthy's, an hour or so with my work, and had a pleasant chat — Mrs Hollister was there, a little while —

Tuesday [*February* 12], I was miserable enough all day, and kept my bed part of the day. When Dr Cator came in to see Mother, I got some advice & medicine from him, he says I have an ulcerated sore throat.

Wednesday [*February* 13] I am better to-day.

Thursday [*February* 14] Ellen Pomeroy, spent the day with C. and L. G. S — came to tea. Had considerable conversation about the South, with her —

Saturday [*February* 16], Frank called on his way to Elbridge with J. B — Charlotte and Frank came by the cars, but an accident detained them about two hours. — C. returned to E. in the P.M. and F. to Pompey — There was a little appearance of a thaw this morning, but by

three o'c. it is growing cold and snowing fast. We are having a very hard winter. Since Christmas, there has been uninterrupted sleighing, and many very severe snowstorms—I have been in a sleigh twice this winter, and then only for a few minutes. I am really tired of this hard weather, it is so uncomfortable all around the house. All the water pipes are frozen up, the cisterns are nearly empty, and we are in great want of water.

This past week, I have read Grace Lee, a novel by Julia Kavanagh, and have been much interested in it—It is a fascinating but tiresome story. Not quite equal to "North & South" I think. I have also lately read, "King Henry 8th, and his Six Wives"—

Cornelia received a letter this evening from the gentleman, to whom she applied for a situation as teacher. He had written to a lady, at the head of a large school, for a teacher, but had received no answer, and could not tell what he should do, but will write again, in a few days. She feels very much disappointed, and thinks the thing is settled— However I tell her to go on, and get ready for some place all the same.

Saturday Feb. 23. Charles went to Binghampton on Thursday,—for two or three days. On Friday Eve. a letter came to Cornelia from Mr Davis, saying, that he had not procured a teacher, & would like her to come on immediately.* So that she has her way clear before her.

* She left home February 29, 1856, and went to teach in the family of John C. Davis, a planter, at "Cluella," Shocco Springs, Warren County, N.C. She had five pupils from the household and one or two from out-

Charles returned from B. this evening, and says he will go with her next week, as his route to S. C. lies, with hers, to within 36 miles of her destination. But he always has so many hindrances, about getting away, that I fear they will not go so soon,—and yet I dread their going, very much. But as he is circumstanced, I know that he is much more pleasantly situated there than he can be here, and so I am reconciled to his going, and to being left alone. C. takes pleasure in the thought that she shall be enabled to help herself, and relieve her Father somewhat, in this time of trial—

Feb. 24, *Sunday.* This morning, I went to the Market Hall, & heard a sermon. The old Congregational Church still continues to meet there, every Sunday A.M. and though they are few in numbers they have a stout heart. —The long contested suit between them and the Plymouth Church has at last been decided in their favor,—and now the question is, what to do next.—I know not,—but it looks hopeless, to try to do any thing—in the way of keeping up a Church.—Minnie & Lucia

side, and her salary was $250 a year and board. She returned to Syracuse June 29, 1857. One of her pupils, Mrs. Pattie D. Alston, of Shocco, is still living.

Cornelia Wheaton, as the daughter of an Abolitionist, sometimes found embarrassment in the conversation about slavery at Cluelia, but the diarist fortified her in no uncertain terms. Thus she wrote her on August 3, 1856: "But I say to you, my child, be steadfast, unmovable in the right, don't intrude your opinions, if persons become too personal in their remarks, leave their presence, but when you are required to express your opinions, do it without flinching, and if you cannot be allowed to do that without abuse, bear it for the truth's sake."

came from Pompey, on Friday—after an absence of six weeks. In the P.M. Frank took me up, to see Maria Brady, who seems to be very near death, with a fever. She lived with us almost two years, and I feel much interested in her.—

Feb. 27th Wednesday. Charles told us, this day at noon, that he had rec[d] letters from the South, which make it important for him to be there as soon as possible. He wishes C. to be ready to go on tomorrow—So we have got to be busy—

Thursday, [*February*] 28*th* Ellen A Pomeroy has been here, talking over the subject, and has finally decided on going South with Cornelia in pursuit of a situation as teacher. She had already given up, her Western plan.—I have been arranging Charles' clothes, for packing, and getting Cornelia's things together—Went out and got a variety of little items.—

This evening Charles, got away at 7 o'c. P.M. to go as far as Binghamton to-night, where he expects to be called as a witness in a suit to come off there. The girls go on in the morning. I was up late packing.

Friday A.M. [*February* 29] Ellen finished packing the last trunk, and we had breakfast.—Then Cornelia ran over to Mr. H's and bade goodbye. The man came for the trunks and then for her. At the last moment, I decided to go to the cars with her. When we got there, there was quite a company assembled of friends from all sides. The girls kept up good courage, to the last and went off, apparently in good spirits—I came home feeling almost

sick, with fatigue and excitement — I find I have another of those terrible sore throats.

MARCH 1 *Saturday Morning*, This is the morning Mother had decided upon, to go home, and she and Julia got off, about the same time, that the others did — yesterday. She did not feel quite as well as usual for a day or two, but I think, it was nothing serious — She has been here, about 9 weeks — and is much improved, since she first came. After they left, it seemed very lonely and still — but there was enough to keep us busy putting the house to rights —

Sunday, A.M. [*March* 2] Went to the Market Hall and had a little conference. A storm came on to-night, of a real wintry sort, snowing and blowing fiercely — and lasted all night. I have had a letter from Charles written from Binghamton. The girls had not yet reached there.

Tuesday, A.M. [*March* 4] brought me a letter from Charles written from N. Y., saying they should try to reach Washington for Sunday. The storm has come on again, and it is tremendous here.

Wednesday [*March* 5]. Another letter from Charles, from W. which they reached some time Saturday Night [March 1], very much fatigued. Sunday and Monday [March 2 and 3] they remained there, and I learn by a letter from Mrs. Cook to her daughter, that the girls attended a Congressional Ball at the National on Monday Eve. [March 3] — She and Mrs. Mason assisted them to

dress and went with them. The next morning [Tuesday, March 4] at 6 they were on their way to Richmond.

Friday [*March* 7]. I had a message from Mrs. Ellis, that she would come and take tea with me this P.M. and I sent in, for Mary Hutchinson to meet her, but soon after dinner, word came, that Mr & Mrs Geddes were at Mr. E's and we were all to go over there — So we countermarched and went there and spent a sociable afternoon. Mr & Mrs Moses, came in, after tea. Mr. & Mrs Geddes left, about 8 o'c — Then there was a proposal to go to Mr. Morgan's, and see some table moving, but at last, the gentlemen decided to go, and return with a report for us, if there was any thing worth the trouble. We waited till ten and then, as they did not return, we put on our things, and came home. Have heard nothing more from the table-movings. Found a letter for me from Charles, dated Richmond Va. where they staid Tuesday night. They were expecting to get to Warrenton, Wednesday Evening. I hope now, in a few days, to get some account from the girls of their adventures — I feel very anxious to know how they got along. Charles complains of a dizziness, which troubles him somewhat, & which he attributes to the motion of the cars, and perhaps eating improperly. I hope it is nothing worse —

Saturday March 8th It is pleasant to-day, but very cold and windy. — Frances W. staid here all day. Eliza Wells called here to go home with Frank, on her return from Diana Dodge's funeral. I was obliged to go out this P.M. and I found the cold very piercing — I was thor-

oughly tired out, with such a confused and wearisome day.

Sunday, [*March*] *9th* I think much of the absent ones, to-day, as I do not go to Church. The children are terribly restless to-day. I wish I could look in upon Cornelia for a little while this P. M. and see how she prospers, for, I suppose she has entered upon strange scenes. May she have wisdom, granted her to act wisely and prudently — But I must try to be patient, and courageous for her.

March 12th, Wednesday, This A.M. Edward brought a letter from the P. O. with Charles writing upon it. I was very sure I should have one to-day, and of course was very glad to get it. He had got on safely, as far as Columbia, and was very well. Says the climate there is delightful, streets dry & dusty, and warm enough to do without fires, during the day. A most remarkable contrast to this ice-bound region, we inhabit. The girls parted from him, on Wednesday the 5th, on their route to Warrenton. I do hope to get some news from Cornelia this week. I had a very kind and pleasant letter from Louisa last night, which really was like balm to my wounded spirit — She is a dear, good woman. But I depend most upon Charles' letters. They are so kind, so frequent, and so just the thing, I don't know how I could get along without them. It has snowed very much here, since Sunday [March 9th], and to-day the wind has been high. I have never experienced so severe a winter, since my recollection. There having been now, eleven

weeks of constant sleighing, without one really thawy day. I have been very industrious to-day, and am as tired, as a "*man, a mowing*"

Ellen has concluded to sing, at Mr Held's concert next week, and has commenced practising a little for it. Mrs. McE. came in to-night, and I settled with her, and paid her up. I hope I shall be enabled to get along, this Spring, without hiring so much help, as I have formerly done. Sometimes I fear, that I don't realize our position fully, and that I am indolent and forgetful of my duty. I dont mean to be so, and I do not wish to consult my own ease, if I know myself.—But I am willing to sacrifice ease, and leisure, to the welfare of my family, if I may thereby promote these ends—

March 13, *Thursday* This day I am forty years old. Is it possible? I cannot realize it, and yet at times, I feel old and worn. When I look around and see this numerous flock of children, I can realize it, fully, and feel, that the prime of my life is, pretty far gone. But it seems only yesterday, since I was married. And so the years roll by, and if I am permitted to live, shall in a little time find myself, wrinkled, old and gray.

This morning brought me a delightful letter from Cornelia, and two from Charles, that did me good like a medicine. She is pleased with her position and the family of Mr. Davis, tho' she had not begun her duties, as yet. Ellen had not yet got a situation, but there were good prospects for her. I took the letter over to Mrs. Ellis, (who has had no letter yet from Ellen,) and read

it to her, & Mrs. Morgan. I sat half an hour or so, and came home to find Sophronia here. She spent the P.M. and Ellen M. W. came about 4 o'c and staid also— Had a pleasant visit with them, and Jarvis called for them about 7. o'clock—

Friday P.M. *March* 14*th* Went to the New Rooms to witness the exercises in the High School. There was a very full audience present, and the performances were very interesting. The rooms are very beautiful, and well arranged, and there is a fine piano in the school room. On my return from there, went into Harriets, and being warmly urged, staid to tea. G. B. W. returned from a fortnight's absence in the city while I was there. Came home in the evening and wrote Cornelia a long letter.

Saturday [*March* 15]. Charlotte came from Elbridge today, & Frank came from Pompey, to take her home. She is a good deal worn out, with their weeks examination, and goes home for a weeks vacation. When she returns, she expects to have a new boarding place, and I trust will have some additional comforts. Mother continues to improve. About three o'clock, I had a call from Mr. A. Cobb, on a matter of business— It was rather a disagreeable affair, and I got along with it, indifferently well. Company to tea.

Sunday, [*March*] 16*th*. Last night there were several alarms of fire, and this A.M. I learn the Gymnasium Building was burnt down, and the Malcolm Building much injured. Work of Incendiaries. Went to Market Hall to Church, this morning & heard Mr Davis read

a sermon. This P.M. it is snowing profusely.—A letter from Charles this A.M.

Wednesday [*March* 19]. This was a very drizzling snowy day, and Ellen, in preparation for the Concert, was obliged to travel about the streets altogether, too much, for her good. The concert was pretty well attended, for so bad a night. Ellen sang four times and was called out once. I have heard her sing better, tho' the audience seemed much pleased.

Thursday, P.M. [*March* 20] Called at Mr. Hillis, an hour or two, and then went to Mrs. Walter's and took tea. No one there, but Mrs. Cook, who gave me a very pleasant account of her seeing the girls in Washington —She said they enjoyed their stay much.—Had some qualms, about going there, but guess it was for the best.

Saturday March 22nd brought Sisters Emma and Charlotte, from Pompey, with Mr. Kendall and Frank all to dinner. Then the girls had company in the P.M. and so the day passed in bustle and confusion. It is uncertain whether C. returns to Elbridge, & E. will remain some days, on a visit. Edward having heard some obscure threats about the Sheldon Block being in danger from Incendiaries, has kept watch, for the best part of two nights, and I of course am somewhat disturbed, by his coming in about three o'clock in the morning, so that I dont rest very well. My baby is much out of tune lately, owing to teething, I fancy. I am desirous to wean her, next month, but I am much afraid it will be a critical thing for her.

Sunday, A.M. [*March* 23] Went to a meeting at the Market Hall, & heard a sermon read by Mr. Davis. After meeting there was some talk of what had been done towards a settlement between our Church and the Plymouth folks. It looks about as likely to happen as ever, and I don't think they want any settlement, only to get hold of the Church property. I am sick of the whole thing. This P.M. went to the First Pres. Church with Sister E. After waiting a while in the porch, Mr. E. Bradley, invited us to sit with him. The Church was quite full, & [*sic*] listened to a discourse by Mr. Newell of Salina. Rev. Mr. Hall, was also in the pulpit. The best part of the service, was the music and the organ which was very finely played —

To-night, after tea, to my surprise, had a call from Horace. While he was here, James and Lucy Ellis, came in and sat awhile. Lucy looks sad when she sees my children — poor woman! — 10 o'clock, P.M. Edward is sleeping on the lounge, preparatory to going out at midnight, to watch, & the babies are all in bed, so that I am really enjoying a very few minutes of quiet and leisure, the first I have had to-day. To make the most of it, I want to do, at least, half a dozen things, among which are several letters to be written. What shall I do first?

[*Sunday*] *March 30th*. Our Spring is advancing rapidly, and yet we have not had one pleasant, warm day, — not one real spring like day yet. However, it is rather bright to-day, — and the sky looks softer than usual. The past week, has been as usual, a busy one, for me,

with very little relaxation, except what I find in a change of occupation. I had Miss V. O. the tailoress, here one day, and worked hard, with her, to get thro'— After it was over, went to tea at Mr. Hutchinsons and spent the evening. It is rare for me to go out to tea. Friday A.M. [March 28] brought me letters from Charles, and Cornelia. They were both well, & doing well. Cornelia, says she gets along well, in teaching, and finds the Family very kind & pleasant. Flora Fleming was there on a visit at the time of her writing — To-day I have been to meeting, as usual, and found nothing very edifying there. There was the usual singing & prayer, and a short sermon, and afterwards came the business meeting, in which the difficulties were again talked over, and resolutions passed. It seems to be settled, that there will be no amicable arrangement of the difficulties, and I hope the thing will be dropped now —

WEDNESDAY [*April* 2]. The weather has been quite soft and spring like to-day, and fearing there would be a rain, by tomorrow, I concluded to walk up to the Hill and call on some of our friends there. Sister Emma accompanied me, and we called at Roberts' by the way. — Went to Clarissa's and saw the new baby, and had a very cordial reception. Afterwards stopped at Mrs. G.s, but she was too unwell to be seen. Afterwards went to J.'s, and being very kindly invited, remained to tea. When we were ready to start for home we found it raining quite hard, and borrowed umbrellas, and came home thro the

mud, rather weary— Read stories to the children, part of the evening—

Friday P.M. [*April* 4] Had a short visit from Mrs Ellis, —but she did not stay to tea—Sister E. is almost sick with a cold, and is preparing to go home to-morrow, morning. This evening bro't me a letter from Charles, enclosing a Rail R. Bond for $1000, to be used in releasing my furniture from Sherriffs Sale.— After tea, went over to G. B. W's to see about it. Came home heart-sick and weary.

Sat. A.M. [*April* 5] Very early this morning, the house was astir, to see Emma off, in the cars, and as I did not sleep much thro' the night, in consequence of little Mabel's restlessness, I felt rather poorly today.—

Have had a very trying & exciting day, and have not at last, got matters arranged quite to my satisfaction— It has been quite a new experience for me, and an unpleasant one, but I hope, I am none the worse for it.

Sunday P.M. [*April* 6] This forenoon wrote a letter to Charles, and afternoon went to Sec. Bap. Church. But did not find it specially interesting, and left before the close. E. M. W. was here to lunch and dinner. This evening the girls are gone to meeting. I think of the absent ones, when Sunday night comes, and feel lonely —Cornelia always said she enjoyed the Sunday P.M. dinner the best of any meal, in the week and when that time comes, I always think of her, and then this twilight reminds me of her music and her Fathers. Oh how much we miss the music. I don't hear as often from her as I

should like—and yet I know, she has much to occupy her time, in her school, besides all her numerous correspondents, so I will try not to complain—I often picture her to myself surrounded by her pupils, and their attention fixed upon her, as she dispenses the knowledge to them. In all her letters she seems quite cheerful and contented. Oh! for patience to bear all these separations, and mortifications meekly, and rightly, and for wisdom to act rightly in these difficult passes of life—I, who have so long loved to lean upon those stronger than I, must now learn to rely upon myself in trials and emergencies, feeling that all human aid is vain, and help must come alone from above, Ah!

Life is truly a strife,
'T is a bubble, 't is a dream.

and rudely indeed, are we tossed about upon its billowy surface.—How changed its aspect to me, in the last few years! So lately it seems, that I was so hopeful, so bright, when nothing had power to depress me long, but had always some bright anticipations to cheer me forward. Surrounded by friends, fortune smiled, and life seemed really worth living for. Now, when fortune frowns, friends frown too, or what is worse desert us, entirely. Clouds of care & anxiety, unknown before, settle down upon me, and I walk, from day to day, as in a maze—not seeing my way clearly towards any future object. Many times so weary and heart sick, that life seems utterly worthless—

But this is not the right mood, for me to indulge in, and I will be up and doing:

With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait—

Sunday, April 13. Another week has gone its round and here am I, trying to say a few words, to make a slight record in my diary, that shall mark the flight of time, and the way in which it passed. Nothing of any note, I think has occurred the past week, that I remember. Brother Frank came down Tuesday, and remained till Wednesday—He was almost sick with a cold. I have been mantua making, and trying to get [the] children fixed for Spring. Have begun a needed domestic reform in the water pipes of the house, but it is not yet fully completed. These waterworks are very expensive, at the best, and are almost always out of order. The weather is fine to day, tho' cold, but Spring comes on apace. No one of the family, has been to Church, but Ellen, who went to hear Mr. May—She and I, and Florence, have been writing to Charles to-day—Last Thursday [April 10], brought us, a very interesting letter from Cornelia, and full of amusing incidents.—She writes very well, and we are always eager to read her letters—

Saturday, April 19th. During the past week, have been putting Charlie into jacket & trousers, and think him much improved by the change. He is delighted, with it, and it is amusing indeed to see the airs he puts on. Clara

wrote a long account of the change to her Father, and sent it in the same enclosure with one of my own. To day, brought me letters from Charles and Cornelia and some commissions to execute for Cornelia, which I must go about next week, I suppose. Emma's school is closing this week with a great deal of bustle, and then she will be at liberty to stay at home for a while. Ellen is preparing to act a part in some private theatricals next week, also to sing in Mr. Held's concert. Julia has written to invite Ellen to come to Pompey and spend the summer, and I wish it were possible to let her go.

[*Friday*] *April 25th.* Theatricals, & concert, have come and gone, and passed off very successfully. Ellen appeared well as Widow Pottle, and acted much better than I expected. The concert was well attended & she sang very well, tho' I think I have heard her sing better. Sarah Hull, & Mr. Kinnicott, came down from Utica, to attend it, and Sarah, staid here. Emma is suffering terribly from the tooth, ache — but will not have her tooth extracted.

Sunday A.M. *April 27th.* This A.M. Henry bro't me a letter from Charles, which I have answered to-day. Also learning that Florence could go to P. with D. W. and wife to-day, I wrote to Julia, to send it by them. Florence went, about ½ past three to stay a few weeks. All the morning, Lucia and Henry were talking about Pompey, and how much they wanted to go there. They wished I would let them walk up, they knew they could, &c. Of course I said no, emphatically, and treated it as a piece of arrant nonsense. But about 2 o'clock they

were missing — Did not come home to supper, and when the sun went down, it bro't no children. Edward went out, in the evening and looked for them, but could hear nothing — At last, we decided they must have gone to P— as they were so anxious to do. I did not feel very, uneasy, for I felt sure they were safe. Well the next A.M. about 10 o'c. Sister Emma and Brother Frank arrived with the children safe and tolerably sound. They walked about 7½ miles, when Dan, over-took them, and carried them on to Pompey. Lucia was somewhat footsore, but Henry never complained at all —

Wednesday, April 30th. I am trying to wean my darling baby, and I find myself rather unstrung by it — I slept very little, last night. Tonight she is to sleep with Betsy, and I fear she will cry a great deal. April 30 — It is a trying thing to do. I wrote to Cornelia on Monday A.M. [April 28] — a good long letter, so also did Ellen. Last night, Ellen wrote to her Father, in answer to one from him rec^{d} in the morning. I added a few lines and sent a programme of the concert.

30th. To-night rec' a telegraph from Brother John* that he is in N. Y. — and wants me to inform Mother, so I have written to her this evening. I am truly thankful, for his safe return.

TUESDAY] *May 6th.* This P.M. John arrived and I knew his step, as soon as I heard it on the porch. How little he has changed in seven years, and yet he

* John Clarence Birdseye.

has grown older. But I think it is partly because he has lost his hair.—But he looks well, and feels so I think. Oh! it was joyful to see him once more.

Wednesday May 7th This A.M. went to Pompey with Bro. J. & also taking Charlie, who looked upon it as a great event in his little life. He enjoyed it much and the visit also. Mother & Aunt H. were much overcome at seeing John—And, B Lucien who had joined us on his return from Buffalo, also took them very much by surprise—There were a great many friends in to see John, and make inquiries about friends, so that he seemed to be constantly talking, for hours.

On *Thursday* P.M. [*May* 8] we all visited at Mr Bakers, and met Dr. Stearns and family,—had a pleasant time.

Friday morn [*May* 9], came home in the rain, and John with me, to meet Charlotte, who came Saturday to spend the Sunday with us. It was almost nine years since she had seen him, and her joy at seeing him once more was very great.

Sunday, A.M. [*May* 11]. Went to Plymouth Church with C. and John, in the forenoon, heard Rev. Mr Berry. In the evening Ellen & I, heard Mr Longfellow at the Unitarian Church. Charlotte left early Monday A.M. [May 12]. In the evening J. and I, called at Mr Ellis', and Mr Abbott's, and after our return, had a sugar frolic—

Tuesday, A.M. [*May* 13] he left for Pagain [?]. This week all the time engaged in housecleaning, and in addition, on Friday [May 16] fixing off Henry for Pompey. Had a busy time of it, cleaning coats and pants, &c—

Sat. A.M. [*May* 17] 9 *o'clock.* Edward went to the cars with him, and saw him safely off — I trust he got safely there — All the rest of the day, engaged in settling and putting to rights. — An unexpected guest arrived this P.M. in the person of *Mrs. Mac.* She spent the night here.

Sunday, May 18*th.* A rainy dark day, but yet warm and pleasant. Vegetation advances rapidly. Did not go to Church, tho' some of the younger ones did. This P.M. wrote to Charles, & Cornelia — Also read some, but my eyes are not strong, and a little over exertion, fatigues me extremely. The case of poor Mrs. Smith, afflicts me much. I cannot get it out of my mind. She has undergone a most trying surgical operation, and suffers very much from it yet.

[*Tuesday*] 20*th.* She is doing as well as can be expected, tho' very feeble —

It is very cold, and uncomfortable for this time of year. — Sorry I had the stove taken down.

[*Friday*] 23*rd.* Mrs Gardners carriage came for me, and I went up, & spent the day. Had a charming visit. The air was perceptibly softer, than yesterday, and the landscape is resplendent now. I enjoyed it all, to the utmost. Felt cheered and soothed by the kindness & sympathy expressed by my friends — in our troubles —

[*Saturday*] 24*th.* Last evening a pleasant letter, came from Cornelia, which did us all good, and one this A.M. from L. S. Wheaton. It is quite warm to-day, as I found when obliged to go out, shopping for two or three hours this morning. The evening papers, bring news of a most

cowardly assault, in the U. S. Senate Chamber, upon Senator Sumner, by two sprigs of Southern Chivalry. They attacked him as he sat quietly writing at his desk, knocked him senseless, and then beat him most unmercifully, till some persons near succeeded in driving them off. He is said to be much hurt, and under the Doctor's care. I hope it will be the means of rousing the North more certainly, to the true nature of Slavery, and the tyranny they are striving to fasten upon us. Oh! can it be, that we shall longer submit to these things? But perhaps it is the way, in which we are to be aroused, and awakened to take the right stand in behalf of the True and the Right —

Sat. [*May*] 24*th*. A very warm, and summer like day, so that thin clothing was quite acceptable. Mabel slept poorly, last night, and to-day is very restless — A seamstress here, so, that I am enough occupied — To-night a pleasant letter from my Husband, bringing tidings of his speedy return. Perhaps, to-night, he may be with Cornelia, as he intended reaching there if possible, before Sunday — If so, how overjoyed the child will be — 9 o'clock. A fine soft shower is falling and the air is delightful — Have been out since tea to, get supplies for Sunday, and to buy shoes, &c. for Lucia —

Monday, *May* 26 The papers to-night, bring startling news from Kansas, of outrages and desperate doings that are enough to chill one's blood. What are we coming to? It is fearful to think of it. Is there no spirit left in the North? Are we all to become Slaves? If these things

pass by, without suitable notice, we deserve to be Slaves. Our Southern masters have mounted the high horse, and seem determined to ride us down. And why dont our members in Congress speak out? It does seem as if they were all benumbed, and dead — Oh if my Husband and child were only out of their country, I would rejoice and be glad. I do abominate most truly and heartily their principles, their manners — and every thing belonging to them.

Wednesday, May 28th There are several Conventions meeting here to-day, — and the town is full. Edward has been to the Republican Meeting, and gives an interesting account of the speeches — There is a great deal of feeling on the subject of the assault on Sumner. There is a call in the papers of this evening for a meeting of the people of the County, to be held on Saturday, and it will probably be very large and enthusiastic. The country is alive with excitement, now, and I trust it will continue. Oh, Merciful Heaven, spare us the infliction of another pro-slavery President. Let not the wiles of treacherous demagogues prevail, and our country go deeper down, in to the mire of Slavery — It is cheering, to see that Clergymen all over the country are preaching on this subject, and all in terms of severe condemnation. I have heard nothing from Charles, since last week but suppose he has been, or is now with Cornelia, & will soon be along home. I grow more and more anxious for his return. Was very busy at home all day, and after tea, took a walk with Ellen, and called on Mrs Allen. It is pleasant

to see how happy she is with her baby, and it is a sweet little thing— —

SUNDAY, *June 15th.* It is about ten days, since Charles returned from the South, having been gone, three months, and three days. He seems to be in excellent health, and tolerable spirits, and very much pleased to see us all. The children are delighted to have him home once more particularly Charlie—The baby don't know him at all. He spent about three days with Cornelia, on his way, and found and left her well. She was, of course, most happy to see him. He liked the appearance of things there, as well as could be expected, under the circumstances—

Last Monday [June 9] Brother John and Julia came down by the cars, to go west, to Wisconsin, and perhaps farther. They left at 4 o'clock, for Niagara.

Friday, [June 13] Mother, Frank and Eunice came in a carriage, and afterwards I went to ride with them taking Charlie and the baby. A ride is a great treat to the little ones. They went home yesterday—P.M.

Charles told me some days since, that he should go to N. York, this coming Monday [June 16], and asked me to go with him. I have been much inclined to go—but as the time approaches, I almost give it up. He is to return by Saturday [June 21], and it is hardly worth while to take so much trouble for so short a time. Besides, little Mabel, is far from well, and I fear to leave her, to the care of inexperienced persons—

To-day, I went to hear Mr. May, on the Sumner Outrage, accompanied by Ellen, and Cousin Ellen. The Church was full, and we had a spirit stirring discourse—

Sunday June 22nd This was a very hot day, but a strong breeze from the South-west made it somewhat more tolerable. I went and heard Bishop Waugh, of the M. E. Church, in the morning, and afterwards saw him ordain some twenty five ministers. He is an impressive and sensible preacher, and I was much pleased with him.

I have been getting quite anxious about Cornelia, as we had heard nothing from her directly, for some time, but to-night, one arrived, directed to Edward. She is well, and cheerful. Mr. Birdsall was here to tea. Have not felt very well, all the week, and the dressmaking which has been going on, has been very burdensome to me.

Friday, A.M. [*June* 27] This morning, a letter came from N. Y. B. F. Bixby, announcing that he had procured a situation, for Edward on board a clipper ship, bound for Shanghai, via San Francisco. So we had to fly around, to get him ready, as it was already decided that he was to go, if a situation offered.

Saturday [*June* 28], at 10 o'clock, John & Julia arrived from the West, having had a pleasant journey and visit. John gave Edward some letters, to gentlemen in S. F., which may be of service to him. He left at two, P.M. in pretty good spirits apparently. His Father is very much depressed about his going, tho' he gave a reluctant consent. I hope he will go, now, after having made so many efforts. —And may the Lord guard and

watch over him, where ever he may go—and bring him safely through all his wanderings, to his home at last.

John and Mr. Kendall left for Pompey, at 7 o'c. & Julia staid over Sunday. Henry came home to-day.

Sunday June 29th It has been a very hot day, and dusty to an astonishing degree, but to-night about 8, o'c we had a most delightful shower, with considerable Thunder, & Lightning, and now at ten, it is quite pleasant again.—

Monday [*June*] *30th* Lucien and John came from Pompey, to start to-morrow on their fishing excursion, down the St Lawrence. Julia went to night home by the cars—

TUESDAY, A.M. [*July* 1] The Brothers went at 7, this A.M. and we had an early breakfast, in consequence. It made it seem a long day— M. M. was here sewing. I am trying hard to find Miss V. N. to make Henry's clothes, as I am impatient to have him in school again—

[*Friday*] *July 4th*, I have been very busy, as usual all the week, and to-day, I really need a holiday, but it is doubtful, if I get it. The streets are full, of people, and the noise of firecrackers, &c is perfectly deafening— I have staid in all day, and have had a pretty easy time of it. Sister C. came from Elbridge about noon, having closed her engagement there— Frank also came down to-day. The children were much excited about the fireworks as evening came on, and were out to see, but I did not see any thing very beautiful. Ellen went with F. & C. to hear the Buckleys, an Ethiopian troupe. Charles rec^{d} a letter from Mather, saying that he & Bixby, went down

to the pier, on Tuesday A.M. [July 1] to see Edward off, but they were a little too late. The vessel had hauled out into the stream, and they did not see him. We got a letter from him written Monday P.M. [June 30] — He had been unwell, for several days, but when he wrote was better, & seemed in excellent spirits — I think of him, almost continually, and wonder how he feels — & if the new occupations of his station, are able to keep him from all homesickness — I am sorry we did not say more to him, about improving all opportunities to write home — —

Saturday, July 5th. Charlotte has been looking for the boys all day, but they did not come till night, and then they brought a fine load of fish, put up in ice. They took out a goodly quantity, for us, and took the rest home. It was late when they started and C. was almost out of patience, at the long delay. — It commenced raining about that time but did not rain very hard for some time. Ellen and I went up town, to market, but, got wet before we got home — I met Mrs Hillis & came home under her umbrella. It is now ten o'c. Sat. night. The house is perfectly quiet, all the children being asleep, except Clara and Henry who are gone up to Jarvis' with the fish — Charles is not yet come in, and I sit recording some of the events of the week in my journal. Nothing of any great importance has occurred, to us, except Edward's departure, and there seems little worth writing about — But all these little matters, help to make up the sum of a lifetime, and each little solitary act, has its measure of influence for weal or woe. Now that E. is gone,

and out of my reach for the present, I begin to feel that Henry needs much care and wisdom, in his training, as I observe, that he is growing very self-willed, and disrespectful. We have detected him in a falsehood this past week, and his Father and I have both tried to bring him to a sense of the sin he had committed, as well as the meanness and bad policy of such an act. I do feel very desirous to do right by the boy in bringing him up, but I fear my own wisdom, will prove folly, in such an arduous task. Charles is gone so much, and when home, is so full of business, that he does not have much care over him, and I feel that a double responsibility rests upon me—Oh for more patience, more firmness, and greater discretion to discharge my duties aright—

Had a letter from Cornelia yesterday, and a very pleasant one too. She was quite well. M. Schroeppel was here to-day, and enquired affectionately after her.

Sabbath Evening [*July* 6]. Went to hear Mr. Smith this morning & evening. Had quite a congregation, & people seemed interested in our new minister. He is earnest and active, and seems disposed to be very active, in the Society. Clara & Florence went up to Jarvis' last night, to carry the fish, and the rain afforded them an excuse for staying all night. They did not come, all day, and so after meeting to-night, as it was bright and pleasant, Charles and I walked up there to see what had become of them. We spent quite an evening, and Ellen having joined us, walked home about 9 o'clock—in the beautiful light of the new-moon.

Monday, A.M. [*July* 7] The tailoress here, and Charles starting for New York, so I had to be pretty active. Brother J. came, and went with C. to the city.—I had looked forward to this week, as time of leisure, at least rather more than common for me, but when it came, lo! there was business for every day,—and the week was filled—

Saturday Morning [*July* 12], Henry bro't me letters from Charles, informing me, that he had found it necessary to go South, and that I need not expect him home, till the last of next week.—It was a disappointment but I will try and make the best of it—I have tried to send Henry to Pompey to-day, but could get no opportunity, tho' I learn to-night, that several have been here from P. to-day. I hear to-night that Mrs. Stearns is dead—a piece of news, I have been expecting to hear, for some time. Well she was a good woman, and did her life's work faithfully and well—and leaves a good name behind her, and so the elders of the people go, one after another to their long homes—and we go about the streets, and see them no more, in their accustomed walks—

My present impression is, that I shall go up to Pompey, on Monday, by the cars, and attend the funeral—and perhaps stay a day or two, if the children are well—

[*Monday*] *July* 14*th*, I left early this morning with Henry for Pompey George took our baggage to the cars, and we followed, in good season. It was a splendid morning, and at that hour, very cool, and breezy. The little ones, felt sadly, at my leaving them, Mabel and Charlie

not being at all well. We reached the station at LaFayette without accident, and after waiting an hour and a half, took the omnibus for the Hill. It was a pleasant ride, tho' very warm. They were very glad to see us, having somewhat expected us. Lucien and John are at home. Attended the funeral at 1 o'clock, which was conducted, with very little parade.—I saw nothing of the family to-day. Went home, and had a quiet afternoon. I never saw Pompey look more beautifully, than now—It is at a beautiful season, and vegetation is very fresh & luxuriant, but there is [a] sense of loneliness over all things—that I cannot get rid of—I miss the old familiar faces, and I am sad.

In the night, or rather morning of *Tuesday* [*July* 15], there was a heavy thunder shower, accompanied with thunder and lightning. It has brightened up the face of Nature most gloriously. This forenoon Mother Emma and I took a delightful ride, and made a call on Aunt Chappell. John was our driver, and I enjoyed it much. I called this P.M. at Dr. Stearns. Saw Mary and Cornelia, and was glad to find them so calm and resigned, though they feel their loss most deeply—Betsy Ann, and Victory were at our house for the afternoon. After tea, Charlotte and John rode on horseback.

Wednesday [*July* 16] Victory took Lucien & Sister Emma to Syracuse, L. to go East—Emma came home at night bringing my Ellen with her. I went out after tea, making one or two calls, and came round by the graveyard. It was late, that is, the sun was down, and every

thing was settling down into the repose of night. I went through that part of the ground so familiar to me, tho' in the dim light, I could with difficulty discern the letters on the stones. It is a sweet and sacred spot, and a visit there is a comfort to me, sad though it is. It is pleasant, yet mournful to the soul, to lean over the last resting place, of those dear ones, and drop a few tears to their memories. There lie, the venerated grandmother,* the dear and honored Father,† those noble brothers,‡ and the darling little boy,§ — whose death made such a dreary void in our hearts, and beside our hearth — Long years he has lain there, but he is not forgotten, and I hope and trust, that I shall yet see him as he is.

As I came out of the grounds, the full moon cast her flood of light over the hills, making every object seem more beautiful, as well as solemn. It is a charming spot to resort to. At this hour, the view is so extensive and so varied, I always loved it.

After I came home, we sat on the porch in the soft moonlight, for a long time. The night wind gently stirred the trees, and kept the lights and shadows in motion on the grass. All was still and quiet, and the very essence of peace seemed to rest upon all things — We waited

* Mehitabel Fairchild Beebee.

† Victory Birdseye.

‡ Ebenezer and Henry Clay Birdseye.

§ The diarist's son, Homer Wheaton. In her card case was a lock of his hair with this inscription: "My little Homer's hair who died 9 o'clock A.M. Sept. 9, 1837, aged eleven mos. 6 days."

till late for the travellers, but finally gave up their coming and retired, when we heard the noise of their arrival. Ellen brought good news from home, and determined me to stay several days longer—

Thursday [*July* 17]. Went over with Victory and spent the day at his house. It was distressingly hot— Returned at Evening, found Cousin B. W. R. at home, had some singing in the evening. Another glorious night. It seemed a waste of privileges, to go to bed & leave this pleasant moonlight, these waving trees, this thick green turf, and this balmy air— We sat up till very late, but were finally obliged to adjourn. Cousin B. seemed to like to talk about his own sorrows, and the loss of his children, and it was pleasant to offer him our sympathy. I think he is a good hearted man, and the more I know, the better I like him.

Friday [*July* 18]. This P.M. visited at Mr. Murrays, & had a pleasant time. The country in that vicinity looks beautifully.

Sat. A.M. [*July* 19] Aunt H. & myself took stage for the cars. About a mile from the station, a bridge was gone, and we had to alight, and walk it. It rained quite hard, and part of the way was up that dreadful Hill. We got there with great effort, and were much exhausted. Found all well at home, and glad to see us. Charles came from his Southern trip, about four, P.M. and quite well—

Sunday, [*July*] 20*th* Heard Mr Matlack.— At noon organized a Sunday School.—

A very hot and dry week. There is no such thing as

leisure for me. Attended two political meetings with Aunt H. and heard some good speaking.

Cousin B. & Sister C. came down on Thursday, to go East, first for Utica, and Trenton, and to N. Y. &c— pretty hot time for travelling

Sunday [*July*] 27.*th* Did not go to meeting, but fixed off, some lots of little ones, and got the babies to sleep, and then had a quiet time. Don't feel very well to-day, tho' I enjoy reading very much. Heard from Cornelia last week—She was well, as usual. Have heard not a word from Edward since he sailed, nor do I expect to, in many months. It will be a dreary interval, to wait— I have begun to read [the] life of Jean Paul Richter, but find the first part rather dull.—However, I will go on— hoping to find the interest increase.

Wednesday Evening [*July* 30]. We have had a week of very hot and dry weather, indeed the drought, is almost beyond belief—for so short a time. There have been threat[e]nings of rain for several days, but last night we had a real shower, which lasted several hours, and afforded us, in the city immense relief, tho' I am informed it did not extend far into the country. Julia & Frank came to-day. They say Ellen is well and happy, that she has gained quite an appetite, & rides on horseback frequently— They wish her to stay longer, and I willingly give my consent, if it will improve her health. I think, however, her Father misses her, very much,—tho' he says but little about it. They went, soon after tea. As I sat reading on the piazza, Aaron Burt called a moment. He looked

brown, but thin. Was just passing thro' Syracuse. Had several calls on the verandah, — to-night.

I am going on slowly with the Life of Jean Paul F R. It grows constantly more interesting and absorbing, yet I do not think, I should like to read his works, if I could do it. The extracts given, seem so etherealized, and withal somewhat confused. It is the man himself, I am delighted with, he is such an original, and fresh character. — I am more pleased with Biography, than any other [kind] of reading, in the later years, and perhaps my reasons may be at least imperfectly given in the words of the Poet,

> "*Lives of great men, all remind us,*
> *We may make our lives sublime,*
> *And departing leave behind us,*
> *Footprints on the sands of time.*"

It is a most delightful occupation to trace the course of a mind, conscious of power, but bound down by circumstances, as it struggles to release itself — and act out its inward nature. To witness its own peculiar way of contending with one opposing force after another, or of submission, when that becomes necessary. It is evident that there is no perfect happiness on this earth, for even the best of mortals, and patience and submission are lessons, sooner or later to [be] learned by all. But I find comfort, and encouragement in the thought, that those, that the world has revered as wise and good, have yet passed through the same trial of their faith, that I have *endured*, that the same doubts and fears, have perplexed

them, the same fervent longings and anticipations, have stimulated them in many a weary path — that even our faults and follies, are similar — That, after all, I can say of this, or that great or distinguished person. He was my brother, or she my sister. We have hoped and feared the same things, we have loved and hated, in common, we have rejoiced and mourned together — and it may be excited by their example to suffer worthily. To bear and forbear, and to do some small amount of good, in my day and generation, my life will not have been entirely vain.

FRIDAY *Evening* [*August* 1]. This A.M. Charles left at eleven for N. Y. to be absent till Tuesday, or Wednesday of next week — I have been trying to get myself ready for a little excursion with Brother John and Sister Emma next week — We have thought of Niagara, and then down the Lakes, to Montreal, and home by Lake George. But we may change our plans —

Charlie went to bed, to-night, fondly expecting some new shoes, but as I did not take his measure to-night, I did not get them, and I fear, he will be disappointed —

[*Wednesday*] *Aug. 6th* Charles returned from N. Y. on Tuesday [August 5] & Wednesday, P.M. [August 6] at ½ past one, Sister Emma, Bro. John, & I started on our projected tour. — We, went by express, and did not stop more than 10 minutes, between this place and Suspension Bridge, where we changed cars for the Falls. Reached our Hotel, the International, and had tea about

eight. Then went into the large Saloon, and heard the fine band play, for an hour or two, and saw some dancing, tho' it was not very spirited — There was a large number of people present in the course of the evening — Was tired enough to sleep well, and awoke in the morning [Thursday, August 7] in good spirits for making the tour of the Falls. Went out immediately after breakfast, and travelled about till one o'c. occasionally resting, for a few moments, here and there. The morning was hazy, and threatened rain, but it soon passed away, and we had a glorious day — Went over to Goat Island and down onto Luna Island, and saw some beautiful scenes. At the pavillion, on Goat Island, met Mr. Benham, and his son, a California acquaintance of John's, who seemed very glad to see him. They chatted some time, and then we all went to the Tower, at the top of the British Fall. It is a fearful view from the top of the Tower, and as I looked up stream, I became very dizzy and faint. There seemed to be a perfect rush of wind here all the time, and it required quite an effort to make way against it, as we passed around the railing at the base of the Tower. The water on this side, as it pours over the top of the Fall is a most vivid green, not a dark green, but a bright peagreen, I should call it, — and is one of the greatest beauties of the scene. We sauntered back to our Hotel, in time to rest, a little while and then dress for dinner. This occupied us some time, and was attended with considerable parade, of music playing at intervals, and waiters marching to the music — However we made

a very good dinner, besides deriving some amusement, from the training. About 4 P.M. we took a carriage and rode to the Suspension Bridge, and crossed it, then up the other side to the Clifton House, Table Rock, &c— We got magnificent views of the Falls from this side, with the additional advantage of seeing some very fine rainbows. It was a glorious day for seeing, and I enjoyed it very much— In returning, we walked across the Bridge. —It is a wonderful structure, as well as a beautiful one, and the fears I felt in anticipation seemed all to vanish when I was once on the Bridge. It looks massive, and secure, almost, as the everlasting Hills themselves— We got back about 7, and Emma & I made a call at a book-store before going to tea. In the evening, went into the dancing room again, for a while and then retired to write a letter home.

ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON TO CHARLES AUGUSTUS WHEATON

International Hotel—
Niagara Falls, Aug 7.th, 1856

MY DEAR HUSBAND,

We arrived here safely last evening, though weary and dusty. Rested well last evening, and after breakfast commenced sight-seeing, which we kept up, without intermission, until ½ past 1, when we came in, rested awhile and prepared for dinner, at 3. Dining, lasted nearly an hour & a half. Then we took a carriage, down to Suspension Bridge, which we crossed and up the other side to the

Falls, had a splendid time, and back to tea at ½ past 7 —I have now just come from the large Hall, or parlor, which is nearly or quite a hundred feet square, where a fine band plays every evening, and there is dancing and chatting, and all the people most do congregate. John has found two old California friends here, one newly married. Our present intention, is to leave here to-morrow P.M. for Montreal, by the Northern Route, from Hamilton, by the way of Cobourg, &c.— There are a good many going that way — John is the very prince of escorts, and we enjoy ourselves very much. It could n't be bettered, if we only had some of *our folks* along. I trust you are getting on finely, and that the children are well and good. Is Emma quite well again? I dreamed a bad dream about the baby last night. I hope it did n't mean anything— Love to them all, and a good share for yourself —Niagara has changed in 22 years — I write in haste, for it is late, and I am very tired—

Your affectionate wife

ELLEN B. WHEATON.

In the morning [Friday, August 8] sent it off, and after breakfast went down to the Falls. After looking about a while, went down to the Ferry, and took passage on the "Maid of the Mist,["] for a passage across and up under the Fall, and down to the Bridge. It was grand, particularly when we went up under the Falls, and so near, that for some minutes, we were enveloped in a thick spray, that seemed like a veritable snow-storm.

We did not put on the India Rubber dresses, and go out on deck, as some others did, but saw very well from the cabin windows — The passage down to the Bridge was quiet and pleasant. When we got back to the Ferry we found that our time was so far spent, that we decided to give up our excursion to Biddle staircase, which had been reserved for this day — However, we thought we were amply compensated, by the trip on the River. As we went up from the shore we called at several Indian shops, and made a few purchases. There is a great sameness in all their articles, and they are enormously high. We were to leave at 3 P.M. & first must pack & dine, so we could not rest much. I broke my Chatelaine pin here, and had to get that mended — and we were all ready at the appointed time. Took the cars, crossed the Bridge, and on the other side landed, to take the cars for Hamilton, C. W. Just as we were about to be off, discovered that Emma's carpet bag, was missing, and could not be found. Of course we could not wait for it, and the only way was to have it sent on after us, if it arrived. So on we went, reached Hamilton at 7, and went right on board the steamer America for Brockville — I was sorry not to see something of the town, but there was no chance. We had as pleasant a passage as possible down the lake, and staid out on deck, as long as we could see any thing — I could not sleep much, for I never can, in such a position, but rose early, — [Saturday, August 9] to see the opposite shores, now rapidly coming into view. Landed at Cape Vincent, just before breakfast, and soon after,

began to come in sight of the Thousand Islands.—It was delightful sailing among them, which we did all the time, till we arrived at Brockville. There are said to be 1500 of these Islets, of all sizes from those several miles in length, to those, the size of a lady's workstand, and many of them are very beautiful. Sometimes, they looked in the distance so much like vessels in full sail, that we were not undeceived, till we came quite near. The channel is very tortuous and much divided. Landed at Brockville at eleven o'clock, and left at 1 o'c—by cars for Montreal —Passed through a beautiful country most of the way, and as we neared the City, it grew quite interesting. Saw some fine old places, with beautiful trees. Had occasional glimpses of the River and opposite shores—that were very fine. Arrived at Montreal at four P.M.—and took an omnibus for the Montreal House. It was a tedious ride thro' the narrowest and dirtiest streets, I ever saw, & the Hotel itself stands in a very uninviting part of the city. We found the House quite full, and were obliged to go up nearly to the top of the House to our Rooms. We dressed, took tea and walked out about the city for sometime. We ascended from the River, and after passing thro' many very narrow streets, walled in by high buildings without doorways, and with very narrow sidewalks, we at length came into a part of the town, where the streets were wider & more modern in their appearance. There are many fine public buildings Banks, and the Post Office—also one splendid Market House. On place d'armes stands the fine French Cathedral,—with

a chime of bells, and the largest single bell in America.

On Sunday [August 10], we walked about some time before Church, and saw some splendid Churches—At last we went into Zion's Church, Congregational where we heard, somewhat to our surprise the Rev. T. L. Cuyler of N. Y.* It turned out, that he and his wife, were staying at our Hotel.—He preached a very impressive discourse. In the evening we went to an Episcopal Church, but were not much edified — Next morning [Monday, August 11] we took a carriage and started right after breakfast, for a drive round the mountain as it is called. It is the great ride here, and as the morning was fine, we enjoyed it to the utmost. At intervals, we had magnificent views of the scenery down the river, and the distant mountains. We passed some very fine seats, with lawn and park in beautiful English order. Such magnificent turf, and such rich, & luxuriant hedges, I never before saw. We were constantly on the "*qui vive*," and were well rewarded for our activity. We went out of the city one way, and came in another,— and in returning rode thro' some beautiful streets. We were just in time to ride to the parade ground, to see the soldiers on parade, and witnessed a very fine display — Also a great array of beauty and Fashion among the spectators. After this, we visited the great Cathedral, and went up into the Eastern Tower, to take a view of the City. Emma and John went clear to the very top, but I did not go

* His brother, Richard Cuyler, married Charles Augustus Wheaton's sister Julia.

more than half way. It tried my head too much. Still it was a beautiful and extensive view — From here we were just in time, to visit the Grey Nuns at their noon devotions — Went through their Chapel, and saw some good pictures, and more poor ones. — Then through the Hospital for Old Men, one for Old Women, & the Foundlings department. It was all very neat, and airy, but the dress of the nuns, is hideously ugly — From here, back to our Hotel to dinner, and then packed up, and off for Quebec — Took the Ferry boat for a point down the stream on the other side, about nine miles. Then we landed and took the cars — The ride was through a most delightful country till nearly dark, when we began to come into the pine country. Still it was pleasant, till the rain began to pour, and as I was under an open ventilation it was rather damp — We reached Point Levi[s], opposite Quebec, in a drenching rain, then had to go on board a ferry boat, go some 8 or 10 miles, and landed in a dirty place, among all sorts of omnibusses, carts and horses, in perfect darkness — crowded into a stage & finally got started for up town. The streets [were] narrow and crooked, and pitch dark, for it was towards 12 o'c. midnight, and with a ride of two miles before us, it was sufficiently dismal. We turned and twisted, and in one place, it seemed as if we turned on a pivot, — so completely did we whirl around. — then passed thro one of the huge stone gates, and went on & on, & on, till at last we reached a building which was lighted up. Here [we] were greeted with the news, that the House was full, and

so were all other Hotels in town. However after long waiting they managed to stow away nearly all of our party, and we were put into the attic. We were not in a mood to be fastidious, and gladly accepted the favour of a resting place. We did not rise very early [Tuesday, August 12], and lost the chance of getting a decent breakfast, by the means. We also found it impossible to get a carriage to accommodate us all, tho' there were plenty of the odd looking things called Caleches, which only take in two besides the driver. We walked to some very fine points, to view the fortifications, the River, the lower town, &c. It was a beautiful morning, and the distant hills showed beautifully in its purple light. We explored on foot, till we were thoroughly tired, and went back to the Hotel to rest, got a lunch and a carriage, and went out to the races on the plains of Abraham. But alas the pleasant weather was over, and we were out in two or three hard showers. But we saw the place where Wolfe fell, and the monument erected to him and Montcalm. The races seem to be a great attraction to all the people, but we did not see much on account of the rain. In the A.M. we had a fine visit to the Fort, and a long talk with a young soldier who wore the Crimean Medal. On our return from our ride, we visited the French Cathedral, and the Chapel of the Seminary of the Jesuits,—saw tall silver candlesticks—and taller wax candles, images and pictures by the dozen, but only two or three that seemed to me very good—We returned in time for dinner, but lost it in consequence of not being on hand at the moment to

struggle for it. We got nothing to eat till dark, & then nothing that we could have eaten if we had not been, half-starved. Went to bed early, and rested well. Made out to get to the breakfast table [Wednesday, August 13]—among the first ones, this time. After breakfast, got a carriage and started for the falls of Montmorenci. Saw a good deal of the city in going out, and after leaving it, passed some beautiful country seats. Also passed through a French village, which was novel and interesting—We came to the vicinity of the falls, in the carriage, and got out, went down as near as we could to them, but found we could gain only a very imperfect view, and resolved to try elsewhere. So we took a round about course thro' a gentleman's grounds, till we came down near the foot of the fall, where we stood right in front of it—It is a beautiful tho' wild scene, and I could not bear to leave it—It seems as if the River Montmorenci in coming down to empty itself into the St. Lawrence, met with this small obstacle of a mountain, and not being able to go over it, just forced a way right through it—The Fall is but a very short distance above the mouth of the River, and I should think the very best view one could have of the whole scene, would be from a boat on the St. Lawrence, by which he could approach very near the foot of the Falls. There has been a wide Suspension Bridge built across the top, but it was not properly built, and two years ago, the frost damaged one of the towers so that it gave away. Several persons were on it, at the time, and lost their lives.

We returned at noon, took lunch packed our trunks, and started for the Ferry, to take the Rail Road to Montreal. Which we reached without accident, at about 11 o'clock. Had a short sleep, got up [Thursday, August 14] at 5 and crossed the River again, for St. Johns, and Lake Champlain. Got on to the L. C. Boat, about 7 o'c. and had a good breakfast — Had a pleasant time on board, met with some very pleasant people, saw some fine scenery, enhanced by grand thunderstorms, and finally, landed at the Whitehall about 4 P.M. Were obliged to give up Lake George, as the boat burned a few weeks since had not been replaced — Took Cars for Saratoga, where we arrived about 5 o'clock, found the place very full, but got very good lodgings at the American. Not so fashionable a house, as some of the others, but respectable, and comfortable. Mr. & Mrs. Barker, had rooms near us, and we found them very pleasant people indeed. After tea, we walked about, looked in at the drawing rooms of the various hotels, and at some of the shops, and saw crowds of people of all descriptions, much elegant dress, and display — Early in the morning [Friday, August 15] we were astir to go to the famous Congress Spring, whither the world of fashion resorts, to drink in health in this delightful water. — It is a beautiful place, in a magnificent grove, in which is also the Columbian Spring. I saw quite a number of acquaintances, — and had a passing word with them. It seemed to be the custom of the ladies, to go bareheaded, or with very slight covering for the head. We took a look at the Circular Railway,

walked for a half hour among the trees, and returned to the Hotel, by the way of the Congress Spring, to take another draught of its bracing waters. After Breakfast, Mr. Barker, proposed a ride to Saratoga Lake and we all got into the carriage, but Brother J. and started off. The ride was pleasant, the visit to the lake and grounds, delightful, the Ice cream and Cake first rate,—and we returned in fine spirits—But sorry to leave this pleasant place so soon—as we must. John had received an intimation the night before, that a large fire in Nevada [City], would make it necessary for him to return immediately to California, to take care of his affairs there, and so we must hurry home, for him to be in N. Y. in time for the steamer. So at two we were off for home, but were detained several hours, in Schenectady, & did not leave there till nearly dark. When getting on board we met with Mr. J. G. Kendall, and had his company to Utica. We reached home safely & got to bed, by 12 o'c—which was doing very well. Emma and John were off, early in the morning [Saturday, August 16] for Pompey—It was a great grief to us all, to have him, leave us so soon, after so short a visit, but there was no use talking, he must go, and we bade him goodbye, sadly but hopefully—

Since his departure, two letters have been rec^{d}—one from Aspinwall, and one from Acapulco—He was well, and having a prosperous voyage—But no news comes yet of our wandering boy—and probably will not for some time.

My husband has made several long journeys this Fall, and is about going off again. The children have several of them been sick, of late, little Mabel quite severely so, but she is now improving.

NOV. 1*st*, *Saturday*. Yesterday we finished the tiresome task of cleaning house, getting down carpets, and putting up stoves, tho' we are not all regulated yet. Sister Emma has been here, most of the time for a fortnight, but has made a visit to Fayetteville, during the time. She left yesterday A.M. — and in the evening, Charlotte came from Elbridge, accompanied, by Mr. Kendall, who was going to Pompey to vote. They spent the night, here and went on in the cars this morning.

The momentous time of Election approaches, and many are trembling in view of it. The excitement runs high, and threats of disunion, and all sorts of calamities, are rife, in case of the election of a Republican president. In many parts of the country, Monday the 3rd of November, is to be observed, as a day of Fasting and prayer — for the success of the Republican cause. May God speed the Right. The news from Kansas is very painful, and discouraging, and if there is not something favourable done soon for them, the suffering will be intense. Much material aid has been sent to them, in the way of boxes of clothing, and money, but I fear a great deal has fallen into the hands of the Border Ruffians, who are ready for any kind of low mean outrage, that can be imagined.

Nov. 2nd Sunday. Went to meeting, this morning and evening. This evening the Sacrament was administered. —Mr Smith prayed fervently that the great wrong of Slavery might be put an end to, and that God would uphold the right, that good men, might be elected to rule over us.

The business matters of our little Society are still in litigation, and our opponents have appealed once more, so that we seem farther than ever from any settlement. I do not see how we can sustain a minister, without means, and with so poor a little Society.

Delightful weather to-day. Every bright day is precious for we fear it is the last —

[*Thursday*] *Nov. 13th.* For a fortnight past, some of the children have been ailing, and Mabel has been very sick, but is now recovering, and to-day seems nearly well —Charles has been absent a week on another expedition to Chicago —and will, most likely be gone another week. I feel his absence very much, on many accounts, and particularly, because I have had some business vexations, that I did not expect. I felt extremely depressed yesterday, so much [so] that I was really sick. But was obliged to exert myself—as it was F. M. Wheatons wedding day, and I and the children were expected to be there. I went with a severe headache, and my nerves so completely unstrung, that it [was] with difficulty, I retained any degree of composure. —The wedding passed off very well, and the bridegroom, seems to have made a very favourable impression. They left immediately for the East on their wedding journey.

Last Saturday A.M. [November 8] a terrible fire, desolated the best part of Salina, or the first ward, and rendered many families houseless. Some lives were lost.

Nov. 13. No news from Cornelia, in several weeks, and we are getting quite impatient. To-night have been reading with the children in Agnes Strickland's Queens of England, which grows constantly more interesting. We have finished the First, & commenced on the Second Vol.

[*Friday Nov.*] 14*th*. This A.M. bro't the long desired letter from Cornelia, to Emma. She is quite well, but had not rec^{d} the box yet. A rainy drizzly day, and I did not go out at all. Have had a dress maker all the week.

Saturday [*November* 15]. A busy day, as always with me. Towards night I went up to Jarvis, staid to tea, and spent the evening — Came home by moonlight.

Sunday. [*November*] 16*th*. Went to meeting this morning. Mr Smith told us, that the sermon this evening would close his labours with us, as our means for paying him have failed. A dreary prospect before us—

Monday [*November* 17]. Miss Frank came this morning to make Emma's dress, but did not get along very well — I worked hard all day, with her, and when night came, the dress was not more than half done. Felt vexed enough, to almost take a vow, that I never would hire her another day — Sophronia, L. & Delia came down late in the P.M. and took tea with us — But went home early on account of the heavy fall of snow—

Tuesday [*November* 18] I went to Mrs. Fosters funeral. There were a good many there, tho' it was a very bad

day. The rest of the day was engaged in finishing off Miss Frank's work, and was sorely tried, before I finished —Bro Victory called and bro't me a turkey for Thanksgiving. Tuesday Eve [November 18] Went to the Hop with the children, and had rather a pleasant time. Returned home at 10.

Wednesday [*November* 19]. Busy all day cutting out aprons. No news from my Husband yet, for more than a week. I thought he would surely be home on Thanksgiving Day—to be with us. Went over to Mr. Ellis, a little while in the afternoon, and was prevailed upon to stay to tea. In the evening Charlotte, came from Ellbridge on her way to Pompey.

Thursday, Nov. 20*th.* Early this A.M. Charlotte was off for Pompey, and we were all astir. It is a cold day, but miserably muddy, and unpleasant. I wanted to go somewhere to Church, but none of the children, were in order to go. Charles had not come home, and I disliked so much to go alone, that at last I gave it all up and staid at home. It has been a very sad and lonely day to me thus far— I am reminded so much of the dead and absent, that I cannot well be otherwise. The children are making Molasses Candy and enjoying themselves pretty well.

Well, to-night brought a letter from Charles explaining why he could not be here to keep Thanksgiving with us. It was quite a comforting letter.

Friday, Nov. 21.*st.* Sallied out early, this morning to attend to various domestic & financial matters. Had a

pleasant call from Mr. & Mrs. Grannis — who go on to Cleveland this P.M. — After dinner, Minnie & I started for Mr. Gardners, and got there after a pleasant tho' fatiguing walk — Spent a quiet afternoon, and came down in the carriage with Mr. G. After an hour or so, the carriage called and took Emma and I to the Lecture at Corinthian Hall. Lecturer, J. S. C. Abbott, on the Early History of New-England — It was in many parts, very familiar to me, but it contained some capital hits at the follies of the times — It is a dark & stormy night, and the audience was small.

Saturday Nov. 22nd. Went out early, this morning to do some errands. Came home and wrote two letters. Then sat down to work. When I was out I met Mrs. Salsbury, and had some talk with her about Henry, and felt encouraged about him. This P.M. I went down to Mr. W. Smiths, calling at Mr. Ellis' and Mr. Abbotts, on the way. It was late before I reached there, but when I did, met a very cordial welcome. Lucien had been there since morning, and had a very fine time. Mr. S. walked home with us after tea, and we reached here safely. Florence D. & Gerty here, and the children quite happy, but I have spent most of the evening alone. It has been a delightful day and evening, seeming more like April, than November. Perhaps, it is providentially ordered, that we may have lengthened opportunities of sending supplies to our suffering brethren, in Kansas. God grant that it may be a mild winter, for their sakes. May "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" —

look in mercy on them, in this time of their sore trial, and bring them safely through it! And above all, may they be sustained and supported — with that moral courage which they so much need! May [they] not falter or fail, but stand firm for the cause of Freedom. For is not our God, the God of the oppressed, and will He not sustain those, who are ready to be crushed? Oh! that we may have patience to wait for the triumph of truth! Feeling assured, that it will come at last. May God speed the Right!

Sunday A.M. [*November* 23] No later news from Charles or or [*sic*] Cornelia. Went to the Market Hall meeting and heard Judge Kingsley read a sermon, of Albert Barnes, and a very good one too, tho' I was terribly dull. Staid to Sunday School, and then some business matters came up, which seemed likely to be tedious, and I soon left — Was pretty much alone with Mabel, all the P.M. and read aloud to myself H. W. Beechers Thanksgiving Sermon, from the text, "And the common people heard him gladly" — Subject The True Democracy. It was good, like all his discourses —

It is a weary business for me, to go to our little meetings, as they are now particularly, reading meetings, and as I sat there to-day, I almost decided to give up the whole thing. I think it is time to think of something else, than the upholding of that nominal Church — I think our Faithfulness has been pretty well tested.

I do earnestly hope Charles will be home this week, and bring some comfort to my heart. It is now nearly three weeks since he left.

Lucia is getting to be a great reader for a little girl,—and to-night is finishing Uncle Tom, which she seems to have quite an intelligent idea of—I must encourage and direct this taste in her, more than I have done of late.

Friday, A.M. [*November* 28] Mother came this A.M. by the cars, to look up a girl, &c. Went out with her this P.M.—and did some errands, and then visited the school —Mrs. Smiths.

Saturday Nov. 29th. This morhing brought quite a snow storm, and it looks really wintry. About 11. o'clock my Husband walked in looking very natural, and well. He has made a journey of many hundred miles, within the last three weeks, and has been permitted to come back in safety. It is delightful to see him back once more. This evening Ellen & Emma, with their cousin Ellen, went over to hear Lieut Maury lecture on Winds and Seas. They were much pleased, with it, and thought it very instructive. There was a very good house.

Sunday [*November* 30], went to meeting at the old place, & heard Charles read a sermon. Spent the P.M. and evening at home.

DECEMBER 2] *Tuesday Evening*, to our great joy brought us, a letter from Edward, dated San Francisco, Nov. 3rd—He said they arrived in port, Oct. 25th, making the passage from N. York, in 113 days—He seems not quite so much in love with the sea, as when he left home, and seems to think he won't sail for China this time. I rather think he will go to Brother John at

Nevada [City], and find some occupation thereabouts. Since his letter, I rec[d] one from Sister Kate,* enclosing a sheet which came in John's last letter, written by J. H. Stearns, giving him some account of Edward, when he landed — Said he had a touch of scurvy, which made him rather unwell.

Thursday, A.M. *Dec. 4th.* Charles got up at 4. this morning, to start for N. Y. Got dressed washed, and down to the car house, and found the train gone. Came back, went to bed, got a good sleep, got up and took a fresh start at 11. A.M. Took the cloth, for his new shirts to Mrs. Avery, to make before he left. Had a seamstress, and were making and fixing cloaks.

Friday [*December* 5] M. R. not here to-day, but I am engaged in finishing up, the odds and ends of things. Mrs. Mc—y came in after tea, to-night and made a long call. Was very agreeable — After she left, Ellen and I started for the Lecture at Corinthian Hall, By L. Starr King. Subject difference between existing & living. It had just commenced when we arrived, but we heard enough to pay us for our trouble. It was very suggestive, very witty, very wise, full of illustration, and imagery — and very true. I was delighted — It is a beautiful evening — moonlight and not very cold. 11 o'clock and I must go to bed —

Saturday, Dec. 6th There was much to be done to-day, & I worked hard at fixing cloaks and other garments. Went after dinner with Henry to the Dentist. After-

* Mrs. Lucien Birdseye.

wards shopped some & went home. As I was passing Mrs. MCarthy's she was just getting in to her sleigh to ride over to Green Point, to call at Mr Briggs, and invited me to go along. I very gladly accepted, came in and wrapped up a little more, and went. It was very cold, very good sleighing and we went over pretty quick.— Made a call of about an hour, while our driver went on to Liverpool. It was pleasant and comfortable, and I dreaded going out in to the cold again, but we got home comfortably, about ½ past 5. Was too tired to go out to the Lecture, in the evening—

Sunday [*December* 7]. It was quite wintry this morning, snowing fast, but I plucked up courage, to go to our forlorn little meeting at the Market Hall, taking Florence & Minnie with me. Mr Clark read a sermon.

Monday A.M. [*December* 8] A letter from Kate containing more news about Edward, in a letter just rec[d] from John. It is an unexpected comfort to hear so soon,— from him.

Wednesday night [*December* 10]— No husband yet, but a letter from Charles saying that he should be home this week. Also a letter from Cornelia to her Father, dated Dec. 3rd, I think. Had a call to-night from Mrs. Lee, & her Sister Miss Hitchcock, who tells me that she has lived for some months at Mrs. Coutwaters. Ellen got a new hat from Mrs. Cooks to-night and is much pleased with it—

Dec. 19.*th Friday, Evening*. This evening, went to hear Rev. E. H. Chapin, lecture in the new Wieting Hall. Sub-

ject, Columbus. He commenced with a description of the returning ship of the discoverer from his first voyage, as shattered & worn, it made its way into the harbor of Palos. He described his triumphal reception by the city dignitaries, and then his still grander reception by the king and queen, and their astonishment at his relation. When he had finished, they with the assembled court, prostrated, themselves upon their knees, and returned thanks, to God, for giving them such a magnificent addition to their domain. He pictured, Columbus as he at first, was seen wandering from Court to Court, seeking in vain for assistance, in his great project, ever hoping, ever trusting, still persevering — At last fortune was propitious, he was heeded and with many interruptions, and delays, he did set sail, on his mysterious voyage, thro' all that dreary, and discouraging period, and when at last success crowned his efforts, and when again, his enemies, strove to destroy his world-wide fame, and *seemed* to succeed, when his generous patroness died. He still retained that undaunted perseverance, that lofty faith, that sublime patience, which exalted him so much above other men. Amidst neglect, & ingratitude, & injustice, his character shone serene and clear, and when at last, "worn out with the toils and cares of this rough and weary world," — as he himself said of Isabella, as his departure approached. "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit," was his invocation to the Almighty, "and with one long swell of the Eternal Sea, Columbus was again a discoverer" — He took an admirable subject and

handled it, splendidly, to a full house — Came home in a storm of sleet and snow, and sat down, to write off this brief sketch — Had a call to-day from Mr. Kendall, on his way to Pompey — To-night a letter from Cornelia, from Mr. Powells — She is well, and pretty tired — One also came to Emma, enclosing the velvet ribbon she had sent for —

Friday Eve., Dec. 26th. Charles & I went to hear George Sumner, on Spain & her Revolutions, a good and instructive lecture, to a small audience. It was a very snowy night.

Monday [*December 29th*] Mr. Kendall and Julia came down, from the Hill, and returned on Tuesday. Monday Evening we all went to hear H. W. Beecher, lecture. Subject, The Commonwealth. We got there early, but the House was full, and continued to grow fuller, for an hour. — I liked the lecture very much, many passages were splendid in themselves — He spoke an hour & three-quarters — As we were going, we got a letter from the P. O. from Edward, Dated Nevada [City]. His health not quite good, but in pretty good spirits — At present with his Uncle John.

Tuesday, Evening [*December* 30]. The girls had a little company, which kept us up, rather late. I had hoped to have gone to Pompey the next morning, but could not get started in season. However, I busied myself, in various matters of importance, during the day, and also wrote to Edward, to go by the steamer, of Monday next. Early on the morning, of [December] the 31st. myself and

Minnie were astir for Pompey. Got every thing ready & then took a hurried breakfast, and reached the cars, in time to learn that we were nearly an hour too early, and were sorry enough that we had hurried ourselves so much — However, we reached our destination, safely and comfortably about 11 o'clock —



Cornelia Wheeler



1857

THURSDAY] *Jan 1st.* 1857 I finished my old book with the old year, and, appropriately commence my new one, with the New Year. Early on N. Year's morning, I rose & with Minnie started for Pompey. We were so much afraid of being late, that we dressed and breakfasted in greater haste than was really comfortable. Walked to the Depot, all out of breath to find that the cars would not start in an hour! I was vexed a little, and felt inclined to come home & finish my breakfast — but did not. Charles staid with me, till the time for starting and meeting some acquaintences, it soon passed away, and at a quarter past eight, we were under way. Reached LaFayette Station, in about half an hour and soon saw the sleigh from the Hill winding up the Road. We soon packed in, and had quite a pleasant ride up the Hills. Home friends, almost despaired of seeing us, but gave us a warm welcome. In the afternoon, a Family Party gathered, consisting of Brother V. wife & two children, Uncle B. & Aunt E. J. F. Kendall, &c. Charlotte and Julia had been home for two weeks. Had a nice dinner, & a pleasant quiet evening, with conversation and music. The weather seemed intensely cold to me, and I thought there was some difference, between the heat of coal & wood.

Sisters, C. & J. left on Saturday [January 3], also Mr. K. and I remained over, till the next Tuesday, when Frank brought me home, accompanied by Sister E. It

is long, since I rode so far in a sleigh, and I found it very cold. But Minnie bore it well. Found them all well at home, & Charles waiting to receive us.

In the evening Charles & Ellen, Frank and Emma went to hear C. M. Clay lecture. I think they were a little disappointed — His subject, "The World we live in" — Emma tells me, that the town was quite lively on New Years Day, and quite a number of cards were left at our door.

Monday Jan. 12th. This A.M. Charles left for N. Y. to be absent a week or ten days, with some prospect of being obliged to go on to N. Carolina.

Thursday, [*January*] *15th.* a letter from Charles informs me, that he did not reach N. Y. till Tuesday, at about 3 o'clock. We have had a severe storm of snow and very cold weather, which probably detained the train.

Saturday Jan 17th The storm is dreadful, so that [it] is almost impossible for a woman to go abroad.

Sunday, [*January 18th*]. The weather intensely cold, and very few persons abroad. It took George and myself all day to attend to the fires and keep the household from freezing —

Monday [*January 19*]. Worse than yesterday, if possible. I went up street a little way, but soon returned.

Sunday, [*January*] *25th.* The week has been one of unexampled severity, and a very dismal one to me. The extreme cold, has disarranged the Railways, causing fractures of Rails, axles, &c. and in many places, cars are stuck fast in snow banks, &c. Of course the mails are

much behind, and business matters are quite out of joint. I have heard nothing of Charles for several days, owing to these causes, I suppose. However, to-day the sun rose beautifully and has shone brightly all day, — & although it is still cold, yet I think our climate must have soft-ened some. The long cold storm of Jan. 1857, will be long remembered. —

On Saturday, [January] the 17th, Died Mrs. Frances C Town, of Consumption, after a long and painful decline. She bore her sickness with patience & fortitude, and manifested resignation, and Christian faith and trust, to the very last. Nineteen years ago this winter, my acquaintence with her commenced, when she was a young & interesting girl — and I have always felt a deep interest in her, from that time. I trust that free from sorrow sin & pain, she rests at last, sweetly in the bosom of her Saviour.

Tuesday, the 20th of Jan. was Edwards' Birthday, & altho' I thought much of him & it, on that day, I had no Journal, in which to record it, & now speak of it at this late day, rather than to omit it entirely. Poor boy, he is far from home in a strange country, and sick, & I fear, not very well provided with comforts, suitable for cold weather. I cannot not [*sic*] avoid some uneasiness, about him, tho' I trust they have no such cold weather there, as we have here.

I am now engaged & much interested in reading the Life & Correspondence of Amos Lawrence Esq, published by his son. I had heard much of him, as a wealthy

and benevolent man, for some years, but I had no conception of the beauty & excellence of his character till I read this volume. He was very exact in all his business habits, and kept an account of every thing that he did, apparently. His benefactions were very great, and very judicious, and must have gladdened thousands of hearts. I am much impressed with the purity of his character even in early life, for it would seem, that very young in life, he had laid down settled principles of action, and continued faithfully to abide by them, during the long course of years, that he was spared. Many letters to young men, show how much he was interested, in the welfare of this class, and some of them are models of composition, as well as of friendship and wisdom.

On Friday [January] 23rd, paid a short visit to Mrs. S' school in the afternoon. Many of the scholars were absent, but it was quite interesting. On my way home, called upon Mrs. C. & arranged a little matter, that has troubled me for some time. Then went into Harriets & was persuaded to stay to tea, as one or two friends were coming to visit her. In the evening we made up a company and went to hear, A. D. Whites Lecture before The Institute. Subject, Civilization in Russia. We were rather late, but heard most of it. It was very interesting & full of information on topics connected with that country, and the closing portion was truly eloquent. He was frequently cheered, & people seemed much pleased.

Sunday Jan. 25th The family are mostly in bed, and I only remain a little while behind them, to write a few lines

in my journal. I have had a busy and not unpleasant day. Went this A.M. to the Park Church and heard Mr. Reeves, for the first time. Henry has not been well, for some days, & I have been obliged to give him considerable attention, but he has been a very good boy—Have read & written some this P.M—

In beginning this record of a New Year, I am led not only to look back to the past but onward to the future. As I review my life, I see much to repent and be ashamed of—much that I would gladly blot out, but this may not be! I can only make use of these errors and faults, as beacons, in my future course that I may live more wisely, and more after the pattern of the Blessed Saviour. I have had trials and mortifications the past two or three years, which were new to me, and I feel that I have been unsubmissive, and repining. But doubtless they are meant for my best good, and I may require yet sharper ones, before, I shall have a respite. Oh, for the right spirit, to meet this discipline, and make use of it to my soul's good!

Jan. 26 *Monday* No more news from my Husband & absent children. I try to be patient, but it is tedious waiting—However, I know well, the cause of it to be this long & severe storm, which has obstructed & delayed the passage of trains & mails, all over the Union. Was surprised this noon by the arrival of Mother, with Brother V. She has come to spend a few days with me, and looks very well. To-night the wind is blowing very hard, and the cold penetrates every crack & crevice. I

have been upstairs tucking up the children & putting hot things to their feet. Also poulticed & bandaged Henry's leg, did up his sore finger, and got him to bed, where he seems to be sleeping most sweetly —

Tuesday, Evening [*January* 27], Brother Victory came down and spent the evening, with us, & staid all night. Sent to the P. O. but no letters from the absent ones.

Wednesday, Jan. 28th We hoped & tried to get an opportunity to-day, to go to Onondaga Hill, to visit Mother's old friend, Mrs. J. But we were disappointed in our plans. And so after dinner, Bro. V. came with a sleigh, and took us down to Mr. Buells where we passed a very pleasant afternoon. And came home about ½ past six. It is quite a rarity, for me to go out to tea, but I really regret not having seen more of this family since they have resided here. They are quite out of, and above the ordinary run of mortals, and their acquaintance & friendship is well worth cultivating — No letters to-night from Charles or Cornelia. I begin to feel exceedingly anxious about it.

Emma has just come in, from Dr. Wietings lecture, which seems to have greatly interested her. She says the Hall was full. I am almost afraid to retire, to-night, for fear I shall allow my mind, to get uneasy & restless, so that I cannot sleep — But I will say, in the words of the Psalmist "Be merciful unto me, O God, Be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in Thee, yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast."

[*Thursday 29th*] This morning Mr. Birdsall called, & gave me some comfort with regard to Charles, telling me that the heavy snow at the South has stopped the trains, and doubtless, he is blocked up, somewhere. I wish he may be with Cornelia, all these long, dreary days.—Went out a little while with Mother, and did some errands. On my return, found a letter from Edward. It was short, but gave good news, viz, that his health is improving, and that he is writing in the clerks office at Nevada [City]. Gets at present $75. per month, and board is $25. per month—not a very large salary there, but much better than nothing—

I wrote to Charlotte this evening, for Mother, inviting her to come & spend the Sabbath with us.—

[*Friday Jan.*] 30*th*. Was much occupied to-day, but made the usual tour to the P. O. with out any success —Went out with Mother in the P.M. and made two or three calls. But found it hard to be sociable. I am so anxious, and unhappy, I trust I shall either see my Husband, or hear from him to-morrow. An article of H. W. Beechers, struck me very forcibly to-night, & this one passage I must write out, from the Independent of Jan. 30th

"But the kingdom of God, cometh not with observation. It advances by thoughts, by feelings, by heart histories, by silent struggles, by the very avoidance of tumult; by peace, patience, perseverance, undemonstrative Hope, Faith in the Invisible, and a whole life, spent as seeing Him who is invisible."

[*Saturday*] *Jan.* 31*st.* Have been made happy to-day by news from Charles, 2 letters this morning, & one to-night. None of them very recent, but enough so to afford me some comfort. I trust he has spent some time with Cornelia, this last week. Victory & wife & children came down this A.M. and brought Mother a letter from John — also one from Julia. John speaks well & kindly of Edward — Sister C. also came this A.M. to stay over the Sabbath. It has been snowing hard from the East — this P.M. and looks like another long storm.

MONDAY] *Feb.* 2*nd.* This A.M. bro't me a letter from Cornelia, which was very welcome tho' more than a week old. She had then heard nothing recent from her Father — but I hope she did hear from, & see him soon after writing it. Dr. T. called this forenoon & took Mother to the Hill, to return to-morrow. A cold storm was raging this P.M. and the House was very uncomfortable to-night. The girls went to the Musical Institute to-night.

[*Tuesday*] *Feb.* 3*rd.* A letter from Charles this A.M. tells me that he is getting towards home. I shall look for him some [time] to-morrow. Mother came back this forenoon. I invited a few friends to meet her here, but was disappointed of all but Mrs C. & Harriet. Had quite a pleasant visit, with them only the parlor was cold, and we had to adjourn to the sitting room. I finished a long letter to Edward, to-day, & got it ready to send.

Now that they are all quietly disposed of, I sit and

write & read for a little time, and find it the pleasantest time in the day.

[*Thursday*] *Feb. 5th.* This, evening my dear Husband arrived safe & sound, after his long & tedious journey. He looks well, and met with a warm welcome. Bro — Frank also came in a cutter after Mother, to return in the morning. But she fears so much, to ride in that way that she will take the cars in the morning. And let him go alone. We sent over our cards of apology to Maj. Hewn's to the wedding.

[*Friday*] *Feb. 6th.* Mother left early, and Frank went about noon. It has thawed very much for the last 24 hours, and this A.M. the air is soft and balmy, almost like Spring. This P.M. I went out to Mrs. Ellis, and Mr. E. brought me by a roundabout way home, and Charlie enjoyed it much. Afterwards I went into Mr. Hillis, and heard all about the wedding—

SUNDAY] *June 14th*, 1857. A long interval elapses, here before I write again. Nothing of note, has occurred, in the meantime, but the ordinary occupations of the season. It has been a cold backward Spring, and an immense amount of rain has fallen. We have been obliged to keep fires nearly every day. Cleaning house, is pretty well got along with, and a good quantity of sewing also. To-day the sun is shining and it begins to look a little like pleasant weather. Last evening had a pleasant call from Mr. & Mrs. Minor.— Also heard of the death of Aaron Burt, in Chicago. Poor fellow. The news made us all very sad—

[*Wednesday*] *June* 17*th*. Attended A. Burt's funeral. The exercises were remarks & a prayer, by Mr May, very solemn and heartfelt. I rode to the grave yard and saw the remains deposited in the earth. Poor Aaron, he had a true, kind, heart, and some few friends knew & appreciated him.

We heard a day or two since, that Cornelia is to come home next week, which is a little sooner than we expected her. But she will be welcome, be it sooner or later. It has been a long and weary absence, and I shall rejoice, when it comes to an end.

It is still the same rainy wet weather, with occasional tempests, and hurricanes, enough to cause, almost any one to tremble.

Sunday, *June* 21*st*. I did not feel well, and kept at home all day, read some, & slept some, but after tea, the sun shone out beautifully, and I coaxed Charles out for a walk. When we got out beyond the trees, we found that across the eastern sky, there was a magnificent double rainbow. We walked on towards it, and soon walked into a very nice gentle little shower, upon which we turned back, and stopped at neighbor H's, and had a pleasant chat. During the night it rained very hard, and constantly, but we had a pleasant morning, till after the clothes were dry, and then clouds began to gather again. About 3. P.M. we had a rousing rattling hail storm, which was followed by an all nights rain again. But Tuesday [June 23] was tho' cloudy, free from rain, and quite cool. But the moon has changed, and we may hope for better weather.

Wednesday [*June*] 24.*th*. This has been one of the days of old, a bright clear bracing day, and this evening the stars, are magnificent. This is the 23rd anniversary of our marriage — Is it possible? Almost a quarter of a century — But here I am, the mother of 12 children, and yet it seems like a dream when one awakes.

A letter from Cornelia, rec^{d} Monday [June 22] informed us that she was to start for home, on Tuesday A.M. [June 23]. They were to go to Weldon, from Mr. P's, and then take the cars for Norfolk, then the steamer Jamestown for N. Y, which City if prosperous, they expected to reach Thursday Evening [June 25]. Then on Friday [June 26] I suppose they will be off for home. And to-night, I may think of them, as tossing about, upon the briny deep. God grant them smooth seas, & favoring air.

. . . . . .

CHARLES AUGUSTUS WHEATON TO CHARLOTTE AMELIA BIRDSEYE

Syracuse, Decr. 29, 1858

Dear Charlotte

I should have written you before since the demise of your fondly cherished sister and my blessed wife, if I had not been so much engrossed, with other things; and besides your husbands sister promised to write you, which I suppose she has done. Oh, what a sudden change. I cannot yet realize that I shall not soon see my dear Ellen again in the body moving amongst us with her accustomed benignity. But a moments reflection convinces

me that this cannot be; and then my heart almost sinks within me. I can find consolation and support only in the consideration, that what is our irreparable loss is her immediate, substantial, and eternal gain. I have heard, and have been disposed to obey the heavenly mandate,— "Be still, and know that I am God." "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Then comes this soul enlivening assurance, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth; Yea saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow with them." Rev.

The circumstances of her death were peculiar. Lest you may not have heard the particulars, I will at the risk of saying over again what others have said, state:— On the 15th inst. Wednesday Cornelias Wedding occurred. Profr. Bush Swedenborgian officiated. The Ceremony was very beautiful and impressive. Every one present was much pleased with the N. C. marriage Ceremony. Ellen was entirely satisfied, yea, highly pleased with it. She was cheerful and happy. Her health had been improving, her annoying cough almost entirely removed. When the Wedding was over, and quiet restored, she said she felt a load of anxiety removed, now that everything had passed off so pleasantly, and that Cornelia was married to a worthy husband. This was the day following the wedding on Wednesday. The weather was delightful, and she accepted an invitation to ride with Mrs. McCarthy, enjoying it very much. Mrs. Mc. in speaking to us about their ride after her death, remarked

that Ellen was exceedingly happy and eloquent in her descriptions of the beautiful scenery, around our City. She remarked to me that she enjoyed her ride very much, & though a little tired afterwards, felt none the worse for it. Thursday *eve* Ellen, Emma, Clara & I attend[ed] Profr. Bush's lecture. We returned a little after 9. She was reading Livingstons travels in Africa, when we came home. Mr Held came home with us, and he had a pleasant conversation with her. He left about 10. Afterwards we all had a long conversation about matters & things transpiring. After this the girls retired, and Ellen took paper & pencil and made a lengthened memorandum of things to be attended to, such as some borrowed things to be returned, bills to be settled et cet. going into full details; so that she and I did not retire 'till 11 or after. She was in a very cheerful & happy, yea lovely frame of mind until lost in slumber about 12. Which of us was asleep first I cannot say:—but the first thing I knew afterwards, was a sound from her like troubled respiration, like a person in a troubled dream— or nightmare. This wakend me, and [I] at once called her name, and took hold of her arm. She made no response. This alarmed me, and I jumped from the bed, got a light, and to my dismay found her in convulsions, entirely unconscious, and by anything I could do could not be restored to consciousness. I roused George & the girls, and I hastened for medical aid,—this was about 2. o.c. AM. Drs. Hoyt & Morgan were soon at her bed side, as were some of our nearest neighbors, Mr. & Mrs. McCarthy,

Mrs. Hillis &c; but all to no purpose. She ceased to breath[e] within half an hour after I awoke, and her gentle spirit was passing I doubt not for one moment to her home in Heaven. This is my solace—my consolation. Her funeral sermon was preached by Profr. Bush in Mr. Mays Church to a crowded house—hundreds being unable to gain admission. The sermon will soon be published—which I will send you.

We are all well at home. Henry has gone with his Uncle Homer to spend the winter. Mabel went home with Cornelia. So that we have left six girls & Charles at home, with the great light of the household, the mother, put out. I ought not to say put out; but only elevated to shine in a purer atmosphere, where I hope under the influence of its diviner rays we may be attracted thither.

With much love to your husband—and kindest remembrances to all the friends there

I am very truly & affly Yours,

CHAS. A. WHEATON

APPENDICES

377-78

Appendix A

EARLY LETTERS

2

ELLEN DOUGLAS BIRDSEYE TO "JAMES V." BIRDSEYE

Tuesday. I dont know the day of the month [*cir. 1830*].

Dear Brother

IT is something more than five minutes since I received your letter, but it was so very long, I could not answer it, so soon as you wished.

Uncle Lewis was here this afternoon, and I was glad to see him. Betsey cried for half an hour, nearly. He said that when he was in Connecticut, he was informed that Aunt Hepsah had ridden about twelve miles on horseback therefore I suppose her health is better than it once was. He said th[at E]mma was not a bit home-sick: now a'nt that stran[ge?] I expected she would be: did'nt you. Oh! you cant think how I want to see her, dont you. Examination will come on, in three weeks from this week Monday, and dont fail to have Pa and Ma come, and yourself too if convenient. I expect it will partake of the sublime, in some parts of the excercises. Tell Pa that we dont know any thing about the parts in which we are to be examined, but have got to learn one part as well as another, and take any thing she has a mind to give us. My music comes on pretty well, as Miss Sherwood says. I am very glad Pa and ma are going their journey next week, and hope they will have a pleasant one. Tell them to be sure and go to Niagara if possible. Ask Ma if she wont get me an Album, & remind her how long I have wished for one. My letter is as long as yours. Give my love to Pa and Ma; to the children, to Letitia, to Mary to yourself. Good Bye,

Ellen

Tell Ma I have learnt to sing (though I cannot play it) Araby's daughter, and it is the sweetest thing that ever grew. It is in Moores Poems.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS WHEATON TO VICTORY AND ELECTA BEEBEE BIRDSEYE

Pompey 15th February 1833

To / Mr. & Mrs. Birdseye

The subject to which I invite your attention at this time, is one of peculiar interest to you,—and is not without its importance to all in any degree concerned.

You may think me premature in saying what I am about to say—and if you really do, I hope it may not be an unpardonable sin.—

It amounts literally to a plain question, embracing only matters of fact,—and which no doubt, it will be readily answered according to the dictates of your own judgments.

The facts are these,—Your daughter Ellen and myself are, I believe disposed to estimate the "*Value of a Union*" by *matrimonial* process.—And we are neither of us, desirous of entering upon this momentous calculation without your consent.—You have, doubtless look'd upon me—as being somewhat attentive —'tho' not too much so perhaps,—provided, I was actuated by proper motives—and if in accordance with your feelings.—

I am sure, I know not what opinions you may entertain with regard to the propriety of such a course,—yet, I trust you will be indulgent enough to put me in possession of the necessary information on this subject.

I have ventured to ask—(and prior to knowing what are your feelings relative to this matter—and it may be incorrect) in what

light Ellen views it,—& she will state to you her own feelings —better than I can.—It is my honest purpose to proceed in conformity with the strict rules of decorum—and if I have transgress'd or deviated from the true path—I hope you will embrace the earliest opportunity to inform me of it.—

For my own self, I have nothing to say, only that, I am that I am; You have known me, and my whole career from my youth up.—And you are competent, and the only proper tribunal, to decide this interesting question.—If I am justified—and the course I have adopted is approved by you; it will be highly gratifying to me. And, in any event I shall feel myself bound by a sense of justice to you, to yield without a murmur to your decision.

I am very respectfully Yours &c

CHARLES A. WHEATON

ELECTA BEEBEE BIRDSEYE TO ELLEN BIRDSEYE WHEATON

Washington Saturday morning 42—
Jan[y] *28* [*29*]*—

MY DEAR ELLEN

I sit down this morning to answer yours of Jan[y] 20[th] and to let you know a little about our state and condition *here*. I will not go into an account of the proceedings of Congress, you can

* Victory Birdseye was then a member of Congress. The month and day are in his handwriting.

On Jan. 24, 1917, Julia Birdseye Kendall wrote: "I do not know now who has the famous letter which father wrote after his arrival in Washington in February, 1817, . . . in which he told of the then new city, and of having been to call on President Madison and 'Mr.-to-be-President' Monroe, and the messages he sent to the children, Victory and Ellen, . . . [that] he would bring them each a yellow apple [*i.e.*, orange] if they were good children."

get a much clearer account of them from the public prints, I will just say that they are to work at Mr Adams yet. I attended the house last week on friday and saturday and this week on monday and tuesday and wednesday, which was too great an undertaking for me, and made me about down sick, since that I have not been a listener. Your father says they had some very excellent speaking on thirsday. The speech of Mr Underwood and that of Mr. Botta and Mr. Saltonstal he thought were very much to the point and calculated to do much good, and there was thought to be a better state of feeling in the house than for a number of days preceeding. But last night your father come from the house about as much discouraged as ever, the state of things in the house really wears upon your fathers health and if they dont get to doing business with more expedition I fear it will either make him sick or crazy—he is very nervous and looks pale and haggard—I have been trying to get him to write to Charles but he says he dont feel as tho he could bring his mind to write to any body. On Wednesday morning there was a (what shall I call it) fight in the street between Mr Boardman of Connecticut and Mr W^{m}* Campbell of ~~South Carolina~~ Tennessee* Mr C met Mr B—— in the street and said to him you insulted me in the house yesterday. Mr B—— replied, not more than you did *me*—upon which Mr C said your a d=d liar and accompanied the word with a blow which laid Mr B—— on the ground and made the blood flow pretty freely—[*Marginal note in Victory Birdseye's handwriting:* This account may not prove exactly correct as to the circumstances—I believe B. was not knocked Down—but Rec^{d} a contusion near the eye & by the temple.] Mr B was not in his seat wednesday nor thirsday, whether he was there yesterday or today I have not heard Mr

* "W^{m}" and "Tennessee" are in Victory Birdseye's handwriting.

C—— I suspect was not injured as he was in his seat the day the affair took place—It is said that the way Mr B offended was this. Mr C said to Mr B in the house, during the debate upon Mr A—s petition (which he presented praying for a dissolution of the Union) "You New Englanders are nine tenths of you abolitionists—" to which Mr B—— answered that is not the case by any means. So you see how little it takes to insult a slave holder on petition days—I do not know that it is intended to be made a public thing as I do not see any account of it in the papers—and the members of our mess are silent on the subject—but I heard it talked of publicly in the gallery of the house on wednesday—Your father and myself attended a *levee* at Mr Secretary Websters on thirsday evening—it was said by some to be the most splendid party ever given in Washington, but as to that matter I could not judge as I had never attended one here before—The guests were invited to come at 8 oclock and we got home at half past 11 oclock. There was a great variety of ages and and [*sic*] conditions—complexions and sizes fashions and costumes—ornaments of all descriptions and inventions.—Among other interesting objects was Mrs Madison, she is a very fine looking woman plump and fairer than women usually are at forty. I should think she was larger than myself a good deal every way, very erect in her form and seemd in very good spirits. She was dressed in black velvet or satin with a close under handkerchief of muslin or lace and a white lace long shawl, she wore on her head a turban of white velvet trimmed with plain white lace or muslin—and taking into the account her age, which cant be less than 75 she was altogether the most curious and elegant piece of antiquity I have ever seen. By the way you come very near being named Dolly Madison in the beginning of your mortal career—I suppose it would have been

a more proper course to have described Mrs Webster first, as the party was given in her name. it seems that she is a second wife and as usual in such cases is much younger than her husband—she was a Miss Le Roy of New York—she is quite tall and rather good looking, was dressed in black, I believe she wears mourning for her father who died last spring. I should not forget to mention among others Lord Morpeth—he was among the company. he is rather a pleasant looking man about forty five or fifty and appears to be very sociable and agreeable. he has attended upon the late debates in congress with a good deal of interest, dont you think he will gather some new ideas on this side of the water. The Russian ambassender Mr *Bodisco* was also there, he is said to have a most beautiful young wife but she was not there. A Mr Van Ness our minister to Spain was there with a young wife that he has lately married in Spain I should think him over sixty and she is not over twenty five if she *is* as old as that, she can talk our language but very little—The spanish *Charge de affairs* was there too with his two secretaries. General Winfield Scott was among the *great* men there and a fine looking man he is indeed. General Gaines and lady were of the party I had heard much of her and wished much to see her but I did not find who she was till just before we left—she is just about as large as Mary Hascall she is said to be about thirty four whilst her husband must be about seventy. She was a widow with three children when Gen Gaines married her. Her history is a very remarkable one I have learnt some thing of it and I intend to learn more that I may be able to tell it to you when I get home. It equals any novel in point of incident and mystery that ever I read. She is in the city waiting the issue of a trial before the supreme court, in which she claims to be the sole heir to property to the amount of three millions

of dollars. the property is situated in New Orleans. General Gaines is I should think full six feet high. Ellen I wish if you can find the paper that contains the letter of Friend Fuller giving an account of his journey to the south to redeem them slaves for Gerrit Smith—that you would get Charles to fold it in a wrapper and direct it to your father. I have mention'd the circumstance to Mr Ridgeway a member from Ohio, and a Quaker by birth and he would like to see the account of it. If you wish to preserve the paper I will engage to bring it home when I come. In reference to those things that I wrote to you about you need not trouble yourself about them I have been obliged to buy one cap and I dont know but I shall be obliged to get a collar and the rest I must do without till I get home. I expect to come about the middle of next month—I suppose you will have learnt that they have strangled the bankrupt repeal in the senate so they have many of them dirtied their new coat for nothing. The amendment to the treasurey note bill passd the house tonight or rather this afternoon at four oclock they were equally divided one hundred for it and the same number against it and the speaker gave the casting vote in favor of it.*

Mr Dixon Senator from Rhode Island Died this day—so that on monday the Congress will be adjourned over for the funeral without the transaction of any business but the mere formal business on opening the Houses—The Senate had yesterday adjd over to monday—so that the fact cd not be announced in the Senate today. You will please send this letter to Pompey—by reversing the envelope—when you all shall have read it.

Yours sincerely

V. Birdseye

* The rest of the letter is in Victory Birdseye's handwriting.

APPENDIX

VICTORY BIRDSEYE TO WILLIAM EAGER

Pompey June 1—1846

WILLIAM EAGER Esq

my Dear friend—yours of the 21st ult condoling with my self & family upon the great bereavement we have lately sustained* —has been received—for which & the excellent sentiments with which it is filled & the frank & full disclosures of your own afflictions & the present state of your family, be pleased to accept *many—many* thanks—you mention your age 65—mine is 63.—but how different our Lots:—you seem to have been deeply afflicted in the loss of near & Dear relatives besides your own children so many of whom have gone before you—Mrs Birdseye & I have been blessed with a family of 12. children—our son Ebenezer recently deceased age 28. is the first one taken from us—altho' the circumstances under which we have been called to part with him have been very trying to us all—yet there are gleams of consolation, which at times break thro' the gloom—He had lived long enough to develope his mental Powers—establish a character—& make choice of that better part which we hope will not be taken from him—he had been for several years a professor of Religion—was always kind affectionate & dearly beloved by all the family—as we have nothing now left of him but his memory—these incidents of his character & conduct will be always associated with every recollection of him and in that way *I hope* aid to produce like traits of character and conduct in his surviving brothers & sisters

It would be presumptious in us to pronounce as to the saving character of his religious hopes & we know not the conduct of our children when absent from us—We know that we are frail

* The death of his son, Ebenezer, from smallpox, in New York City.

& imperfect beings at the best — If he erred we trust he repented & hope that he is forgiven — He had been for upwards of a year a resident of N. Y. City — was a Clerk in a whole sale Store — & I find had made many friends who speak warmly of his worth & many excellent qualities — to his brother Lucien who was the only one of the family that saw him in his sickness he expressed a perfect resignation to die —

You speak of *my* success in obtaining the honors & wealth of this world — alas how prone we are to *err* in taking a mere outside view of the *happiness of others!* It was my misfortune to lose my mother when only 4. years old — & two sisters younger than myself, my father married again soon & had a large family & being in narrow circumstances I was compelled to shift for myself — I managed to get an imperfect literary & professional education — & in June 1807. came to this place to reside I was then & remained for years — *& years after* I had a family in very straitened circumstances; as a necessary consequence myself & wife have been compelled to be industrious — & these habits formed in middle life — we could not intermit when we had so great a *stent* on hand as the care of 12. children. Doing at no time but a limited amount of professional business — I was induced early to get hold of some Land — & with a Slender constitution have managed for years something of a farm — done some professional business — done some small jobs in the way of office & gone along after a fashion with the business of bringing up a large family — our youngest is now six years old — To congratulate me on my success in obtaining wealth & honors — I know was well intended — but I know my acquisitions of the first to be so small & of the last so vain & empty that I cannot by acquiescence admit the praise applicable to me — yet when I look back upon my state of extreme destitution in early life

& my success in rearing so large a family under circumstances tending to make them useful in the world I am constrained to acknowledge my deep obligations to be grateful to that being who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—We have 11. children & nine grandchildren Victory J. lives on a farm near Manlius Centre Mrs. *C. A. Wheaton* at Syracuse— I have two sons in Albany—Lucien in the Practice of the Law with a good thorough collegiate & Professional education to start with he has established himself in a good business & I find has made many friends. my 4th Son *Henry Clay* is a graduate of Yale—& is now about ½ thro' his Law Clerkship with L. our second Daughter Emma R. is at home with us—John C. is a merchants clerk in Utica our Third Daughter Charlotte A. is now at school at the Williston Seminary in East Hampton Mass.—Franklin—and Horatio—two other sons & two young Daughters Julia & Eunice are with us—my two sons in Albany Mrs C. A. Wheaton (Ellen)—& Emma have made profession of religion following in that respect the footsteps & counsels of their mother—but my friend I trust you have secured that great treasure—those heavenly riches— which I have not gained—you have been tried as Gold in the fire of affliction—while I have been engrossed perhaps hardened by the cares of the world—but I have recd now an admonition which certainly should be no longer neglected.

I lament your increasing blindness as that sense is a main inlet for the Pleasures of the mind as we grow old and are cut off from active pursuits of life—I trust you have many years of happiness & usefulness yet in store for you [*Unfinished.*]

Appendix B

BIRDSEYE FAMILY

Ebenezer Birdseye

LITTLE is known of Victory Birdseye's father, Ebenezer Birdseye, except that he was born in West Haven, Conn., May 13, 1757,* married Eunice Tomlinson,† moved to Corn-

*See Rev. Nathan Birdseye's "Old Book," *infra*. See also *Historical Records of the Town of Cornwall*, by Theodore S. Gold, ii ed., Hartford (1904).

†Born Oct. 24, 1758, daughter of Capt. Beach and Charity Shelton Tomlinson. See *Henry Tomlinson and his Descendants in America*, by Samuel Orcutt, New Haven (1891). In this book the following appears:

"They [the Beach Tomlinsons] settled in Huntington, Ct., on land given by his father, where they resided during their lives. He possessed remarkable physical strength, memory and enterprise, which continued to the end of his life. He was a large stockholder in the Derby Turnpike, and owned considerable land in Vermont to which he went yearly on horseback, until after he was ninety years of age, to collect rents. On one of his return trips, being alone and carrying considerable money, he was pursued by robbers, from whom he escaped by jumping his horse down a steep bank into the Onion River, across which his horse swam, bringing him safely home. . . .

"He was in the Revolutionary War, according to the following record taken from the Adjutant's General's report of Connecticut men:

"'Capt. Beach Tomlinson's Company at Peekskill in October 1777.' . . .

"Capt. Beach Tomlinson's will was dated June 18, 1811, and proved December 2, 1817. In it he first gives to his children as 'advanced portion' sufficient to amount to $4000. to each son and to each daughter, and then directs that the remainder shall be distributed in the proportion of five dollars to each son to two dollars to each daughter . . .

"In the final distribution, each of the five sons living, or their heirs, received $10,167.59; and each of the daughters, or their heirs, received $4,111.68; the whole amount being $73,896.35.

wall, acquired a farm two miles southeast of the village, in a

"The accompanying engravings of Capt. Beach and Charity Tomlinson are made from oil paintings (still most carefully preserved in the old homestead) which are now (1890) about one hundred years old, and although they are considerably faded, it is a great pleasure to many that they are so well preserved, and that copies have been secured which so definitely represent the characters of these remarkable persons."

The Tomlinson portraits reproduced in the present volume are copies of the originals above referred to, and were bought by Louise Ayer Gordon from Charles E. Birdseye (son of Charles A. Birdseye, and grandson of Albert Franklin Birdseye) in 1917. Charlotte Birdseye Miller has furnished the following history of them:

"Capt. Tomlinson died about 1818 or 1819 [1817]. His grandson, Victory Birdseye, of Pompey, went down in the summer of 1819, driving in a gig the whole distance to Huntington, Ct., with his wife and child, Eben, then a baby. His object in going was to settle up the estate of his grandfather, who was a man of considerable wealth for those days. At the vendue, Victory bid against his uncle David for the pictures of the old gentleman and his wife, which were finally knocked down to the son for $200. The next day Victory said in the presence of the heirs that his desire to possess the pictures had caused his uncle to pay a large price for them and he proposed that he (the Uncle David) should be released from the payment of the $200. provided he would bind himself to erect suitable head-stones for the graves of his parents. After the return of Victory to his home in Pompey, he received from his Uncle David copies of the pictures he had so much coveted, painted by Joseph Inman, of New Haven, an artist whose renown had not yet died out, and these copies are the ones now in the possession of Charles E. Birdseye."

Three of Capt. Beach Tomlinson's sons served in the Revolution as well as himself: Henry, Agur, and Victory.

"The following is given as the explanation of the occasion which gave him [the third son] the name of 'Victory.'

"He was born Sept. 12, 1760. Four days before this, or on the 8th of the same month, 'Montreal, Detroit, Michilimackinac, and all other places within the government of Canada were surrendered to his "Brittanic Majesty,"' and thus the French war came to an end.

"On a Sunday morning soon after, as this infant was being carried to the church for baptism, to receive some name that had been borne by the older members of the family, a courier from the back settle-

district known as the "Street,"* lost all his family except Victory from a smallpox epidemic,† married again,‡ lost his second wife from the same cause, and died at a date not recorded.§

ments on the Hudson, came riding up, waving a white flag and shouting Victory! Victory! Victory! For a moment he drew rein at the steps of the church, while he told the pastor and the people the story of the fall of Montreal and all Canada, and the great victory of the English. To every one who heard it, the tidings seemed as if from death to life.

"When the courier had vanished, the congregation gathered in the church for worship and thanksgiving, but before these could proceed the child must be baptized. The minister, an aged man, dipping his hand into the water and placing it on the forehead of the child, apparently forgetting the family name it was intended he should bear, said 'Victory, I baptize thee,' and thus the name came into the family and it was perpetuated in several relative branches for many years." *Henry Tomlinson and his Descendants in America.*

* His farm is now owned by George Farnham.

† Letter of Julia Birdseye Kendall, Feb. 18, 1918.

‡ Sarah Bell, Mch. 8, 1789. See *Early Connecticut Marriages*, by Frederic M. Bailey, New Haven (1896).

§ His second wife died Jan. 1, 1809 (tombstone), and was buried among her Bell kindred in the village cemetery. It is said that he and his first wife and their two small daughters were buried on his farm.

By his second wife he had five sons and three daughters. Three of the sons, Ketchell, Ezra, and John Birdseye, "had a sawmill on Lake Keuka, in western New York, and I remember were always turning to father for advice and help." *Letter of Julia Birdseye Kendall, Aug.* 12, 1921. Another of these sons, Ezekiel Birdseye, married Mary, daughter of Rev. Timothy Stone, of Cornwall, and had a daughter, Irene Birdseye, who exchanged girlhood visits with Julia Catherine Birdseye, taught school at Ellsworth, Conn., was engaged to be married, contracted some malady, and died young. "Parson Stone" was both a spiritual and temporal leader of his flock. In one of the epidemics of smallpox which ravaged Cornwall he was superintending a midnight burial, walking along beside the coffin with a lantern. The story is told that though he trusted in the Lord he did not disdain other means of protection, for

APPENDIX

Rev. Nathan Birdseye's Obituary

Victory Birdseye's grandfather, Rev. Nathan Birdseye, of Oronoque, was a person of some local celebrity. His obituary from the *Bridgeport Farmer* of Feb. 4, 1818, is as follows:—

"Died at Stratford on the 28th of January, 1818, the Rev. Nathan Birdseye, aged 103 years 5 months and 9 days. The whole number of his descendants was 258, 206 of whom are now living. He had 12 children, 76 grandchildren, 163 great-grandchildren, and 7 of the fifth generation. Of his 12 children, 6 were sons and 6 daughters, a daughter was born next after a son in every instance; 9 of them are still living, whose ages added together amount to 582 years; the other 3 died at 47, 65, and 77. He married but once and lived 69 years with his wife, who died at the age of 88. It is a singular fact that of all the branches of this numerous family, not one of them has been reduced to want. Most of them are in prosperous, and all of them in comfortable circumstances.

"His funeral was attended on Friday last by a large concourse of people, among whom were about one hundred of his posterity. A solemn and appropriate Sermon was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Stephen W. Stebbins from this text—

"when he come around the brow of the hill, he *sure* was *steppin' high!*"

Ezekiel Birdseye went to Eastern Tennessee and "there discovered what he considered untold wealth in rich deposits of coal. . . . We sometimes thought that he almost lost his wits from this discovery. He put all that he had and all he could get from the family and his friends into the effort to develop these mines. . . . He died a year or two after the [Civil] war started." *Letter of Julia Birdseye Kendall, Aug.* 12, 1921. On Apl. 23, 1840, he wrote to Victory Birdseye in an ecstatic vein, describing his holdings on Big Pigeon Creek, near Newport, Tenn., and in Haywood and Buncombe counties, N. C., and concluding with these words: "For your expressions of kindness please accept my most cordial thanks; in times past when I had as much trouble as I thought I could bear they were 'like wine to my soul.'"

'And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty and nine years, and he died.'

"He was born August 19th, 1714, took his degree at Yale College in 1736, was settled as a minister at West Haven in 1743 [1742], remained in that situation 16 years, and then removed to his patrimonial estate at Oronoque (in this town), where he resided until the close of his long and useful life. After he left West Haven he continued to preach occasionally for many years. Once, in particular, when he was over a hundred years old, he officiated in the pulpit at Stratford, and his performance gave much pleasure and satisfaction to the audience.* He retained his mental faculties in a remarkable manner to the day of his death, and although during the latter part of his life he was nearly blind and deaf, yet from his accurate knowledge of ancient facts and anecdotes and his natural cheerfulness and good sense, he was able to make his conversation agreeable and entertaining to the many friends and strangers who had the curiosity to visit him. Nature had given him a retentive memory, a sound judgement, and a good heart, which qualities were improved by much reading and reflection. It may be said of him, perhaps with as much propriety as of any other person, that he

* A copy of this obituary left by Seymour Whiting, grandson of Hannah Birdseye Curtis and great-grandson of Rev. Nathan Birdseye, contains the following passage at this point:

"On that occasion he repeated the following hymn, which was sung by the congregation:

'God of my childhood and my youth,
My hope for years to come,
My shelter from the stormy blasts,
And my eternal home.'"

The Whiting version, however, omits the last three sentences as given in the text.

was an honest man and a real Christian. Venerable for his virtues, as well as years, he died as he had lived, without an enemy and in the hope of a happy immortality. Stratford, Jan. 31, 1818."*

Rev. Nathan Birdseye's "Old Book"

A transcript of a copy of certain memoranda kept by Rev. Nathan Birdseye in an "Old Book," as made by his granddaughter, Maria Lewis Birdseye Curtis, daughter of his son Thaddeus, is as follows:†

* This version is from *History of Stratford and Bridgeport*, by Samuel Orcutt, New Haven (1886).

† This transcript was obtained from Helen Curtis Webster, of Cleveland, granddaughter of the copyist. It varies slightly from a transcript of a copy made on Jan. 23, 1843, by John Brooks, son of Dorothy Birdseye Brooks, and grandson of Rev. Nathan Birdseye (as printed in a newspaper clipping of some date between Aug. 14 and Oct. 15, 1879), but is clearly the more accurate. John Brooks states that at the date he made his copy there were living of the family "Aunt Hellen Birdsey, aged 92 years, also my Aunt Sarah (Willis[t]on by marriage), aged about 80 years." He also states that he himself was then in his eightieth year. Two years later he adds this note: "Hellen Birdsey my aunt, and third daughter of my grandfather (and father to all the within numerous family), died July 19th, 1845. She was born July 17th, 1751, and was aged 94 years. This is the last of the whole family with the exception of aunt Sarah Williston and she is now about 82." Again he adds: "Aunt Williston died August 19th, 1845 aged 82, the latest of grandfather Birdsey's numerous family, 12 in number, 6 sons and 6 daughters. Since the death of Helen Birdsey, I have continued the record of grandfather Birdsey down to the death of his last child Mrs. Sarah Williston, who died in Northampton, Mass., as above stated, and was the wife of the Rev. Payson Williston of that place." This transcript of the Brooks copy of the Rev. Nathan Birdseye record, together with John Brooks's additions, was made on Feb. 14, 1876, by Seymour Whiting. He appends this note to the same: "I presume that the present town of East Hampton must have been set off from Northampton, as I have no recollection of a town of that name in my early days. I remember seeing the Rev.

"An account of births and deaths of some of my ancestors and near relations and of my children in particular. My great-grandfather, Dea. John Birdseye died about 1694, aged 74 years. My grandfather, John Birdseye, died in the winter called the 'sickly winter,' 1697, aged 55 years. My maternal grandfather, Ambrose Thompson, died Sept. 6, 1742, aged 92 years. He had a good understanding in the scriptures and was counted a wise, observing, as well as religious man. My grandmother, Phebe Birdseye, (Beach by her last marriage to Mr. John Beach) was the daughter of Dea. Timothy Wilcoxen. She died Sept. 20, 1743, aged 92 years. My mother, Sarah Birdseye, daughter of Ambrose Thompson, died May 3, 1726, of the pleurisy, in the 41st year of her age. I, the writer hereof, Nathan Birdseye, and Dorothy Hawley were married April 17, 1739. I was born Aug. 5, 1714, on Lord's day at noon, one week after Queen Anne's decease. Dorothy Hawley, my wife, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Hawley of Ridgefield, Conn., was born Feb. 27, 1719–20. My wife's father, Mr. Hawley, died Nov. 9, 1738 in the 49th year of his age and 28th of his ministry. My sister, Dinah Birdseye died of a convulsion fit in June 1718, about 6 years old. My only brother, Joseph Birdseye, died of canker or throat distemper in about 48 hours after he was taken, Dec. 17, 1738 —aged 21 years and 7 days. Our first son, Joseph, was born on Monday morning, sun two hours high, Feb. 4, 1739–40. Our first daughter, Dorothy, was born Aug. 10, 1742. Our second son, Nathan was born May 29, 1744, about 2 o'clock in the morning. Ezekiel Hawley, my wife's oldest brother, died Mar. 11, 1746—aged 33 years. Our second daughter, Hannah, was born Dec. 15, 1746. Our third son, Ezra, was born

P. Williston but once at my father's in Stratford, at which time he wore a large (I should think) wool wig that curled down on his shoulders."

Jan. 28, 1749. My wife's brother, Joseph Hawley, died of the measles Apr. 15, 1749, aged 35 yrs. Her mother, Madam Hawley, the daughter of Deputy Governor Nathan Gold, died Apr. 17, 1749, in the 64th year of her age. Her sister, Abigail Lockwood, died June 6, 1749, aged 33 years. Her brother, Ebenezer Hawley, died Sept. 29, 1749, aged about 20 years. Our third daughter, Helen, was born July 17, 1751. Our fourth son, Thaddeus, was born April 18, 1753—new style. Our fourth daughter, Abigail, was born Apr. 27, 1755. Our fifth son, Ebenezer, was born May 13, 1757. My father, Joseph Birdseye, died June 25, 1757, aged 75 years, 4 months. Our fifth daughter, Lucy, was born Mar. 1, 1759. Our sixth son, John, was born Feb. 16, 1761. Our sixth daughter, Sarah, was born Aug. 26, 1763. Our son, Thaddeus Birdseye, died Feb. 23, 1800, aged 46 years—10 months."

Maria Lewis Birdseye Curtis is said to have added the following to this record:

"Dorothy Birdseye, consort of Nathan Birdseye, died Sept. 21, 1807 in the 88th year of her age. Hannah Curtis, second daughter of Nathan and Dorothy Birdseye, died Nov. 24, 1812, aged 66 years. Joseph, eldest son of Nathan and Dorothy Birdseye, died May 26, 1817, aged 78 years. Nathan Birdseye died Jan. 28, 1818, aged 103 years, 5 months, 9 days. Lucy, fifth daughter of Nathan and Dorothy Birdseye, died Dec. 24, 1823, aged 64 years. Abigail, fourth daughter of Nathan and Dorothy Birdseye, died May 4, 1827, aged 72 years. Nathan, second son of Nathan and Dorothy Birdseye, died Aug. 5, 1832, aged 88 and 3 months."

The following notes are from a manuscript left by Seymour Whiting:

"Dea. John Birdseye, said to have come from Reading, Berkshire, England, to America in 1636, came to Wethersfield,

Conn. or New Haven where he married Philippa, daughter of Rev. Henry Smith. He came to Milford, Conn. in 1639—thence to Stratford—where his son was baptized in 1641. On Feb. 7, 1643 that town voted that he might use certain lands provided he would 'pay the charges, or rates, for it as other men do for theirs.' He married a second time about 1688, Alice, widow of Henry Tomlinson. She died Jan. 25, 1698. He was among the earliest settlers of Stratford and must have come there before 1641, as the births of his only children, John and Joanna, are recorded there in 1641 and 1642, although their baptisms are recorded in Milford. The tradition is that two brothers came from England to New Haven,—John's brother settling at Wethersfield and having a family of daughters, one of whom, named Catherine, married Joseph Hawley of Stratford. John Birdseye and his wife Philippa (or Phillis) were dismissed from the Milford church to the Stratford Church in 1649. It seemed very improbable that he would under the circumstances and customs of those days, remain at Stratford eight years and continue his membership at Milford, and therefore it is more probable that he remained at Milford until 1649 and had his children's births recorded in Stratford after he came there. The time of his first wife's death is unknown. An agreement between himself and his second wife was made in 1688 respecting property and is on the probate records. Both children survived him. Joanna married Timothy, son of William Willcoxson. The latter in his will, refers to his 'brother Birdseye' whence it may be inferred that either William Willcoxson's wife was Birdseye's sister, or Birdseye's wife was Phillis Willcoxson (she was a Smith), and in either case, John Birdseye's children married their cousins, for John Birdseye 2nd, married Phebe, daughter of William Willcoxson. Dea. John Birdseye must have married Philippa,

daughter of Rev. Henry Smith of Wethersfield, for John Blakeman, Jr. who married his (Rev. Smith's) daughter, Dorothy, called Birdseye, 'brother.' It is true that the term 'brother' was used in those times familiarly in public documents among the members of the church to designate simply that relation, but it was not used in wills, where definite terms are supposed to be used. John Birdseye is said to have been one of the first deacons in the Congregational Church at Stratford. His descendants have been considerably numerous, widely scattered and of honorable position and standing as citizens. (Victory Birdseye of Onondaga Co. N. Y. who became a member of the Congress of the U. S. was said to be a grandson of Rev. Nathan Birdseye —the son of Ebenezer—his fifth son.)"

LUCY BROOKS TO HER SON

Brooklyn, N.Y. Feb. 24, 1862.

My dr. Son—

It has long been on my mind to transmit to you by letter the wonderful incident connected with my venerable grandfather's life, which you have often heard me describe, and fearing it should be lost to his posterity (who are many of them ignorant of the fact in its details) I shall put it down, as I have often heard my dear Mother relate it—& which occurred the summer previous to her marriage in 1762. In the early part of the season, there fell all over that section, the most severe drought ever experienced by the oldest inhabitant. From June until the following October, not a drop of rain fell upon the parched earth, and its surface was like a bed of ashes, totally devoid of moisture, and the firmament like a canopy of burnished brass, terrible to behold. My grandfather's farm was situated, you will recollect,

on very high ground, in the beautiful village of Oronoque, overlooking all that part of the country, with the full view of the fine farms in the valley below, and the Housatonic river through the trees, with its small dotted islands in the distance, rendered it a most charming and delightful spot. Always in dry weather, the springs on the farm became very low. At this particular season, they had, for a long time, drawn from their neighbors' wells, which, with the wants of a numerous household, and many herds of cattle, was no small quantity. Well, the time had now come, when that resource also must fail them, as the springs in the valley became so low, that the neighbors were obliged to send him word that they could no longer supply him with water. The scene the next morning, I have heard my mother describe, (and she always wept at the recital), as one of the most affecting and heart-rending, that could be imagined. The whole family, including the domestics, were called together and the terrible truth told them. Their appalling circumstances were then laid before the Lord—and His faithful servant prayed as he had never prayed before—that his Heavenly Father would not suffer him, with all that was his, to perish for lack of water, but would provide some way by which they might be sustained. The distress and lamentations, the tears & prayers, of all present, who saw death staring them in the face, were overwhelming, & indescribable. After the morning meal was over, he took his staff in his hand, and walked out, as was his custom, to ponder and pray over the desolation around him. Slowly walking over his fields, his attention was attracted to a small dark spot in the earth. He immediately prostrated himself, & began to scratch up the ground, and was soon satisfied that it was moist. He called his men to bring their shovels, or whatever was at hand, —& dig up the place he had discovered. They did so, & at the

depth of three feet, the pent up waters gushed forth, and overflowed the ground where they were standing. He lost no time in hastening to his family to tell them the blessed news that the Lord had heard their prayer, & sent them water. Rude leaders were hastily constructed, and the precious fluid soon conducted to within a few feet of the house, which, as there was an easy descent, was soon accomplished. Oh! Who can describe the happy household, as they gathered, in the evening of that day, around the family altar, to offer up their thanksgivings, to their Heavenly Father, for His great goodness, in this most wonderful manifestation of His great care for them, in this dark hour of peril. Here, my son, we see a direct answer to prayer. I suppose my grandfather had walked over this spot, hundreds of times, without dreaming of the precious reservoir beneath his feet, and it was truly wonderful, that his attention should have been directed, (when his mind was so abstracted,) to the singular appearance of the earth there It is now nearly a century since this wonderful event occurred, and, from this same source, water has been brought throughout the village, in former years, by logs,—now, in this age of improvement, by pipes like the Croton or Ridge water, and every man has it, or can have it, if he chooses, in his own domicile. Our ancestor was then in the meridian of life, father of a large family, six sons, and six daughters, (of whom my mother was the eldest,) and lived to see them all settled in life, except three, a son & two daughters, who never married, and who seemed left to their parents, as the stay & prop of their declining years.

I shall add a few details of his life and death, of which you may be ignorant. He was born in 1714, was educated at Yale College, & studied for the ministry, with Rev. Mr. Hawley of Ridgefield, Conn. whose daughter he afterwards married. She

was a woman of great intelligence of mind, suavity of manner, and dignity of character, a pupil of the old school, and was well fitted to be the companion of such a man. He was settled over a Church in West Haven Conn. for many years. At the death of his father, being an only son, he resumed the paternal estate, in Oronoque, and preached occasionally in the neighborhood, as there was no church within three miles of them. He was married in 1739, and lived with our grandmother, in a state of conjugal felicity, and prosperity, nearly seventy years. The first death in the family, was a son, who died of consumption, in his 48th year. When he was one hundred years old, he was asked to preach a century sermon in the Congregational Ch. in Stratford, (wh. he always attended, when able to ride so far,) which he did, to the great satisfaction of the numerous audience. In my mind's eye, I can see the old patriarch, as he rose to address them, bent with age, & totally blind, raise his hands and pour forth his soul in prayer (in which he was wonderfully gifted), in that loud clear voice, that filled the house, and then with sightless eyes, repeat from memory the hymn, & chapter from the scriptures, & preach to the large & attentive audience. Those who were living can never forget the event.—One cold morning in Dec [January] 1818, he rose as usual, & seating himself by the fire complained of being cold. His daughter hastened to prepare some warm drink, but on presenting it, found his spirit had passed away, without a sigh or a groan, & like Enoch of old, he was translated to the arms of his Savior. Of all the name, so far as I know, no one has ever been reduced to want, by misfortune or indigence. Many are very wealthy, & some have risen to fill high stations in political life. I have lately heard, that the present owner of the Birdseye place, has buried all his family, and is himself in feeble health. He is of the 5th generation, was

left an orphan at an early age, was named Nathan, after my grandfather, and inherited the place, after my uncle and aunts. But I greatly fear, that it will fall into the hands of strangers. Dear old spot, where so many days of my girlhood's days were spent! Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid, and parting summer's lingering bloom delayed, Seat of my youth where every scene could please! Farewell forever. Never again shall I visit you. But the memory of those days, long since passed away, is still fresh in my memory, & pleasant to dwell upon.

Your loving Mother,

LUCY BROOKS.*

* "It would naturally occur to the reader of this letter that the Housatonic river would have supplied their wants, but the tide comes up above Oronoque, I believe, and so the water is not drinkable.

"I have often heard Aunt Eunice Baker say that she spent a winter at her grandfather's in Oronoque when about eleven years old, and that the old gentleman never allowed Madam Birdseye to find her seat at the table without his escort. When the meal was announced he always offered her his arm, and ceremoniously drew out her chair, and seated her before any one else was seated, and escorted her from the table in the same courteous style after each meal. William Dwight Whitney, the famous Orientalist of Yale College, and Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, long pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, and later U. S. Minister to Germany, were among the descendants of this old man. Prof. Whitney is the grandson of his daughter Sarah who married Rev. Payson Williston, of East Hampton, Mass., and was the mother of Samuel Williston, founder of East Hampton Seminary, and who gave so liberally to Amherst College.

"The eldest daughter, Dorothy, and the mother of the writer of the above letter married a Brooks. The unmarried children of the patriarch were Nathan, Lucy and Abigail. The dates in the above letter were (except the first, '1862') left blank, and supplied by me from the family record obtained through Joseph Birdseye, of Utica. Lucy Brooks, married a Brooks, so Aunt Hannah Everett says." *Charlotte Birdseye Miller.*

[*From Bridgeport Daily Standard, Saturday, June 17, 1916*]

Ancient House of Philo Birdseye at Oronoque

By Helen Harrison

Few farms on the road to Derby can present the cosy appearance as does this ancient home of Philo Birdseye at Oronoque. It was purchased by Frank Miller about 18 years ago and turned into a modern dwelling, with a house added at the rear. . . . The house is now the property of D. S. Guthrie, of Chicago.

Folks motoring on the road to Derby are attracted by a yellow house topped by a massive stone chimney, which suddenly comes into view at a curve of the road above the Oronoque post office. The main house has the long line of the salt-box roof and has attached to it another long house facing south at right angles to the main one. Green vines creep up to the peak of the roof and a shaded arbor partly shields the house in the rear. A wide veranda, partly roofed over, projects from the front of the house facing the road. The place has a cheerful air, and possesses all the earmarks of another century.

When one passes within the front door, the life of today is left behind, for the old wide planks, the big fireplaces, nests of cupboards, ancient hand-made nails, and here and there the old hand-wrought hinges all speak of generations long gone. . . . When Mr. Miller purchased it from a Mr. Baird, about the only record that could be obtained of it in the Stratford Town hall was that of the marriage of Hannah Birdseye to Silas Curtis, which took place in the house on February 17, 1765. She was the daughter of the Rev. Nathan Birdseye and a copy of this record was in Philo Birdseye's possession. It is possible that the house may have once been the home of Parson Birdseye, although the

house most closely associated with him was on the hill above the home of Frank E. Blakeman at Oronoque.

Philo Birdseye was born in 1748 [?] and was the son of Ezra, who was a brother of Hannah Birdseye.* Philo married Betsy, daughter of Elihu Curtis, and they had four children. The first, named Nathan, died at the age of one year, the others were Nathan (second), Harriet and Philo C., who was born in 1813 and died at the age of 61 in 1874.

Mr. Miller named the place Prayer Spring farm, taking the name from the story which clings to the spring on the Blakeman place, although all that stretch of land was at one time Birdseye property. . . .

Then the old stone chimney, which was covered with plaster above the roof line, was uncovered so the grey of the stone showed. The chimney slants out to the attic room over the old long kitchen and is open, with a narrow flight of stairs leading up to the upper attic over the two front bedrooms. Sixteen-inch planks edged with the bark of trees may be seen in the crude wood-work of this unsealed part of the house. In many places wooden pins hold the timber in place. The stairs lead to this from the old long kitchen and doors go into the two big rooms, which are paneled along the chimney wall and have fireplaces in each room.

The old long kitchen had a partition dividing it into a long and a small room, which may have been the kitchen-bedroom. Mr. Miller had the partition taken out and the main part of the room relaid with a hard wood floor. This room contains 11 doors, and could be termed the room of many doors. It was in this old

*Ezra Birdseye was barely sixteen at the date of his sister Hannah's marriage. If she was married in this house at all, the natural conclusion is that it was her father's.

place that, it is said, the family horse used to enter in winter dragging the great back-logs up to the fireplace, which is large enough for a person to stand in. In fact it is said that a runway was worn on the floor from this season's work.

The doors lead into the rooms each side of the chimney, one goes down to the cool cellar, where apples keep as if in cold storage; another leads into a closet, two goes out of doors from the north and south ends of the room while another leads to the entrance to the new kitchen in the house at the rear. . . . The fireplaces all burn well and the big one in the long room at the back contains a crane and beside it are two ovens for baking.

The big beams are found outlining the walls and it is the plan of the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie, to uncover some of the big ceiling beams and have them put into condition to show in their natural wood state. . . .

Appendix C

BEEBEE FAMILY

Incidents in the Early History of Capt. James Beebee and his Family

By Charlotte Birdseye Miller

CAPT. James Beebee was the son of Rev. James Beebee (A.M., Yale), of North Stratford (later Trumbull), Ct. The family seem to have had military tastes. He was the 4th in descent from John Beebee, the first emigrant of that name, who died at sea on May 18, 1650, and whose will, made on that day, mentions five sons and two daughters. The four older sons were early at New London, Ct., and their names appear in military records there as early as King Philip's War. As early as 1663 a "Captain Beebe" (not further identified) is mentioned in the records of Stratford. The youngest child, James, was one of the earliest settlers of Danbury, Ct., where he was magistrate, Lieutenant, Captain, member of the Legislature and Deacon of the church. His son James filled the same offices. *His* son, the third James, born at Danbury in 1718, and graduating at Yale in 1745, and who is known as "Preacher and Soldier," was ordained and installed Pastor of a Congregational Church at North Stratford on May 6, 1747, continuing in that pastorate till his death, Sept. 5, 1785, thirty-eight years. He was active not only in the Revolutionary War but in the "French and Indian War" of 1756–63. In that war he enlisted as a private, but subsequently acted as Chaplain. He was in two campaigns, and two of his sermons to the soldiers are still extant. His son, Capt. James Beebee, did no discredit to his patriotic ancestry.

On May 5, 1775, he enlisted as a private in the second company of the 5th Regiment, Col. Waterbury. He was discharged Sept. 17, 1775. He seems to have been in service during 1776. On January 1, 1777, he was appointed 1st Lieutenant, and proceeded to raise a company of soldiers. After the destruction by the British of Danbury and the military stores there on April 27, 1777, he completed the raising and equipping (largely at his own expense) of his company, and it marched from North Stratford on June 4, 1777. After the company was mustered, and the last thing before they marched to join Washington's army, he was married on the Green to Mehitabel ("Mabel") Fairchild. The bride did not again see her husband until she joined him at Valley Forge during the disastrous winter of 1777–78, she having made the journey on horseback across the country to the camp. Tradition hath it that on that journey there was attached to the horn of her saddle a pillow-case, filled with home-made woolen socks (there were no knitting machines in those days, except the fingers of the women), which were, on her arrival in camp, distributed among the destitute soldiers. Her recollections of the hardships and sufferings of that winter made a deep impression on the minds of those who heard her tell of them. Among other things, she used to tell of the soldiers drawing from the hills some miles away their fuel into camp, along paths reddened by their unshod and bleeding feet. On Dec. 25, 1779, Lieut. Beebee was promoted Captain of the 2nd Connecticut Regiment of Infantry, Col. Zebulon Butler. On Aug. 2, 1779, he was transferred to the corps of Sappers and Miners in Moylan's 4th Light Dragoons, Brigadier General du Portail. He resigned from the army on June 7, 1781. Later he became a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. A bullet in the shoulder received at Brandywine, which he carried until his death,

and a sun-stroke during the battle of Monmouth, did not put an end to his service in the army. Tradition in the family is that, for a considerable time, the company he commanded was Washington's own body-guard. He was so near to Washington during the battle of Monmouth, that when Washington met that brigade of his army which had been commanded by General ("Lord") Lee, and which had retreated upon the British attack under such circumstances as have always raised the question whether Lord Lee was merely a coward or really a traitor, Capt. Beebee heard the conversation; and he used to recount with emphasis what it was, and how Washington, in righteous indignation and in the strongest language, not without imprecations and even oaths, reproached Lee for his conduct in ordering the retreat.

Upon leaving the army, Capt. Beebee resumed the practice of his profession, that of Civil Engineer and Surveyor. After the war he applied to the Government to be reimbursed for the expense of raising and equipping his company. He received from that source a sum nominally equivalent, but really "it would scarcely buy a jack-knife." He removed to Dutchess County, N. Y., and resided there for a time. In 1795 he was employed by General Philip Van Cortlandt in locating and opening lots in the Military Bounty Lands. Ben and Abel Fairchild, brothers of Mrs. Beebee, were already settled in what is now the Town of Pitcher, Chenango County, N. Y. Hither came Capt. Beebee in the summer of 1795. Just over the line of the "Military Tract," in the Township of Solon, and in the midst of the forest, he put up a log cabin, and in the fall returned east for his family, which comprised his wife and five children: the eldest, Hepzibah ("Hepsy"), being fourteen years of age; the youngest, Electa, being then about two.

It was in February, 1796, that the party started for the new home in the wilderness of what was then the "far west." They had a lumber sleigh and two horses to carry their worldly goods and themselves, and provisions for the journey, for there were few hotels on their road, and they had little or no money to pay hotel bills. A couple of wooden chests, still in the possession of the Birdseye family, together of less than half the capacity of a modern Saratoga trunk, carried the clothes of the family. Some feather beds and a chair or two, a tea-kettle, brass kettle and bake kettle, with the provisions of the journey, a ham, a bag of potatoes and another of Indian meal and, as a choice luxury, some dried raspberries and blue-berries, completed the family stock of goods and chattels. Stoppages for the night were made at the houses of the settlers. Provisions for supper and the following day were cooked. The feather beds were unpacked and spread upon the kitchen floor; and after relating the news from "down East," which was always considered by the host a fair equivalent for the accommodations, the travelers "slept the sleep of the just." Rising early next morning, they repacked their belongings, and resumed their westward journey. Electa, the youngest child, who rode most of the way in her mother's lap, wrapped in the shelter of her mother's cloak, was accustomed, many years later, to tell her children how, in the twilight, peeping out from her shelter, she saw beside the road stumps of trees capped with snow, and thought they were Indians executing their war dance. The journey of nearly three weeks made a pause at Fairchild's Corners, now Pitcher, Chenango County. Here, for some weeks, the family stayed, while Capt. Beebee and his brothers-in-law made the log cabin, about seven miles further west, in some degree habitable. As soon as the family were installed in the new domicile, the husband and

father was called to New York on business connected with land titles, the mother being left alone in the wilderness with her five children, the eldest, Hepsy, being then fourteen, and the second, Lewis, not yet twelve. When Capt. Beebee returned, after an absence of some weeks, his wife said: "Well, Captain Beebee, how much maple sugar do you think Hepsy and Lewis and I have made since you left?" "Oh, about five pounds, I guess," was the reply. "Well, we have made ninety-five pounds," she answered. In estimating the value of this achievement and the amount of labor it involved, it is to [be] remembered not only how scanty and monotonous was the fare of the pioneers to which this result was added, but also how destitute they were of the proper apparatus for tapping trees and collecting and boiling the sap.

At the first, there was no door to the cabin. During the night, the door consisted of a blanket in which holes had been pierced, and through these it was hung upon nails driven over the doorway. Falling to the floor, it was held in place by the two chests above mentioned and logs of wood placed upon them. For a considerable time, that was the only barricade against intruders or wild beasts. Electa used often to tell of being put to sleep in the cabin when such a door, together with a bright fire in the fireplace, was the only protection of the family from intruders, including the panthers, or, as they were then usually called, "painters," which she used to hear howling in the woods at the edge of the clearing where the log house stood. The water for the family use was brought in the tea-kettle from a spring some rods distant. In 1851 the "oldest inhabitant" piloted two of the Birdseye grandchildren* to the spot where that cabin had stood, and pointed out the outlines of it as shown by the rotting logs,

* Charlotte Amelia and Horatio. C. B. M.

turf-covered, but then still distinguishable, and also the spring where grandmother Beebee used to fill her tea-kettle.* There is a tradition in the family that she was once chased by a panther when returning from the spring, but in her rapid flight for safety she clung to the precious tea-kettle and saved that and the water it contained.

One of the few neighbors of the family proved to be an inveterate borrower. After repeated requests had been complied with, "the last straw that broke the camel's back" came in the request for the precious brass kettle to make soap in. "No," said Mrs. Beebee, "I will lend my best cap; I will even lend my best petticoat and short gown, but my *brass kettle* I'll *never lend!*"

After about two years spent in this spot, the family removed to the east part of the Town of Pompey, on the land subsequently owned by Titus Marsh, which through his son Daniel and Daniel's daughter, Betsy Ann, wife of Victory J. Birdseye, is now, in 1895, owned by the great-grandchildren of Captain Beebee. While living here, Capt. Beebee "signed" † for a neighbor, who "jumped his bail." In consequence, Capt. Beebee found himself, after giving up all his property, unable to satisfy the demand, and was obliged to go to jail for debt at Onondaga Hill. His family followed him thither not long after, to be near him. He obtained discharge from actual imprisonment in the jail, and went out upon the "limits," finding bail who undertook that he should not pass beyond the limits, a territory of a mile or two square around the jail. Proving himself a reliable and trustworthy citizen, he had, while committed to the jail, been

* No trace of the site now remains. On the U. S. Topographical Survey Map it would lie about one and one-half miles west of Taylor Valley, on the opposite side of the road from the contour figures "1765."

† Went on a bail bond. C. B. M.

made keeper of it. Later he taught the village school for some years, and had among his pupils the children of the Bronson, Earll and Mclaren families and many others of the early settlers. Meanwhile his wife and children kept the village tavern. Hepsy, the eldest, went out sewing at 2s. 6d. per day, and also taught school. Of course, the business of the village inn was not extensive, except during "*Court Week*," when lawyers from the outlying districts of what is now Onondaga, Oswego, Cortlandt, Cayuga and other Counties came to attend court before such Judges as Kent, Spencer, Van Ness and others. On such occasions, Hepsy's aid would be required for extra cooking, and she would come home from her sewing or teaching, and sit up, sometimes all the night, to prepare a supply for the table next day. It was a slow process, as her only cooking apparatus was the pot hanging from the crane over the fire, the tin bake oven facing the fire and the bake kettles in the coals or hot ashes. When she grew sleepy, she brewed a strong cup of tea to wake herself up and renew her strength. On one of these occasions a young lawyer, Victory Birdseye by name, had come from Pompey on foot across the valleys to attend Court. Tired and hungry, he sat down to dinner. The landlord's daughter, Electa, a young woman of eighteen, accidentally spilled a plate of soup she was bringing to him, upon his best suit of clothes. The sight of her embarrassment and blushes allayed his annoyance; and the incident proved an introduction to an acquaintance that resulted in their marriage. The labors of Capt. Beebee and his family in the course of time cleared the debt that had caused so much grief and trouble, and he was free to go and come beyond the "limits," and was able to and did give his youngest daughter a course at the Seminary at Clinton, Oneida County, which, about the time she left it, was incorporated, and became Hamilton College.

About this time he was appointed keeper of the State Arsenal, a stone building on the east slope of Onondaga Valley,* and made Jasper Hopper his deputy. Later, in 1812, about the time of the breaking out of the war, Mr. Hopper allowed some of the arms stored there to be taken for the use of the troops at Oswego, but failed to take the proper receipt therefor. This made it necessary for Capt. Beebee to go himself to Oswego to straighten out the matter. He went in a row boat from "Salt Point," later "Salina," via the Seneca and Oswego Rivers, intending to stop on his return in the neighborhood of Three River Point and camp out for hunting and fishing. He failed to return. Later, his boat floating bottom upwards and his disfigured remains told the story of his death. He was buried in the cemetery at Onondaga Hill, beside the remains of his daughters, Elizabeth and Sarah, who had died of a malignant fever two years before. The traditions of the family as to their sickness and death are that in the early summer of 1810 two British officers were traveling to New York City from a British garrison in Canada west of the Niagara. They reached Onondaga Hill by the stage over the Genesee Turnpike. Here the sickness of one was such that they were compelled to break their journey. The other soon became sick, and both died after very protracted illness and great suffering. They were cared for by Capt. Beebee and his family at the public house. The two daughters, Elizabeth and Sarah, contracted the disease and died, the one on Aug. 24, and the other on Nov. 7, 1810. The sister Sarah was sick and died while staying with her sister Hepsy at Manlius, while the latter was teaching school. And it is related that while spending her days in the school-room, Hepsy spent her nights in watching her sick sister. The only time she enjoyed a night's rest during these

* The ruins of this building are still standing. C. B. M.

weeks of illness was when Dr. Clarke, the uncle of Grace Greenwood, sat up with the sick one himself, and sent the tireless watcher away for one night's sleep.

After the death of Capt. Beebee, the widow and remaining children continued the keeping of the hotel until after the marriage in 1813 of the youngest daughter, Electa, to Victory Birdseye, the rising young lawyer of Pompey Hill, when, at his instance, they removed to the latter place. The son Lewis married for his first wife a daughter of Simeon West, an old resident of Salt Point. Many years after, the son-in-law, Mr. Birdseye, secured for Mrs. Beebee a pension as the widow of a Revolutionary soldier, the money, however, not being received till within a few months of her death. She died in Pompey, Dec. 16, 1836, aged 82 years, having retained the use of her faculties to the last. Her youngest sister was Sarah Fairchild Burritt, who was the grandmother of the Hurd families of Fayetteville, and of Mrs. John Ecker. And in the union of Col. M. B. Birdseye and Harriet Ecker, about 1865, the family lines were re-united.

The daughter, Hepsy, was a woman of stately build and presence, of rare gifts in conversation, and of strong convictions, which were wont to eventuate in prompt action. In her early youth she joined the Methodist Church; but later, when she heard and read about slavery and its horrors, she became impressed with the conviction that slaveholders ought not to be received to membership, and the church thus made a partner in so great an evil. After publicly making a personal protest, she withdrew from membership. "Ah, Sister Beebee," said the Presiding Elder to her, "I never thought *you* would quit the good ship Zion!" "I did n't know she was a slaver when I took passage aboard of her," was the quick rejoinder. She had, in her prime, many suitors for her hand, all of whom she rejected. The

reason for her determination to lead a single life can only be conjectured. But the record of her patient endurance and self-sacrifice for her family gives ground for the conclusion that she recognized that claim as superior to anything that marriage might possess. In later years, her nephews and nieces in her sister's home were as much the objects of her anxious thoughts and ceaseless efforts as if they had been her own children. At least one of her nephews seems clearly to have owed his life to her, being rescued and saved from great danger by her loving watchfulness and care.

One of the traditions of the family as to her offers of marriage is that a young man who had known her for some years, and whose name need not be given here, came to the house at Onondaga Hill, and, after a little time, asked her hand in marriage. It was refused. He remained some time longer, renewing the request from time to time, and urging its acceptance. It was, however, persistently refused, and he finally took his leave. When he was about to mount his horse to go away, he shook hands with her, and parted with her with this assurance of the state of his feelings:—"Good-bye, Hepsy! Damn you, I love you yet!"

Both Miss Beebee and her sister, Mrs. Birdseye, inherited literary tastes and habits from their father. They were well read in the literature of their day, especially in the English classics. Scraps from Burns, Cowper and Scott were household words with them. Especially was Mrs. Birdseye familiar with *The Lady of the Lake*, and she showed her appreciation of Scott's lovely heroine by giving her name, Ellen Douglas, to her eldest daughter, later Mrs. Charles A. Wheaton, of Syracuse.

The result of such home influence was to cultivate a love of domestic pleasures and literary resources in the children. These

influences will in some degree account for the fact that, of the seven sons (who all came to manhood), not one ever became addicted to the use of liquor or tobacco or to profanity. Of course, much credit for this is due also to the pure and wholesome example of the father of the family, and to the excellent mental atmosphere in which he moved.

When Mrs. Birdseye came to Pompey, young and inexperienced in matronly cares, she was accustomed amid her perplexities to step across the street and ask the advice of Mrs. Henry Seymour, the wife of the village merchant, and the mother of the late Governor Horatio Seymour, an accomplished housekeeper, as well as a leader in society. Mr. Henry Seymour was a few years later appointed one of the four Canal Commissioners, and for five or six years took a very active part in the construction of the Erie Canal, removing to Utica in 1821. After Mrs. Seymour had thus ceased to be a resident of Pompey, her opinions, her methods and precedents were quoted with respect in the Birdseye family. In the winter of 1841 and 1842, Mrs. Birdseye accompanied her husband, then a member of the 25th [27th] Congress, to Washington; and there are yet in the possession of the family sprightly and interesting letters, detailing public incidents of the time, and describing leading public men who have long since passed into history.

Of the twelve children of Mr. and Mrs. Birdseye, there are surviving at the date of this writing [1895] eight between the ages of 55 and 81. Miss Beebee died at the Birdseye dwelling in Pompey, in February, 1860. Her sister [Electa] followed her in October of the same year. Their ages at death were 78 and 67. The brother Lewis died in 1866, at the age of 83, at Fayetteville, in the house of his youngest daughter Sarah, later Mrs. Hunting Beard. A large part of his life was spent in the

eastern part of the Town of Pompey, where he raised a large and interesting family, among whom, perhaps the most widely known were James Lewis Beebee, of Manlius, and subsequently of Iowa, and John W. Beebee, of De Witt, and who later removed to Cayuga County, N. Y., and Sarah, Mrs. Hunting Beard, of Fayetteville, N. Y.

* * *

Inscription on the Tombstone in the old Cemetery of Onondaga Hill:

Sacred to the memory of Capt. James Beebee, who served in the Army of the Revolution. Died Sept 20th 1812, Aged 60 years.

Betsy, who died Aug. 24, 1810, Aged 23 years. Also Sarah, died Nov. 7th 1810, Aged 21 years. Daughters of Capt. James & Mehitabell Beebee.

Inscriptions on Birdseye family monument (north face) in the Cemetery at Pompey Hill:

Mehitabel Fairchild, widow of Capt. James Beebee, a soldier of the Revolution, who died Dec. 16, 1836, aged 82 years.

Hepsibah, daughter of Capt. James Beebee, who died Feb. 1860.

Appendix D

WHEATON FAMILY

Charles Augustus Wheaton

CHARLES AUGUSTUS WHEATON was born in Amenia, Dutchess Co., N. Y., July 1, 1809. His father, Augustus Wheaton, was then inspector of salt in that place. In March, 1810, the family moved to Pompey.

Augustus Wheaton

Augustus Wheaton was a farmer and drover most of his life. His first wife, Hannah Givens,* died in 1825. About 1833 he went back to his old home in Merryall, New Milford, Conn., married Ann Bostwick and lived and died on the Bostwick farm near Rock Cobble. He was buried in "Lower Merryall Cemetery," within a mile of where he was born. There is a brief biography of him in *Re-Union and History of Pompey* and an amusing thumb-nail sketch is preserved in a letter from Edward Wheaton to Ellen Wheaton Morgan, dated July 26, 1905: "I have personally *saw*, looked upon & I think 'shuk hans' with father's father, a little old duffer in 'small clo'es,' 'red weskitt,' 'box

*Hannah Givens was born about 1776. She was the daughter of John Givens, Jr., and Hannah Tomlinson, daughter of Henry Tomlinson. On April 9, 1762, John Givens, Jr., and his father-in-law, both then of Derby, Conn., bought a "home-lot" in Woodbury. In Nov., 1776, Givens was commissioned a 2nd lieutenant in the Revolutionary Army. His estate was probated at Woodbury, June 21, 1777. On May 1, 1783, his widow, Hannah "Gevens," was married to Ebenezer "Salmon" [Tolman] at Washington, Conn., originally a part of New Milford.

John Givens, Jr., had a brother Sheldon Givens whose son, of the same name, was a judge in Catskill, N. Y., for many years and died in 1871.

coat' & 'queue,' uneasy, restless in his movements & at the time living in a log cabin in New Milford, Connecticut."

Three of Augustus Wheaton's uncles were in the Revolution, Benjamin, Sylvester and Salmon. Benjamin and Salmon were captured and imprisoned in the "Old New York Sugar House," but both became so ill that they were released. Sylvester went to bring them home. He carried one of them outside of the city, left him by the roadside, and went back for the other. On his return he found the first brother dead, and the other brother died on the way home.

Augustus Wheaton's father, Joseph Wheaton, Jr., of Merryall, died of smallpox during the Revolution and was buried on his farm. This fact has led to an erroneous tradition that he was in the Revolution also.*

Joseph Wheaton

Joseph Wheaton, Augustus Wheaton's grandfather, was the first settler in that part of New Milford now known as Marbledale and lying in the present town of Washington. In *History of New Milford and Bridgewater*, by Samuel Orcutt, Hartford (1882), he is stated to have come from "Seakonk," R. I. [now Mass.], and to have purchased a tract of 130 acres, July 6, 1744. This place is still known as the "Wheaton Homestead." It is also stated that he married Lydia Kent, of Barrington, Mass. [now R. I.]. In 1759 he purchased another farm of about 120 acres in New Milford, adjoining his original land on the south. His son, Sylvester Wheaton (father of Rev. Nathaniel Sheldon Wheaton, President of Trinity College, Hartford), built a house on this lat-

*His widow is said to have married a man by the name of Stone, whose grandson, Dewitt Stone, afterwards occupied the farm.

ter tract during the Revolution. Sylvester's granddaughter, Elvira Wheaton, married Ralph Buckingham and occupied the place for many years. Among her heirlooms was a teaspoon marked "L.K." and a wine glass 150 years old, both of which had belonged to Lydia Kent Wheaton. The Buckingham place is now owned by Chester Lyon.

Wheaton Ancestry

Joseph Wheaton, of New Milford, was a great-grandson of Robert Wheaton, who came from Swansea, Wales, and first settled in Salem, Mass., and later in Rehoboth. One of Robert's sons, Rev. Ephraim Wheaton, was the great-grandfather of Laban Wheaton, founder of Wheaton College, and was also the great-great-grandfather of Henry Wheaton, Minister to Prussia and authority on International Law. Henry Wheaton's son, Robert Wheaton, was a graduate of Harvard College and an intimate friend of the poet Longfellow. A *Memoir with Selections from his Writings*, Boston (1854), was published shortly after his untimely death.

The original Robert Wheaton's son John, of Swansea, Mass., was the father of Capt. Joseph Wheaton and the grandfather of Joseph Wheaton, of New Milford. John Wheaton married Elizabeth Thurber and died in 1737. In his will he mentions his son James, and also his son [Capt.] Joseph, of Rehoboth. It is known that James was born Nov. 16, 1686, and the same date is credited to Capt. Joseph on the Swansea records. The obvious conclusion is that they were twins. The descent claimed is plainly indicated by the fact that on Feb. 15, 1752, John Thurber, *et al.*, both of Rehoboth, released to Daniel Hunt, of Rehoboth (husband of Capt. Joseph Wheaton's sister Mary), Joseph Wheaton, of New Milford, Conn., *et al.*, all claims in the lands of the late Capt. Joseph Wheaton.

2561